

M. B. Paucoast

from Aunt Nell

5-24-99

THE RHINE
FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA





Old tower, Castle Rheinfels, St. Goar.

THE RHINE
FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA

TRANSLATED BY
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FROM THE GERMAN OF
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AND F. W. HACKLANDER

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THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WINE COUNTRY.

OF the neighboring town of Geisenheim there is little that is historical to relate, although it is mentioned in history as early as the eighth century. The place has a charming appearance on account of its pleasant situation, the great breadth of the Rhine here, and the villas that adorn the town. In olden times the town had the privilege of levying a due on Rhine ships. At the east end are the houses of the Counts Ingelheim and Schönborn; and at the west end, on the Rüdesheimer side, the villas of the Lade and Brentano families, the villa of Mon-Repos, with its fine fruit-garden, and the gardens round the Pomological Institute, which has been lately founded under the direction of Consul-general Lade. The traveller who is at all learned in wines will no doubt recognize the town by the lofty double tower, with which he will be familiar from the wine labels.

The noble family of Von Geisenheim died out in the fourteenth century. In the so-called Schönborn House Prince John Philip of Schönborn dwelt, and

it is probable that the treaty of Westphalia was arranged there. Fine grapes grow on the reddish-colored Rothenberg, which lies rather behind the town, and on the Kosackenberg.

The monastery of Marienthal, which is a resort for pilgrims, is situated in the meadow-land a few miles from Geisenheim. In 1468 the monks set up a printing-press, with the type which Gutenberg had invented. Still nearer to the town there is another monastery, the miraculous image from which is to be found in the church of Rüdesheim. On the hill behind Geisenheim stands the old Nunnery of Eibingen, which was founded in 1148 and secularized in 1802.

The Rhine traveller will at this part of the river be more impressed than he has yet been with the idea that he is sailing on a romantic lake, for the high banks, overgrown with vine and forest, draw closer round him; the Bingerwald and the Niederwald, crowned with mist, rise higher before him, while the rocky terraces of Rüdesheim exhibit their grotesque forms. The left bank also closes in, with the Rochus-Kapelle (Chapel of St. Roch) on its elevated site, together with the castle of Klopp, and the town of Bingen.

Opposite—but far below—on a little island washed by the Rhine, rises the Mäusethurm, where, according to tradition, Bishop Hatto met his death in 914. The crops had been ruined by rain that year, and the poor people were starving in consequence. So

they applied to their bishop for relief, knowing that his granaries were overflowing; but Bishop Hatto, cruel and hard-hearted, refused to listen to them, and had them driven from his door.

At last, wearied by the demands of his starving people, he promised to meet them in an empty barn on a certain day, and there to quiet all their demands. The people, overjoyed at his promise, flocked to the barn in such numbers that the place was soon full to overflowing.

Anxiously they waited for the bishop, and when he appeared they greeted him with acclamations, which were soon turned into screams of agony; for the cruel prelate, after bidding his servants fasten doors and windows, that none might escape, set fire to the barn and burned all his people, declaring that they were like rats, and must perish in the same way.

The massacre over, the bishop went home. Imagine his dismay the next morning, on going down stairs, to find that rats had gnawed his portrait out of the frame, and it lay in a tattered heap on the floor. While he was still looking at the canvas a servant came running in, begging the bishop to fly for his life, as a whole army of hungry-looking rats were coming to the castle.

Panic-stricken, and not waiting for an escort, the prelate flung himself upon a horse, and rode rapidly down toward the Rhine. As he fled he looked over his shoulder from time to time at an approaching

dark line, formed by thousands of rats, animated by the spirits of the poor he had so cruelly burned. Faster he urged his horse, and still faster; but he had scarcely dismounted on the river bank and flung himself into a skiff ere the rats fell on the horse he had been riding and devoured it.

The bishop, horror-stricken, rowed quickly out to his island in the middle of the Rhine, and entered the tower, locking the door behind him. There he felt safe, fancying that he had escaped from his hungry foes. But the rats, not daunted by the water, boldly plunged in and swam out to the island. Once there they swarmed up the walls of the tower, seeking some crevice through which they could attack their foe. They found none, so set to work gnawing their way through to their victim, who sat trembling within.

In a few moments the rats made their way in through a thousand holes :

“ And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up from the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once at the bishop they go.

“ They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop’s bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.”

Ever since then this building has been known as

the Mäusethurm (Rat Tower). The bishop's soul is said to have sunk to the nethermost hell, where it burns in an everlasting fire hotter than that which he kindled round his starving poor. At sunset a peculiar glow may be seen over the tower; this is the reflection of the fire in which Bishop Hatto's soul burns forevermore.

Whoever has a heart in his breast will feel it beat joyfully within him at this lovely spot, where land and water together form the most beautiful poem; where legend and history have written so thoughtfully upon its imperishable leaves; where Nature, as it were, sings to her Creator a grateful hallelujah; and where, even in the golden rays of the sun, there is a fragrance, for they have absorbed the perfume of the most costly wine! We almost fancy that we see before us the vine-crowned giant, as Schrödter has described him in his "Triumph of King Wine."

The boat bears us past the houses of Rüdesheim, which lie stretched along at the foot of the vine-hills, separated in front of us by the elevated stone terraces of the "Rüdesheim Berg." We leave behind us the old tower and the masses of red stone; the train, outstripping us, rushes close to the houses gaily adorned with their summer festoons of green leaves.

The railway, as a necessary evil, has penetrated to the romance of the shore, suffusing it with smoke and steam. At the same time, however, it brings perpetual life; and while the train snorts, handkerchiefs

wave to us out of a vine-covered arbor, jovial companions appear among the foliage, goblet in hand, hailing the thirsty traveller, who even under the awning of the boat feels his throat dried by the heat of the August sun, and looks wistfully at his more fortunate friend yonder.

Towards the north end of the town there lies on the shore a shapeless mass of stones, a giant cube, apparently the torso of a magnificent building, yet in no way corresponding with the aims and customs of the time to which this clumsy, awkward colossus owes its discovery. Masonry of vast thickness, out of which glare staring windows provided with iron balconies, and full of gloomy corners, stands before us. It is apparently divided, being a double building, which from the outside appears to be one.

It is covered with creepers on its flat broken summit, which looks mournfully towards us, weird, and yet bearing signs of modern comfort. Such is the impression which this gloomy building gives to the stranger, who vainly puzzles his brain as to what can be the meaning of this giant; the last possible idea being, perhaps, that it can by any means be made into a comfortable habitation.

Many have been thus puzzled. "It must have been a Roman citadel, which was destroyed by the Alemanni, and rebuilt by Charlemagne," says one. "It is possible that it may have been an imperial pal-

ace," says another. "Could we not imagine that it had been a barrack?" asks a third.

In truth it is none of these, though in later times it became the dwelling of the family of Rüdesheim, to whom it was given in fee. It then passed to the Brömsers of Rüdesheim, whence the name of Brömserburg, also called Niederburg; and lastly, a Countess of Ingelheim conceived the idea of elegantly fitting up the interior as a modern dwelling-place. The old walls have, therefore, to thank this lady for their fashionable decorations with flowers and creepers. The three vaulted stories belong to the twelfth century, and even they were built from the remains of an earlier structure.

Farther up the town we meet with the towers of Boosenburg, erected by the family of Rüdesheim. In 1474 it came by marriage into the possession of Boos of Waldeck, whence its name. It is now the property of a wine merchant. The Brömserhof, situated still higher up in the town, dates from the fifteenth century, and beyond being used as an almshouse is without further interest.

Mahomet said, "Everything lives by water:" in Rüdesheim everything lives on and for the wine with which Nature has so bountifully blessed it; the great Champagne factories of Dietrich and Ewald provide for this artificial taste. This spot was once called "the finest pearl in the coronet of Mayence." Its produce, dissolved in a cask of liquid gold, belongs

to the whole world—that world of happy beings who are permitted to enjoy its fruit pure and unadulterated.

All the softly-undulating country which we see as far as the eye can reach is covered with vineyards, the finest being those on the steeply-rising mountain. The view from this elevated spot, over the Rhine Valley to the farther bank, is splendid; but it is still finer and more majestic from the Chapel of St. Roch yonder, where the countless treasures of the Rheingau are disclosed to us.

The sunlight rests like bright bronze on the Rüdeshheimer vineyards when the grapes are beginning to “cook,” as it is technically called. One November we stood among the vine-dressers; the vintage had begun on the previous day, and the barriers which usually enclosed the gardens had been removed. There had been no sun for a fortnight, and during that time a mist had hung over the valley of the Rhine; the farther bank was scarcely visible through the fog, so that we seemed to be placed on the shore of an open sea, and the meadow islands looked as though they might be shifting sandbanks, where the seals could clamber up and stretch themselves on the dry surface left bare by the tide. The hills looked moist and heavy in the gray chaos; only now and then a sudden breeze lifted the veil for a moment, and St. Roch, Burg Klopp and the Niederwald stole a look from behind the shifting curtain.

But no sun was visible—we could not even get a glimpse of its beams. An arctic night lay over the Rhine, and yet there was delight in every eye and in every heart as far as the vinelands extended. There were guns, bonfires, laughter; and thousands of joyful faces moved about the mist-enveloped vineyards, gathering in the costly harvests, so valuable, so rich, so sweet and delicate as the wildest hopes of the vine-grower and the palate of the drinker had hardly dared to dream!

The thicker the fog outside, the brighter is it within the heart of the vine-dresser. If the stalks are heavy with grapes and the sun fills them with sweetness in the height of the summer, the fog produces the *Edelfäule*, or what we must call the ripe rot, which selects the choicest fruit. Even when the snow lies on the mountains the gatherers pick up the grapes with a fork, contesting their possession with the feathered thieves.

This *Edelfäule* is everything to the wine-grower; its discovery is attributed to several sources. According to one, the Abbot of Fulda one year, through forgetfulness, was too late in giving permission to commence the harvest. According to another, the harvest could not be got in in proper time on account of some war, and the house of Munm bought the whole of the harvest, which was supposed to be spoiled, for a ridiculously small sum of money: on making use of the fruit, the withered, half-dried berries yielded the most splendid wine.

It seems as though a secret was then discovered on the Rhine which had been known as early as the time of the Pharaohs, and is practised at the present day by the wine-growing Christians of the East, the Greeks and Armenians; they train the vine on a warm ground, and let the grapes lie on the earth till they may almost be called rotten.

In Rüdesheim also the vintage had been fixed for the 3d of November, in the year to which we refer, provided the mist did not lay too heavily on the grapes, for then a drop of water hangs to each one, and it is important that the grapes should come clean and dry into the press. On many mountains around, indeed, the crop had been already picked, but interest usually dictates a common action among the larger landowners. Sometimes indeed it happens, as it has in the last few unproductive years, that many hardly have the heart to gather the few measures of which alone their harvest consists.

And how eagerly is the harvest looked forward to in good years! The baskets, the measures and the presses are cleaned, everything is prepared for the reception of the juice, so that the contents of the tubs, after they have been pressed down with the *kolben* (a kind of wooden mace) in the vineyard itself, can be carried at once to the press-house, either on the backs of the porters who pass constantly to and fro, or on drays, in great casks. The juice cannot be kept till the next morning, and though it is a fatiguing night's

work, the strong arms work cheerfully on; and throughout the day of the vintage there is not a strong limb in the place that is not devoted to the work.

Groups of gatherers and gleaners move about the mountain in troops, filling the little measures or creels, joyfully loosening the grapes from their vines, which have been dragged by the weight of fruit to the ground. They are all looked after by the overseer, lest too many grapes should find their way into the merry mouths.

The grapes are emptied out of the creels into tubs, and pressed down with a rapid dexterous double movement; the porters carry them on their backs to the press-house, or else they are placed on the dray which moves slowly down the path till the last load is carried to the press. Usually this dray reaches its destination hung with garlands and surrounded by the cheering vintagers.

The overseer or steward naturally keeps an account of the quantity gathered. It is measured by the tub, and however clumsy the vessel may appear which the porter carries easily on his back by means of two straps, it holds a quarter of an *ohm*, or about seven and a half gallons of wine. From this it is easy to estimate what an *ohm* of the fine Rhine wine is worth, say, for instance, of Johannisberg, of Rüdesheim, or of Steinberger, when every bottle costs from two to eight florins!

It is only friends who are invited to the vintage that have the privilege of mounting through the clay, which is probably wet and saturated with the rain or fog. These favored few may pluck and eat as many as they like of the little Orleans grapes. The amount thus wasted is not very serious when the visitor carries the berries to his mouth modestly one by one; but the practised vintage guest often thinks that he cannot judge of the flavor unless he has his mouth full, and thus secures a plentiful booty while he munches the grapes together and tests the quality of the precious *Edelfäule*.

The year we speak of was a glorious one. The grapes hung in clusters from the low stems (which had made little wood, on account of the heat) on the bright slaty ground, with the *Edelfäule* bloom, like waxen beads of a brownish-yellow, shimmering like mother-of-pearl. The precious syrup oozed from the berries, promising a beverage not inferior to the '68.

But from the time when the future wine is but juice, as we now see it, to that when it stands as bright wine on our table, to gather us together again in imagination under the shady vines, and to rouse the native of the Rhine country once more to enthusiasm, much water will flow down the Rhine, and some, we suspect, will find its way into the cellars close at hand. During the bad years some growers, it is to be feared, have learnt chemistry, and judging from what is sometimes sold, some are

not willing to let the knowledge they have gained lie useless !

A wise Arab, who accompanied us on our last tour on the Nile, said, when we expressed a suspicion that the Arab servants had left behind the wine which we had stored in the bottom of the boat, "Sir, it seems to me quite right that you Christians should drink wine, for you drink only as much as is good for you. If the Prophet had not forbidden Arabs to drink, the whole earth would not grow sufficient for their use."

Abdul-Wachad Bey had, it appears, a very high opinion of us, but if he could only see the quantity of the juice of the grape which an otherwise good Christian of the Rhine can pour down his throat, he would, we think, shake his tarbush and cry, "Sir, your Prophet has forgotten to give you *one* commandment, probably because he knew you would not keep it !"

The steamer carries us down the river from Rüdesheim. On our right stands the "Iron Gate" of the Rhine. That eddying and bubbling which we see here comes from the rapids of the Binger Loch, which are not indeed so bad as they look, but are rather dangerous to boats ; they terminate at once the splendid bay and the Rheingau.

The following old poem tells how afraid the fishermen were of being caught in the *Binger Loch* :

" At Rüdesheim, by Brömser's Burg,
There stands a cell of stone ;
And in it is an image of
St. Nicholas alone.

“A boatman low before it bends—
He bends and prays him so—
‘Oh, holy saint ! my little bark
Through Binger Loch let go.

“‘Let go my little bark but safe,
And once the peril past,
I vow to thee a taper tall—
Ay, tall as is her mast.’

“The friendly saint a willing ear
Lent to the lowly prayer ;
The bark bounds onward merrily—
’Tis now in water fair.

“Then loud did laugh the boatman then,
And thus outspake he free :
‘The fish will never take the bait
Until it offered be.’

“And thus outspake that boatman then—
‘May I be damned for aye,
Thou greedy saint, if ever I
My promise to thee pay.

“‘For, now that all is come and gone,
The peril was not great ;
And I’ll just light a little stump
Before thy stony seat.’

“As still he spake the bark’s keel crack’d,
And rose the raging waters—
She sank. That mariner in Heaven
Hath neither friends nor fauters.”

From this point the banks assume a new character. Ehrenfels and the Rheinstein look down at us from among the bushes on their rocks, and we see the



pennon waving on the top of the Mäusethurm which will ever be associated with the sad fate of Bishop Hatto—a blot which all the rain of heaven can never wash out.

Another gate opens before us, between Burg Klopp and the Castellated Villa. The bed which the river Nahe has cut out for itself between the mountains, as the Rhine broke through the Taunus and the Hunsrück, marks the division of the Upper and the Lower Rhine, and forms the boundary between Prussia and Hesse.

It has been asserted that, in the Roman period, this bed once lay much higher, but it does not appear to be at all clear whether the old Bingium of the Romans stood on the right or left bank of the Nahe. At any rate, no more beautiful situation than the present one can be imagined. If Bingen does not offer so splendid a view to the Rheingau, it indemnifies itself doubly on the Rheingau by the indescribably beautiful prospect from the Scharlachberg, which rises with its vineyards above the town and chapel.

The stone remains tell us who built the old fortress of Bingen; there is the Drusus Bridge, the Drusus Tower, and the Drusus Well; and it is generally believed that he first opened the passage through the ledge of rocks which runs across the Rhine, and is known as the Binger Loch. The place was very early subjected to severe trials. The first bridge was destroyed as early as the year 70, in a battle with the Treviri; it was rebuilt in A.D. 368.

In 1254 Bingen belonged to the League of Rhenish Towns. Albert of Austria besieged it in 1301, ruthlessly plundered the rich merchants, especially the Lombardian Jews, and left a bloodthirsty garrison behind him. That nocturnal storm is still called the "Night of Bingen." The Elector Philip besieged the town in 1495; the Swedes took it in 1632; it was destroyed by the French in 1689, and cannonaded by the Prussians in 1793.

Burg Klopp is an interesting old building, grand in appearance and overflowing with historical associations. There is no doubt that Drusus built a fortress here for the protection of the Nahe bridge and the control of the Roman road. It makes its appearance in history as Burg Klopp in 1282, and it was here, and not in Bockelheim, that Henry V. betrayed his unsuspecting father as he was on his way to the Diet at Ingelheim.

The son approached the father feigning repentance and reconciliation, and promising to induce the Pope to remove the ban of excommunication from him. Henry IV. rejected all the warnings of his friends, and he would not heed the fact that his son's partisans were more numerous than his own. On his arrival before Bingen he allowed himself to be so far persuaded as to wait at the citadel while his son went to explain matters to the Archbishop of Mayence. Henry IV. rode unsuspectingly up into the stronghold, accompanied by a few faithful followers. Hardly

had he entered the courtyard than the drawbridge was raised behind him, and he was surrounded by his son's people, who had been hidden here, and now declared him their prisoner. At the same time a signal was given from the castle to fall upon the emperor's followers who had been left behind in Bingen.

The same evening the Margrave Wigbert von Meiszen, the emperor's deadly enemy, appeared before the latter sword in hand, demanding that he should abdicate in favor of his son and give up the crown jewels. Henry refused with royal dignity. Then the Archbishops of Mayence, Cologne and Worms came to him, and, encouraged by the margrave, tore the insignia of his rank from the emperor's body. Powerless as he was, he was dragged to Ingelheim, and there compelled, with tears in his eyes, to sign his abdication. Being brought back to Klopp, he escaped thence to the Castle of Hammerstein, at Andernach. He died of grief, and the hatred of his enemies denied him even burial in consecrated ground.

From Bingen a short road leads to the Chapel of St. Roch, which rises beyond the Villa Landy (now Braun). At this spot the whole of the farther shore of the Rheingau lies spread before us with all its treasures, the Rhine Pfalz and the Nahe Valley. Once more, we repeat, wherever the country is most beautiful there stands an inn and a monastery, even if the latter is only a chapel.

In the present instance the chapel was built in 1677, in memory of the plague of 1666. On the eastern side of the building a pulpit has been constructed, attached to the outside wall, and the festival of the patron of the grape, St. Roch, is annually celebrated here by the country people on the 16th of August. The poet Goethe gives an animated description of the first celebration of the feast-day of the saint, in 1814, after an intermission of a quarter of a century, arising from the possession of the Rhine by republican and imperial France from the period of the first revolution.

The hill is then covered with a perfect camp of refreshment tents. The people come to the fête from far and wide, summoned by the sound of the village bells. Processions march along the roads towards the mountain, and boats carry them over the Rhine. Everyone has music, streamers, and banners adorned with ecclesiastical emblems.

The people sing and pray all day long until the night begins, when festivity and drinking commence in right good earnest, and the "Bingen Pencil," as the corkscrew is called, is constantly at work. When the sermon from the pulpit is over and the merriment begins, it is of little consequence whether or not the saint has done his duty and made the vines flourish, for the festival must be kept, and even in bad times it is one of the most boisterous holidays on the merry Rhine.

CHAPTER II.

EXCURSION INTO THE NAHE VALLEY.

ON leaving Bingen we leave also the Rheingau. We say farewell to the grotesque stone masses of the Gau, and approach the Nahe, which is rushing towards us on its course from Seelbach, in the forest of Hommerich, whose pine-trees wave high up on the Birkenfeld. The Nahe rises here and flows through the smiling meadows which surround Kreuznach, and empties itself into the Rhine below the Scharlachberg.

In this district of the Nahe, which is rich in castles, there was in the Middle Ages a constant change of ownership. The higher clergy of Mayence, Worms, Treves, and Cologne, the Counts-Palatine, the Counts of Sponheim, and the Counts of the Rhine, all had a share at one time or another, either rightly or wrongly, by force or by favor, in some part of this territory.

The confusion of ownership became still greater during the long French period. Even at the present day we stumble over the boundaries of four different rulers—Prussia, Bavaria, Oldenburg and Hesse Darmstadt—whose territories change at least six times

without a boundary-stone informing us to which master we should doff our hat.

On our right rises the Hunsrück, gradually changing into the Hardtwald, the Soonwald and the Idarwald. The character of the people changes with the landscape ; instead of the hasty, frivolous Rheingauer, we meet here with a serious, thoughtful, industrious population, whose character and occupation vary with the soil, or the rock on which they live.

They also cultivate and drink their own wines, foremost among which are those of the Scharlachberg, Kauzenberg, Monzing and Ebernburg, Laubenheim and Rosenheim. Their vines are indeed just as old as those of their proud neighbors yonder, for they date from the Emperor Probus. The farther we proceed, however, up the Nahe Valley, the more rugged does its character become ; it is stiff and stony, until at length it merges into the great coal-basin of Saarbrück.

As we go by train from Bingerbrück to the bathing-place of Kreuznach, the Drusus bridge and Scharlachberg lie on our left, and the ruins of the Tower of Trutzbingen, which once protected the trade of the Palatinate, lies on our right.

The little town of Kreuznach is said to have been founded centuries ago, when this part of the country was still covered by the primeval forest.

A missionary, penetrating to these wilds to preach the Gospel, set up a stone cross on a little island in

the river, and around it several poor fishermen built their huts.

There they lived happily through the autumn and winter; but when the spring freshets came the river swept away their huts, and nothing but the cross remained. The people begged the good missionary to teach them how to build houses that would stand as fast as his cross; so he led them to a spot near by, and showed them how to build solid stone dwellings, which no freshet could ever sweep away. These houses, standing "near the cross," became the nucleus of the present town of Kreuznach.

"Then to the island, from the forest, came those pilgrims bold,
And by their cross converted to the Cross both young and old;
And now, where only huts once stood, there stands a noble
town,
Which from near cross, or Nahenkreuz, as Kreuznach now is
known."

Here also the Roman general has left traces behind him in the old *Crucenacum*, or the Frankish *Crucinaha*. This place also once possessed its imperial palace, which was destroyed by the Normans. After numerous vicissitudes Kreuznach became part of the dominion of the Gaugrafs of Sponheim, then was handed over to the Elector-Palatine, and lastly, in 1815, to Prussia. Bridges built across the Nahe unite the two portions of the town. Only one of these has any interest, namely, the old stone bridge, with its eight arches.

Among the medicinal springs on the island may be named the Elizabeth's Well (iodine and bromine), springing from a porphyry rock which stands there. At Liebig the waters contain sodic chloride, calcium, magnesia, iodine and bromine. The Kurhaus and Badehaus were built in 1872. About six thousand patients come here annually. The situation of Kreuznach is particularly beautiful, and the well-known painter Müller was born here.

The neighborhood has much historical interest. There is Schlossberg, or Kauzenberg, with a splendid view of the Nahethal, a ruin of the old Castle of Sponheim, where the lion on the archway immortalizes the memory of the heroic butcher of Kreuznach, Michael Mort, who saved his master in the battle of Sprendlingen, at the expense of his own life.

"At the parting of the two brothers, John and Simon von Sponheim," relates Simrock, "Kreuznach became the capital of the province, which fell to the lot of the latter. Simon's son, John I., called 'the Lame,' because he limped on one leg, wished to lessen the paternal inheritance for his brother Henry. In anger at this, Henry sold a third of his castle of Bockelheim to the Archbishop Werner of Mayence. John tried to prevent this sale, which was decided without his consent; and this caused the well-known feud between Mayence and Sponheim, which the battle of Sprendlingen, in 1279, decided disadvantageously to the latter.

“John would have been taken prisoner, his flight being impeded by his lameness, had not Michael Mort, a butcher of Kreuznach, at the sacrifice of his own life, kept the enemy at bay until John had time and opportunity to escape. Until quite recent times, the butchers enjoyed special privileges, which were accorded to them by John out of gratitude to his preserver.”

The stronghold of Stromberg lies on a bare rock, above the little town of the same name. It was built about the year 1050 by a Count Stromberg, and was afterwards given to Mayence. Both town and castle were burnt down by the French in 1689.

Opposite to Stromberg lies the Castle of Goldenfels, built on the ruins of an old fortress. Near the castle is a monument to the Prussian lieutenant Von Gauvain, who in 1793, with a handful of men, heroically defended himself here against the French.

The so-called Gaus affords a fine view, including the road to Rheingrafenstein, where the Counts of the Rhine dwelt when they were driven out of the Rheingau. Their castle, which is still majestic even in its ruins, stands with remarkable boldness on a precipitous porphyry rock, looking like a stone cyrie.

It is said that this proud fortress was built as early as the eighth century, but history first mentions the Counts of the Rhine at the beginning of the second century, and their power and possessions are recorded a few hundred years later. John I. of Mayence, in

conjunction with Counts Dhaun and Sponheim, conquered the castle in 1328, and they in their turn became victims to the French marauders. The Spanish Duke of Osuna or his wife gained possession of the castle and all the land belonging to it.

A legend which has been treated poetically by Pfarrius is associated with Rheingrafenstein. According to this, the Knight Boos of Waldeck, for a wager made with the Counts of the Rhine, emptied a riding-boot full of wine at one draught, and so won the village of Hüffelsheim; hence the thirsty tradition of the "good boot."

Of far greater interest to us is Ebernburg, the "Harbor of Righteousness" of Franz von Sickingen, who was outlawed by the emperor. This strong fortress was the place where he entertained Ulrich von Hutten, Ecolampadius, Bucer and Melancthon as his guests, and protected them against the Emperor Charles and all the enmity of his nobles.

Ebernburg was the safe retreat for freedom of thought, of belief, and of conscience, until the firm protector, being besieged in his Castle of Landstuhl, after vainly contending with his more powerful opponents, the Elector-Archbishop of Treves and the Counts-Palatine Louis and Philip, was constrained, when suffering from severe injuries, to capitulate. He died of his wounds before the peace was concluded, on May 7, 1523, and we are told that the castle was destroyed by his enemies. When restored, it still be-

longed to the family of Von Sickingen, whose last representative died in 1836 in the village of Saurthal, in Lorch, in great poverty. He was buried where he died, his only mourner being a friend of national history.

Ebernburg is of itself an especially attractive spot to all travellers, though the castle was destroyed by the French in 1689. The Castle Inn shows us, besides the pictures and statues in the dining-room, many objects of a later date which have been dug up among the ruins. On its wall is a stone with this inscription :

“Doch begehrt ich niemals Uebels zu thun
Zur Noth wird mir der Herr beistehn.”*

Below the castle is a monument, erected in 1889 to the memory of Sickingen and Hutten.

The little village of Ebernburg lies at the foot of the hill of the same name, on which the castle stands. The figure of a wild boar (Eber) carved in the wall over the gate, appears to give an explanation of the name. According to the legend, both village and castle were besieged by a powerful enemy, and hunger must have forced them to surrender had not the lord of the castle hit upon a stratagem at the right moment.

A great boar, which was the only animal remaining

* “As evil I did ne’er intend,
At need the Lord will me befriend.”

to be killed for the food of the hungry people, was brought out in sight of the enemy, and a butcher apparently went through the ceremony of slaughtering it. He, however, only pretended to do so, and the animal was merely removed and then brought back alive, and made to go through the same performance over and over again. The deluded enemy, despairing of starving out a fortress containing such an endless supply of boars, raised the siege and departed.

From Ebernburg across to the charmingly-situated Münster-on-Stein is only a journey of a few minutes. This is a pet place of the tourist of the Nahe, but, unfortunately, its space is too contracted for the reception of many visitors. The refining works of Münster, and the visits of the bathing guests and tourists, support a population of about five hundred inhabitants.

In a break in the Lemberg rise the ruins of the Castle of Montfort, an edifice which, even at the present day, has unpleasant associations with the people. At one time it was a notorious robber's nest, the owners of which were hung by Rudolf of Hapsburg.

Some time later it harbored another bandit, whose home was on the Nahe—namely, the notorious Schinderhannes—concerning whom the people round retain numerous legends and ballads. Many other interesting points crowd together in this fanciful

neighborhood; conspicuous among them is Rothenfels, with a fine view from its rugged wall of red rock, beneath which the railway winds.

Meanwhile, we approach the ruins of the Castle of Böckelheim, of which very little indeed remains, and with which history erroneously couples the event of the arrest of Henry IV., when he was betrayed by his son. It is much more probable that this event happened, as has been already related, at Burg Klopp. Böckelheim, like all the rest of the fortified places in this district, was destroyed by the French, who left behind them here sad monuments of their destructive power, such as will never be effaced. The village of Schloss-Böckelheim surrounds the ruins of the castle.

The abbot and historian Johann von Tritenheim, J. Trithemius, once lived in the Abbey and Castle of Sponheim. The Benedictine monastery, erected by Eberhard von Sponheim, was built in 1100, and contained a celebrated library. Being in very bad repair, the church was restored in the Roman style, and the interior decorated in a very tasteless manner.

The ruins of the Castle of Sponheim lie close at hand, having also been devastated by the French. The beautiful old church of Sobernheim is worthy of notice; close by it the little river Glan winds into the Nahe.

From Standernheim we reach the renowned monastery of Disibodenberg, on its woody hill. Very

little is left of the place where Disibod, Bishop of Erin, set up his altar in 590, when he came to Germany to spread Christianity among the people. Charles Martel treated the monastery very badly, and the bones of the holy man were only buried under the altar in the church after the restoration of the monastery.

Archbishop Willigis repaired the damage which had been done by the wars of centuries, and in 1112 Ruthard of Mayence entirely rebuilt the church and cloister. There was, however, to be no peace for the holy place, for Siegfried III., of Mayence, and the Wildgrave of Kirburg, again destroyed the restored monastery and drove out the monks.

After this, once more the Cistercians repaired the place, and took up their abode in it in the year 1470; but it was again very harshly treated, and in 1504 was plundered by the Prince-Palatine, Philip V. Faith is, however, very long-suffering, and the Cistercians for a fourth time returned, until Gustavus Adolphus finally drove them away. With such a history it is not surprising that these wild times have left but little behind.

The road now leads us up over Monzingen, which has been spoken of by Goethe in reference to its good but heady wine, to the boundary of the romantic middle Nahe Valley, and to the more rugged and wild part of the upper valley. We soon find ourselves in Kirn, a place full of busy people, which was once the

residence of the Salm Kirburg family, whose last representative fell a victim to the guillotine in Paris in 1794. The Kirburg, which is situated above the town, was blown up by the French, and the castle now standing there is a new building.

Much more interesting to us is the Castle of Dhaun, fully a league distant, a magnificent ruin on a lofty mountain, once the seat of the Waldgraves of Dhaun. The castle, erected in the twelfth century, suffered considerably in the quarrels of its lords, till the Rheingrave Charles restored and enlarged it in 1729. The remarkable bas-relief in the former banqueting-hall illustrates a legend associated with the place.

Hundreds of years ago it is said that a little heir of the noble house of Dhaun, a motherless baby, was carefully watched over and tended by a faithful old nurse. A pet ape who roamed about the castle used often to go into the nursery and sit quietly, watching the nurse handling the baby and amusing it.

One day, after putting her charge to sleep, the nurse sat down beside the cradle, and, as usual, went to sleep herself, thinking that no harm could come to the baby while it slept.

When she awoke the cradle was empty. The poor woman, thinking that her charge had been stolen by gypsies, and fearing the wrath of her lord, fled to the forest. As she penetrated its depths she heard a sound, and peering cautiously through the bushes she saw the baby lying on a bed of moss.

Near it was the ape, amusing the child with apples and blossoms, as he had seen the nurse amuse it with toys, and all the while imitating her gestures. In a short time the baby began to cry; and the ape, taking it in his arms, hushed it, swinging it to and fro gently, till he had put it to sleep; then laying it down on the moss, the ape clasped his hands in his lap and fell asleep himself. Seeing all quiet, the nurse stole out of the thicket, picked up the sleeping child, and hurried back to the castle. There she found everything in an uproar; everyone was searching for the baby; so she was obliged to confess all that had occurred.

In gratitude for the recovery of his child, the lord of Dhaun placed a carving in his hall representing an ape amusing a baby with an apple; and since then the ape has figured in the escutcheon of the family.

A number of other castles and fortresses look down on us from the hills and mountains round about, all of which have played their part in the feuds of the Middle Ages. We must hasten onward, however, continually ascending, over the "Fallen Rock," to the end of our journey in the Nahe Valley, and to the point which crowns it, namely, Oberstein, which is more interesting, both on account of its peculiar situation and of its being the spot where the Idarbach, flowing through the wood of the same name, joins the Nahe.

Oberstein, a town of sixty-three hundred inhabitants, is the finest point on the Nahe; it belongs to the Enclave of Oldenburg. The old castle is placed on the so-called Upper Stone (Oberer Stein), commanding the church, which is built on a ledge of rock below it. The new castle, which is situated quite near to the other, was built about a hundred years later, in 1194. The family became extinct in 1670, and both castles are now in ruins, though the latter is surrounded by pleasant modern pleasure-gardens.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Oberstein are engaged in cutting and polishing agates, which were formerly found there in great abundance, but are now imported from Brazil and Montevideo. They have become adepts in converting a colorless agate into an onyx or a sardonyx by the addition of coloring-matter. Near the town are many polishing mills.

The situation of the church gives it a somewhat original appearance. It stands on the front of the lofty rock of black porphyry, facing the railway, and every traveller asks the question, "Why was this holy building placed where it is?" This is explained by a gloomy legend which states that in the thirteenth century the castle was owned by Weyrich, Lord of Oberstein. He hated cats, and his younger brother Emich, thinking to play a trick on him, put a kitten in his boot. Weyrich, discovering the kitten, and seeing by his brother's merriment that he was the perpetrator of the joke, caught him round the waist,

and, in a fit of blind fury, flung him over the cliff down into the Nahe, where he was drowned.

Directly the horrible deed was done, the Lord of Oberstein's anger turned to remorse, and assuming a pilgrim's garb he sadly made his way, alone and on foot, to Rome. There, kneeling at the Pope's feet, he confessed his crime, and humbly craved forgiveness. The Pope told him that he must do penance ere he could be forgiven for his sin; that he must give up all his worldly possessions, retaining only a hammer and a chisel. With these implements he was to hew a chapel out of the solid rock on the spot where he had thrown his brother over. And when the chapel was finished and ready to be consecrated, then he would receive forgiveness for his sins.

The poor pilgrim returned home, disposed of his castle and all his possessions, and with hammer and chisel commenced his task upon the hard stone.

From early morning till late at night the chipping of his hammer was heard. For days and months and years the penitent labored on, often watering the rock with his tears, and persevering in spite of weakness and approaching age, in the hope that at last he would win the forgiveness he craved.

At last, when he had grown so old that he could scarcely hold his chisel, a tiny chapel and altar had been hewn out of the solid rock.

The people, rejoiced that the task was so nearly finished, said they would go in search of a priest to

consecrate the chapel. The next morning, as they came with the priest, they did not see the penitent standing at the door to welcome them; and hurrying on, they found him, still and cold, at the foot of the altar. The peasants hewed out a tomb for him at the foot of the altar on which he had labored for so many weary years.

This chapel, duly consecrated, was enlarged in the fourteenth century, and is now the parish church of Oberstein.

At Oberstein the romantic character of the Nahe Valley reaches a climax. It would be endless work to describe all the strongholds in which the Wildgraves and Raugraves led their riotous lives, and which includes Schmidtburg, Kirburg, Dhaun, and their offshoots, Grumbach, Newkirburg, Salm and Salm-Salm.

The road constantly ascends from Oberstein to Neunkirchen, whence the view comprises the whole of the Saarbrück coal-basin, in which is the drill-ground of Saarbrück, high above the town. It was here that the first French shells fell on the 27th of July, 1870, when Frossard sent forth his first iron greeting. Further on are the memorable heights of Spicher, which the Germans climbed in the face of death on the 6th of August, and on these precipitous slopes the tombs of the heroes extend as far as the Forbach Chaussée and the Ehrenthal. In short, this is the place where Napoleon III. commanded in person, and where his son picked up bullets at his side.

CHAPTER III.

FROM BINGEN TO BACHARACH.

No one has yet decided which reach of the Rhine is the more beautiful, that which we have just left behind us, or that which lies before us, and which winds for nearly seventy miles between high rocks, stretching from Bingen to Rheineck, near the Siebengebirge, in the most sublime natural forms, interspersed with the stony relics of bygone days.

The poetry, the romance of Nature have no laws; but they have an irreconcilable enemy in the materialism of the present day, which for years also threatened the Rheingau with a project for regulating the current of the river. The mighty Rhine, after being unmolested for thousands of years, to become an artificially-levelled highway! What poetry, what romance, what care for the vine, and what advantages could compensate for such a sacrilege? Besides, consider the danger of inundation when the contracted bed became too narrow for the stream.

Be this as it might, the luggage-boats, all the bulky Dutchmen, the flotillas of black colliers, cried out for a deeper passage. No matter whether the slowly-formed foreshore behind the artificial embank-



ment, with its effluvia, threaten the smiling shore with fever—no matter whether the vines on the sloping hills lose the reflection of the sun from the water—the Rhine must be disciplined and regulated! What care and trouble it has cost the Rheingauers to preserve the glow for the grapes and its poetry for the stream, and to resist this idea of improvement! but what joy reigned throughout the Rheingau when the nightmare of so ominous a future was at last removed from them!

In the meantime, we again embark at Bingen, in order to see a new panorama open before us, over the rapids of the well-known Binger Loch, and between the Mäusethurm and the Castle of Ehrenfels, which towers above the vineyards on the right.

Formerly, to go from the tower over the rocky bridge of the Binger Loch was like going in a Turkish caïque through the iron door; the eddy is not so strong now as it was then. A little stone on the left reminds us that the blasting of the rocks began in 1832.

The Niederwald rises above us in the watery ravine, with the cliff and the Rosselthurm, and in the distance is the Castle of Rheinstein and the Chapel of St. Clement. We land at Assmannshausen, where donkeys, horses and guides are waiting to take us to the heights of the Niederwald.

Here stands the National Monument, erected in memory of the victories of 1870–71. Opposite

Bingen, on a projecting spur of the hill, seven hundred and forty feet above the Rhine, rises this noble figure of Germania. The pedestal on which she stands is seventy-eight feet high. Figures of Peace and War are on either side, and the reliefs on the pedestal symbolize the "Wacht am Rhein."

The statue was inaugurated in 1883, in the presence of Emperor William I. and many other German princes.

From the base of the statue we can see the entire Rheingau.

In Assmannshausen, as in Ingelheim yonder, the Moor appears among the grapes, the well-known dark wine, concerning the introduction of which the records of the year 1108 give us some information. At the end of the seventeenth century the Archbishop of Mayence erected a bath-house here, but the inundations washed away the spring, which had been known as early as the time of the Romans, and it was not found again until 1864. Now a kurhaus has been erected there.

The bridle-path, which is also used by foot-passengers, leads past the Hilgen House up to the Niederwald, and to the Hellenberg planted with vines. Winding on, it takes us to the hunting-castle on the plateau, which affords a fine view of the Rhine Valley. At Whitsuntide, thousands of people from all the districts round about assemble here in right Rhenish fashion to keep holiday. The merry Rhinelauder must keep the May festival in the forest.

At break of day—sometimes, indeed, on the evening before—he goes with his wife and children into the wood, preceded by a band of music, and nothing will drive him out of it until the sun has set. The Whitsuntide holiday brings from five to eight thousand happy people together in the Niederwald from the Rhine and Nahe districts. They deck themselves with garlands, and amuse themselves in the beautiful shady spots in a variety of ways, and if the weather be mild they even spend the night in the woods in order to save themselves the fatigue of the ascent next morning.

From the hunting-castle the path leads to the magic cave, a dark passage with an outlook over the panorama, and thence upward to the Rossel, where the vine-dressers' stone houses are clustered together like ruins. From the beautiful summit here the traveller sees lying before him all the romantic spots through which he has passed, as well as those he has yet to traverse.

Another but a less attractive view is obtained from the Adolfshöhe. Thence the road goes to the Hermitage and the Temple, along which we have before us the splendid panorama which has so often inspired the poet.

The road to Rudesheim goes downwards over the Brömser Höhe and through the vineyards; but we turn back shortly, crossing the river to the gem of castles, the Rheinstein. This stands boldly on its

grauwacke rock ; it is built between the verdure of the mountain-slopes, and has so coquettish an air in its mantle of green ivy that no one would suppose it had ever troubled the water at its feet, or had ever been disturbed by the revengeful League.

Yet, though little is known of its antecedents, it is certain that, after it had been rebuilt by Philip von Hohenfels, it was one of the robber-castles, whose knightly owners were no better than highwaymen, and whom Rudolf, whenever they could be captured, treated as such by hanging them. Indeed, it was from this place that the emperor issued the command that the knights of the stirrup, who laughed at all his pains to preserve peace, should be hung wherever they might be caught.

The Castles of Reichenstein, Sooneck, Heimbürg, Rheinbürg and others were stormed, and the sentence carried out on their owners ; but the wily Lord of Rheinstein escaped because he willingly opened his gate to the emperor. At that time the castle was called Vautzberg, or Vogtberg, and afterwards Königstein. Since 1825 New Rheinstein has stood on the ruins of that robber's nest. This building was erected by Prince Frederick of Prussia, who chose his resting-place in the chapel, and at present it belongs to his sons, the Princes Alexander and George. The museum of the castle contains interesting pictures and other objects of art.

A few minutes' walk takes us down to the Chapel



of St. Clement, raised, as the chronicles tell us, by the families of the knights who were hung at this place by Rudolf of Hapsburg.

Falkenburg, or Reichenstein, is near the chapel. It was once destroyed by the League, and being rebuilt, was again demolished by Rudolf of Hapsburg. On the shore, behind Reichenstein, lies the village of Trechtlingshausen, also called Dreieckshausen, Dreidingshausen, and Trechtingshausen, once a land-mark of the Trachgau.

Behind it, on a rugged and precipitous ridge of rock, rises another of those robber-castles which suffered punishment by Rudolf. It derives its name from the Soonwald, which contains the richest and most romantic hunting-grounds, sloping from here to the valley. The wild boar and the wolf still lurk within the thick forest, whose covers yield rich booty.

The last possessors of Sooneck, the Counts of Waldeck, died out in the sixteenth century; but a great part of the castle and the tower were so well preserved that they were worth rebuilding at a more recent date. At present the place is in the possession of the Emperor of Germany and Prince Charles of Prussia.

Above the village of Niederheimbach, whose walls helped to fortify the old castle, rises the massive tower of the Castle of Heimburg, which appears to have been formerly a Roman fortress, and later a boundary-mark of the Nahegau. It must have received Gustavus Adolphus as a guest in 1632.

We must pass over once again to the right bank of the river, and to the old Laureacum, now called Lorch, a favorite place with tourists of the Middle Rhine. The boundary of the Rheingau, the "Gebück," reached as far as Lorchhausen; but the busy place was chiefly regarded as an intellectual centre, for it contained the college for the young nobility of the Rhine of the Middle Ages.

We are reminded here at every corner of the spirit of feudalism; as, for example, by the Hilgen House, and the abode of the Lords of Hausen, which tell us of the splendid days which Lorch has seen. To live here was the aim and object of all noble families of the district in the Middle Ages. The ruins of the Castle of Nollach, or Nollingen, at the mouth of the Wisper, which rise above the market-place, once belonged to the Lords of Lorch.

We go up to them over the "Devil's Ladder," which, however, presents no danger to the traveller, either to his body or his soul. There is connected with this path to the castle a legend of a young knight who rode up it to fetch his bride, a story which is told of several places on the Rhine. The tomb of Hilgen von Lorch, who fought the Saracens, and was the comrade of Sickingen, may still be seen in the church.

The wine of Lorch is good, and it is very pleasant to sit in the shady gardens and drink it, although the Arcadian repose is often disturbed by the puffing and

snorting of a passing locomotive. It is said that the first red wine on the Rhine came from Lorch. The wind blowing out of the Wisper Valley, which begins behind the town, is, however, anything but agreeable.

Sauerburg, the castle of the Sickingens, is situated in the vine-covered valley, and under its shadow, as has been related, the last of the Sickingens died in 1836, in the deepest distress. Across the valley stands a cluster of black towers; this is all that remains of the manor house of Sibo of Lorch, who refused shelter to the fairies one stormy night.

The continual appearance of fresh objects of interest, first on one side and then on the other side of the river, seems to make our journey somewhat of a zigzag. Up yonder we see the ruins of the Castle of Fürstenberg looking down upon us, and below, on the shore, lies the village of Rheindiebach. We now enter a fresh historical district. In 1243, Fürstenberg was a fief of Cologne, as was also the proud Castle of Stahleck, above the little town of Bacharach, and the valleys of Mannbach, Diebach, and Steeg, with their vineyards, which produce "Stälchen."

Here dwelt the Margrave Hermann von Katzenellenbogenstahleck, who, on account of his continual quarrels, was severely punished and deprived of his honors by Frederick Barbarossa. He eventually died in a monastery, after which the Pfalz passed to his

brother Conrad. It was at the Castle of Stahleck that the reconciliation between the Guelphs and Ghibellines is said to have been made. Mélaç destroyed it, and at the present time the ruins belong to the Queen-dowager of Prussia.

Victor Hugo describes Bacharach as "the most antiquated specimen of human habitations that he has ever beheld." The old town walls, descending from the castle and surrounding the town, afford, with their many towers, a very good idea of mediæval fortifications.

Bacharach was noted for its wines at a very early period, and down to the sixteenth century was one of the greatest wine markets on the river. Pope Pius II. had a cask of Bacharach wine sent to him at Rome every year. And the town of Nuremburg obtained its freedom in exchange for four tuns of wine annually.

Bacharach boasts a very distinguished godfather—no other than the god Bacchus, after whom it is named.

The inhabitants, however, must not be misjudged on this account, though there may be, perhaps, some truth in the tradition that in the time of the Romans the pagan inhabitants of the neighborhood used to bring sacrifices to the island of Wörth, on the Rhine, in order to offer them to their gods, and especially to the Roman god of wine, Bacchus. The "Altar-stone," as it is called, lies midway between the island and the town, and is sometimes visible at low tide.

An ancient manuscript says: "In the year of the



world 2060, Bacchus, King of Morae, was expelled by his rebellious subjects; and, having acquired by fraud a portion of land on the Gallic bank of the Rhine from the Allemanni, he there founded a small state, which he named *Aram Bacchi*.

“Subsequently to the birth of Christ, ages afterwards, this name, still retained by the spot, was corrupted into Bacharach by Pharamund, King of the Franks, who built afresh the village which gave origin to the present town.” Of course this is legendary, but we must remember that it was the usual custom with the Romans to dedicate rocks in rivers, and even in the sea, to certain deities, and what more appropriate place than this for the purpose of honoring the god of the grape?

The saying still is:

“At Würzburg on the Stein,
At Hochheim on the Main,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
You find the best of wine;”

and although the grapes which grow undisturbed are not to be despised, these words refer rather to the great produce of the busy monastery of Eberbach.

Bacharach was formerly the chief emporium of the finest Rhine wines, which were brought here from every part of the Rheingau, to be packed into great boats and sent to Cologne. Here they became known in commerce as “Bacharach wines,” and as such gained great celebrity.

Much more interesting to us, however, than all this, is the beautiful Werner Chapel, a building which reminds us, with its pure forms, of the Cathedral of Cologne. It was erected in 1293, in the form of a trefoil. It was partly restored in the fifteenth century, and is now a ruin, nearly half of the original building having been destroyed. The legend relates that the sainted Werner was martyred here by the Jews, and that his body, which was thrown into the water, was carried back by the stream up the Rhine again to Bacharach.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LORELEI.

THE course of the river now leads us past the submarine stratum of rock of the Island of Wörth, and its continuation past the game tract to the Pfalz, which lies in the midst of the Rhine, and rises suddenly before us on rounding a bend of the stream. The exterior of this island-fortress is not very interesting, except that its form is striking, being that of a ship, whose sharp southern angle serves to break the force of the floating ice in winter. Even the figure-head on the ship's prow is not wanting. It is the heraldic lion, with a crown and two tails, of the Palatinate. He stands rampant, holding the Palatinate shield. It was apparently placed here as a safeguard to secure that no boats should escape the toll; and a papal bull, directed against Louis the Bavarian, by its complaints shows us that great extortion was once carried on here.

The passer-by at the present day does not know what to make of the curious, many-turreted break-water built upon its slate rock and red sandstone blocks. It is generally agreed that it was erected in the fourteenth century, and it is probably only be-

cause it was situated in so inconvenient a position that it has escaped the various destroyers who have laid their marks on all sides during the course of centuries. The Spaniards had once fixed themselves firmly here, but the Landgrave William of Hesse drove them out.

According to an existing tradition, the Countesses-Palatine came to this place to give birth to their children, that they might be carefully watched. It is more probable that the Pfalzgrafenstein was the place where the reconciliation of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines took place. This was brought about in the following way :

Henry of Brunswick, called the Long, had secretly engaged the affections of the beautiful daughter of the Count-Palatine Conrad, the niece of the Emperor Barbarossa. The mother knew of their betrothal, but a spy brought the tidings of it to the Count-Palatine, who ordered both mother and daughter to be banished to the river castle, and a guard to be placed over them. The guard was soon overpowered, and Henry slipped into the castle, taking with him a priest, who pronounced the blessing of the church over the lovers.

When the Count-Palatine began at length to feel lonely and desolate at Stahleck, he crossed over to see his child, whom he found pale and sad. The mother then confessed what had happened, and the count was, of course, furious with rage when he read



the priest's certificate, but finally forgave the lovers, and was reconciled to Henry. The beautiful Agnes gave birth to her first child in the Pfalz, and from this fact arises the tradition respecting the Countesses-Palatine.

The shore on either side is here full of interest. On the left stands a monument, informing everyone who does not already know the fact, that on New-Year's night of 1813-14 General Blücher crossed the Rhine at this point with the first Prussian Army Corps and the Russians, under Langeron. General von Hühnebein was the first to stand at daybreak on the morning of the new year on the German soil of the left bank, which had so long been occupied by the enemy. After him old Blücher followed with his staff to drive the enemy before him. Caub had before this time been the crossing-point of a Prussian corps, when Frederick William II. took his army over to the other side in order to oppose the Revolutionists.

The little town of Caub and the Blücher Valley are commanded by the ruin of Gutenfels, which once sheltered Gustavus Adolphus, and was destroyed in 1807. The gigantic walls and the Roman windows which still remain speak of its former strength, and indicate the numerous sieges through which it has passed. We are still shown the window at which the Swedish king sat and looked out upon the valley. Caub appeared in very early times as the Villula Cuba, and hence its supposed Roman origin.

Here lived the holy missionary, St. Theonest. He had been put to death at Mayence; there his body was thrust into a tub and set afloat upon the Rhine, the river on whose banks he had hoped to make so many converts. The tub, carried by the swift current, was cast ashore at Caub, where the saint, miraculously restored to life, stepped out and began to teach the Gospel to the heathen.

While he was converting them to Christianity he was also teaching them how to cultivate the vine and to make wine, using his tub as a wine-press. Since then the inhabitants of Caub have held his name sacred, and in the month of October they celebrate the festival of one who made their wine famous.

Out of gratitude, and in commemoration of their benefactor's strange ship, they called the place Cuba, or Kufe, and subsequently the municipal seal of Caub was the representation of a man floating in a "Kufe," or tub, upon the water.

The working of the slate quarries has been a profitable source of trade to the place, but the very thing that has supported the little community squeezed in between the rock and the shore caused the dread of a landslide to hover over them for years. Their cry for help found a hearing in the Chamber of Representatives, and attempts were made to shore up the masses of slate with stone-work. Just, however, when the official report was issued in Berlin to the

effect that the measures taken were sufficient to avert all danger, the continuous rainfall in March, 1876, set the slate in motion, and a tremendous landslide came down into the valley in the night, and buried a number of houses with their unfortunate inhabitants.

The Rhine, with its capricious windings, gives out its treasures one after the other, each one causing fresh delight. The rugged slate rocks tower above the shore, cutting off the view, but presently they retire to give place to an opening, through which the Castle of Schönbург, with its huge towers, looks down at us, steeped in the golden light of the sun.

This is one of the finest objects on the Rhine, and has an overpowering effect, commanding as it does the little town of Oberwesel, which has seen better days, whilst the lights in the ravines at the sides are very beautiful and varied, shadowed down to gray and almost to sombre black. That part of the hill known as the "enge Hölle" produces on its slopes the finest grapes.

This majestic castle, built in the twelfth century, was once inhabited by the Counts of Schönburg, that noble race whose descendants we meet with later as Counts of Schönburg, Schöenberg, Schomburg and Schomberg. They entered upon the rights of the Counts of the Trachgau, who ruled before them as lords of the castle, and of the town lying below them, until the Emperor Frederick II., on his accession to

the empire, purchased their privileges, and declared Oberwesel a free imperial town.

Henry VII., however, found this circumstance no obstacle to his pledging the town to the Lion Baldwin of Treves, who, on his side, well understood how to crush the well-founded opposition of the free citizens with his iron fist. They owed to his successor at least a small part of their former privileges.

The remains from the Middle Ages speak to us even now of greater times, and we may specially mention among them the Liebfrauenkirche, or Church of the Holy Virgin, erected in the fourteenth century, with its red sandstone walls visible from a long distance, at the foot of the castle hill. The exterior of this noble building is simple, but inside it has a beautiful high altar, and finished wood-carving on the choir stalls and doors. It was built by Baldwin of Treves in 1308. The Werner Chapel, which is built on the city wall, the Church of St. Martin, and the Ochsen Tower, are all beautifully quaint, and are well worthy of notice.

Schönburg was the birthplace, in 1615, of Frederick Hermann von Schönburg, Schomburg, or Schomberg, who, having first entered the service of Holland, afterwards earned a marshal's *bâton* in France. On the removal of the Edict of Nantes he, being a Protestant, fled to the Elector of Brandenburg, who made him governor and generalissimo, and afterwards minister of state.



But Prussia became too narrow a field for him, as his native place had been before, so he landed in England with William of Orange and fought against the Stuarts, till he himself was slain at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey, and it is remarkable that he combined in one person the rank of a marshal of France, a peer of England, and a grandee of Portugal.

The male line died out in 1713. Graf von Degenfeld, who owned large estates in and about Bacharach, married the female representative of the line, and came into possession of the rich fiefs of the extinct house. The Castle of Schönburg fell a victim first to the Swedes, and then to the French, who left it in ruins.

Before us, on the right, the Raszstein stretches its gray masses into the Rhine, with a tunnel running through it. It still hides from us the seven maidens, as the crags are called, after the seven sisters of Schönburg,—

“Of love they ever made a jest,
For a stony heart was in each breast;
Now sunk in the Rhine for their sins to atone
They are changed into rock and senseless stone.”

The stream once more makes a large bend. On both sides of us the gloomy rocks rise in great masses, and stand like gray walls before us. We now reach a spot consecrated by poetry, which recalls the verses of Ossian, when in autumn the mist rolls its wild

masses into huge balls, and spreads an impenetrable veil over river and rock, while the locomotive rushes like a fire-breathing mountain-demon out of a black fissure in the cliff, darting along close to the shore on our right.

The rock which projects into the Rhine is the Lorelei, the Enchantress Rock, where dwells the Lorelei.

Long years ago, whenever the moonlight flooded the river and the banks of the Rhine, a beautiful maiden was seen seated upon the top of the Lorelei Rock. There she sat all night long, combing her golden hair; and as she combed she sang, and none could withstand the witchery of her song.

This nymph was Lorelei, daughter of old Father Rhine. All the day she stayed under the blue water, but at night she came up to the rock to lure mariners to their destruction. Woe to them if they stayed to listen to the siren's strains, for its notes once in their ears—and in their hearts—they forgot everything but the sweet voice and the sweet singer; and their vessels, no longer guided among the dangerous rocks, were caught up and dashed to pieces, and all on board perished!

One person alone is said to have had a nearer view of the Lorelei. A handsome young fisherman from the Oberwesel used to climb the rocks every evening to spend a delightful hour with the siren, his eyes gladdened by her beauty.

At parting, the nymph pointed out the spot where he was to cast his net the following morning, and obeying her, his creel never came home empty.

One moonlight evening the young fisherman was seen climbing the rock as usual, but from that night he was never seen again. The Lorelei had taken him down to her Crystal Palace in the cool, clear depths below, there to possess him forever.

- “I know not what sorrow is o’er me,
What spell is upon my heart ;
But a tale of old times is before me,—
A legend that will not depart.
- “Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine ;
The peaks of the hills are gleaming
In the golden sunset-shine.
- “A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there ;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combs her golden hair,
- “And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony ;
And the song has a mystical measure
And a wonderful melody.
- “The boatman, when once she has bound him,
Is lost in a wild sad love ;
He sees not the rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.
- “I believe that the billows springing
The boat and the boatman drown ;
And all that with her magical singing
The Loré lay has done.”

Hundreds of times every day those who pass by that rock look to the grisly wall of stone with a secret shudder, as if they would see the "fairest maiden" of the well-known poem. But the legend and the murmurs in the depths of the water are silent, and it is only in the evening, when the waves beat on the stones, and the ghostly moonlight lies pale on the rocks, that it seems to the passer-by that he must see the form of Lorelei, with her golden hair floating around her.

Calm yourself, sensitive heart! for however the poet may sing, hard prose also will make itself heard, and that tells us that the sorceress is a myth, and that if the waves at the point swallow up ships and boats, the rapids and the eddy are answerable for the "wild journey."

The rock is called "Lei," from the name by which the slate found there is known by the country-people; and the word "Lure," which has been converted into Lore, means either "lauern," pointing to the necessity of being on the watch, on account, as Simrock supposes, of the dangerous rocks; or "lauter," "pure," that is, pure slate, which is met with here. But it would be unkind to rob the Rhine of its most beautiful legend, so we leave it with the Lorelei. It is said that the Nibelungen treasure has been hidden under the Loreleiburg for centuries.

There are also imaginative people who are able to make out the profile of Napoleon I. on the rock, and



the sound with which he answers the question of the traveller is an excellent echo. Much more real is the salmon fishery called the "Waag," which is now fairly remunerative, though at one time the fish were so plentiful that the servants in St. Goar and St. Goarshausen used to stipulate that they should not be obliged to eat salmon more than three times a week. If the records are to be relied on, we may believe that as much as eight thousand pounds of salmon were frequently taken in the course of a year.

The two towns, with their unmistakably Rhenish characteristics, lie right and left of us, close on to the edge of the shore. We see them over the "Bank," a place full of rocks, which was at one time most dangerous to vessels.

St. Goar, on the left, a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, is the handsomest of the smaller Rhenish towns. It owes its name to the holy St. Goar, and stands on the spot once occupied by his hermitage.

St. Goar came here as a missionary—not only to preach the gospel, but to extend a helping hand to those who came to grief in the whirlpools of the river. As he rescued them from the water he would ask them if they were Christians or heathens. If they said heathens he plunged them back into the water and held them under until they changed their faith. Then having forcibly baptized them, he fed them and sent them on their way.

The doings and zeal of the good St. Goar came

finally to the ears of Prince Sigebert, who sent for him and offered to make him Archbishop of Treves. St. Goar refused the honor; but, to amuse the King, and to show him that he was not unworthy the honor done him, he hung his cloak on a sunbeam, as on a peg, and leaving it there, hastened back to his chosen work.

St. Goar founded an abbey here, and dying at a great age, was buried in his Abbey Church. There his tomb can be seen, bearing the date 611.

Charlemagne presented the abbey with a great cask, which was to be kept constantly filled in the cellar. The man in charge having one day by mistake left the tap running, the spirit of the saint ordered a spider to close it with a web. The creature spun this so rapidly and so thickly that not a drop of the wine escaped.

The humor of the old patron-saint seems to have been transferred to the town and its inhabitants, and to have remained with them for centuries. An iron collar is still shown as a remembrance of the "Hän-seln," one of the ceremonies dating from the time of Charlemagne. This was performed as follows: Every stranger coming for the first time to St. Goar was placed on this iron, and asked whether he would be rechristened with wine or with water. Some chose water, and a bucketful was thrown over their heads; others chose wine, and a goblet filled with it was given to them, and a crown placed on their heads.

A book was kept of these ceremonies, and in it are inscribed the names of Charlemagne, Franz von Sickengen, Götz von Berlichingen, and others who took part in these inviolably-observed customs. The Catholic Church of the place contains an image of the saint, and the Evangelical Church has a crypt in which the bones of St. Goar were formerly preserved.

A remark is attributed to Franz, Emperor of Austria, on his journey to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, "That in the whole breadth of his empire there existed no scene whose beauty equalled that of the landscape including St. Goar and the Lorelei."

The Rheinfels, which towers above the town, once served to protect it. It is one of the largest ruins on the river, and was erected by Diether III. of Katzenellenbogen, in the thirteenth century, on the site of an old castle, to establish a new Rhine toll. Ten years later the twenty-six Rhenish towns rose in revolt against the new tax, and besieged these titled thieves; but Rheinfels was too strong for them, and they were obliged to withdraw, after a siege of the castle lasting sixty-six weeks.

In 1758 Rheinfels was taken by the French, who kept a garrison there for several years. Thirty years later it was deserted by the Hessians, then in command, and fell into the hands of the French revolutionary army. Three years after that it was blown up, and in 1812 it was sold for one hundred pounds.

In 1843 it was bought by Prince William, afterwards Emperor of Germany.

There is but little to be said of St. Goarshausen, which lies on the opposite or right side of the Rhine, though the castle above it is very interesting. This is the Castle of New Katzenellenbogen, erected in 1393, and familiarly called the "Cat." It has an historical connection with the ruins of Deurenburg, which are situated high above the village of Wellmich, and are called Kunoberg, Peterseck and Thurmburg, though commonly known as the "Mouse." This name was given to it by Count John III. when he sent greetings to the Archbishop Kuno, of Falkenstein, and told him he must take care of his "Mouse" lest it should be devoured by the "Cat." Thus it is that at the present day the two castles are still called the "Cat" and the "Mouse."

The Lord of Thurmburg must have been an unpleasant neighbor. Tradition says that the ringing of the church bell on Sunday annoyed him, so he confiscated the bell, and when the priest came to claim it and to expostulate with him on his conduct, the Lord of Thurmburg caused the bell to be hung round the neck of the priest, and thus weighted, the old man was cast down a deep well in the courtyard.

Then the bell began to toll, and the lower it sank the louder it sounded, until those living in the castle were deafened by the noise. The Lord of Thurmburg had the well filled up, but still the bell tolled on



day and night, until the inmates of the castle could not rest, and their lord went mad for want of sleep.

As he lay dying the bell pealed fainter and yet fainter, and as he drew his last breath the sound ceased entirely.

Since then the bell may be heard tolling just at midnight on the 18th of January—the anniversary of the death of the wicked Lord of Thurmberg.

The Counts of Katzenellenbogen were once a mighty race, and were celebrated in song by Walter von der Vogelweide. They well knew how to levy heavy toll on the vessels on the Rhine. The rocky Schweizer Valley is a place to which an excursion may be made from St. Goarshausen, and it will well repay the tourist for his trouble.

The Hasebach flows out of this valley, and the ruins of Reichenberg tower above it. This castle also belonged to the Katzenellenbogen, and from here we can visit the little watch-tower which was restored by the Margrave von Gagern-Reichenberg, one of the most original of the German strongholds.

It was built in the Moorish style, with elegant pillars and peculiarly-constructed towers, and was destroyed by the Emperor Albrecht in the Toll Wars of 1302. The whole of the ruins, which are tolerably well preserved, form a beautiful picture, and are worthy of the time spent in a visit to the Schweizer Valley. The pillars stand one above another, forming two stories.

The castle has an entrance with a courtyard and an imposing chapel. The interior has been restored, and is now decorated with old armor, weapons, etc. A memorial tablet has been placed here in honor of the Archivist Habel, who accomplished so much for the preservation of this and other Nassovian castles.

CHAPTER V.

FROM WELLMICH TO COBLENTZ.

BEYOND Wellmich the Rhine takes another deep curve towards the west. The village of Ehrenthal lies on the right at the foot of the cliff, with its lead, iron, and silver works; on the left, two pointed slate rocks, the higher of which is called the "Prinzenköpfchen," overshadow the river, and in the valley are the silver-smelting works. Passing the little lonely rock-island, we come to the village of Hirzenach, which produces roofing-slate. In front of us, on the right, is Nieder-kestert, and at the entrance to the valley stands the lonely Rheinberg Inn.

On the same side of the river we see two ruins, Liebenstein and Sternberg, standing on lofty peaks before us; and at their feet is the Monastery of Bornhofen. These two bold ruins, which are associated with numerous legends, are called by the people of the place "The Brothers." Heine, Wolfgang, Müller and others have sung of these two castles, and Bulwer has used one of the legends in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

This tells us of two brothers who lived in the castles on very cordial terms, until unfortunately they

both fell in love with the same lady, and killed each other in a desperate combat to which they were driven by jealousy. It is said that even now the clatter of their swords may be heard at midnight in the valley.

The lady (whose name is not given in the story) founded the Convent of Bornhofen at the foot of the castles; and, having renounced the world, retired there to die.

“Many a century has departed,
Many a race has found a tomb,
Yet from yonder rocky summits,
From those moss-grown towers of gloom,

“And within the dreary valley,
Fearful sights are seen by night;
There, as midnight strikes, the brothers
Still renew the ghastly fight.”

Simrock tells another version: according to him, “The two brothers had to share their inheritance with their blind sister, of whose misfortune they took advantage and deceived her. The money to be divided was measured in a bushel measure, and every time they gave a share to the blind sister they turned the measure upside down, and putting some gold pieces on the top, gave it her to feel, when she believed it to be full. She, of course, came off with a very poor share; but the blessing of Heaven was with the money of the deceived sister. The brothers, on the contrary, quarrelled with each other, and their

ill-gotten wealth was ill-spent. When the property was gone they were reconciled, but even then their friendship was unfortunate.

“One day they arranged to start for the chase early the next morning, and agreed that whichever should awake first should arouse the other. One of them on rising, and seeing that the shutter of his brother’s room was still closed, shot an arrow at it in order to wake him. At the same moment the brother opened the shutter and received the fatal weapon in his heart. The unintentional fratricide wandered to the Holy Land, where he died, and the inheritance of both the brothers went to strangers.”

According to some records Bornhofen was originally an imperial town; a miraculous image of the Virgin became a rich source of revenue to the town by attracting large numbers of pilgrims to it, and is still the occasion of pious industry to the inhabitants.

The river now becomes wider, and the rocky character of the shore is changed to softer slopes and pastures. On the right we reach the village of Camp, which derives its name from the Roman camp once standing here; it presents no object worthy of notice except the church and the convent-yard. On the left is situated the quaint, purely Rhenish town of Boppard, whose Romanesque church is a worthy memorial of the twelfth century, and is visible from a considerable distance.

It is the ancient Baudobriga of the Romans, and

there are numerous relics of this epoch, among others some indicating the presence of the Thirteenth Legion. The chief in command of the Roman artillery dwelt here, and held a kind of minor military court, to which all the neighboring native princes in alliance with the conquerors resorted. On the decline of the Roman empire the military station at Boppard disappeared, and the name of the town was not heard for centuries.

A royal palace stood here in the time of the Franks; and at a later period, when the place became a free city belonging to the League, it was taken by Baldwin, Bishop of Treves, and the Thirty Years' War put an end to what was left of its former greatness. The town in which magnificent imperial assemblies were held is now only distinguished by its mediæval character, the feudal architecture of the gabled houses, and its charming situation on the bank of the Rhine.

The former Benedictine convent, St. Marienberg, is now a much-frequented hydropathic establishment, contributing materially to the industrial prosperity of the town. The nobility of Boppard provided for their unmarried daughters by founding this conventual institution, whose charter was confirmed by the Emperor Henry V. in 1123. Other objects of interest are the parish church, built in the thirteenth century, with its porch, its double towers, its arcaded windows, and the covered connecting bridge, and the Church of St. Severin, built in the Gothic style, with

antique carved choir stalls, a double nave, and various monuments.

The Bayers of Boppard were an old respected Rhenish family. The ballad tells us of the knight Conrad Bayer of Boppard, who faithlessly left his betrothed. The maiden thereupon clad herself in knightly attire, presented herself before him with closed vizor, and, feigning to be the brother of the forsaken lady just returned from the Holy Land, demanded that he should answer for his conduct in mortal combat :

“ Speak, faithless knight, and tell to me
Why hast thou from thy Mary gone,
So dear she ever was to thee,
She ever loved but thee alone.
Stand, Conrad, stand, for now 'fore Heaven,
In combat answer shall be given,
So quickly draw thy faithless sword.”

The combat began, and the maiden was soon fatally wounded and sank to the ground, when Conrad tore off her helmet :

“ Alas ! he sees two fading eyes
Which once with love did on him fall ;
Two lips, whose bloom he once did prize,
Now faintly do on ‘ Conrad ’ call.
His Mary by his sword is slain—
Thus is avenged her grief and pain,
By death from his unhappy hand.

“ Then took he all his gold and gear,
His bitter ruth to satisfy,
And o'er the grave to him so dear,

Where his beloved now doth lie,
He raised a cloister passing fair—
In Rhineland there is none so rare—
And called it Saint Marienberg.

“There he could never rest again,
So went as Templar to the war ;
But nought could ease the bitter pain
He carried with him from afar.
At length the welcome hour did sound,
When from the foe a deathly wound
Did still his long-tormented heart.”

Such is the legend given by Adelaide von Stolterforth, who has embodied nearly all the Rhine legends in a series of romances and ballads. It is an historical fact that a knight Conrad Bayer of Boppard distinguished himself by his bravery at the siege of Ptolemais, and bore the banner of the Knights Templars.

On another bend in the river lies the village of Filsen, with its Mühlbad, or hydropathic establishment, its church, and its detached, quaint old houses. Oberspay comes next, with its restored church and the recently-erected Castle of Liebeneck, which towers above the town, but has no historical associations.

The Rhine forms a bay here and then flows northward, passing on the right the Dinkholder Spring, which lies in a gorge, and on the left the towns of Ober- and Nieder-spay. It then flows past Braubach, above which rises Marksburg, or Marxburg, on a curious, imposing mass of rock. Braubach must

once have been much larger than it is at present, as extensive ruins may be found by digging a slight distance below the surface of the ground. The town was almost destroyed by a fire in 1613. Marksburg is still a fortress, and in Nassau's time was used as a state prison. It is the only old fortress on the Rhine that has escaped destruction.

The chapel and churchyard of the town are on the road up to the fortress, the interior of which contains nothing worthy of remark except the Swedish and French guns and a torture-chamber. The castle received its name from the Markus Tower, dedicated to St. Mark, which was erected in 1437 by one of the Counts of Katzenellenbogen.

Opposite Braubach is Rhense, whose old fortified walls and towers date from the year 1370. Behind this is the Königsstuhl, the King's Seat, shaded by fruit trees, and hardly visible from the river, but all the more remarkable on that account. It was erected by the command of Charles IV., and was the scene of the Diets and Electoral Assemblies in which Henry VII., Charles IV., and the Count-Palatine Rupert III. were elected.

Bodmann says that it was the powerful influential Baldwin of Treves who wrested from Mayence the right to elect the German king on its territory, and contrived that the election of his brother Henry VII. should take place in Rhense for the first time. Rhense was within easy reach of all four Electors whose prov-

inces met here, and was an especially convenient and favorable spot for Treves.

It was not until 1376 that Charles IV., who was elected here, commanded that the inhabitants of Rhense, "in return for the freedom of trade which he had bestowed upon them," should make "a royal seat, sound throughout, and keep it for ever." The seat was built, as Winkelmann informs us, surrounded with blocks of stone, and with seven arches. It stood on nine stone pillars, and it was approached by eighteen steps.

"The circumference of the building was about forty ells, and the height eight, and seven seats were placed in it for the seven Electors, with one raised above the rest, in the middle, for the emperor. On each seat were emblazoned the arms of the electorate to which it belonged, and on that of the emperor were painted those of the empire.

"When the trumpet sounded all the four Rhenish Electors—namely, Mayence at Lahneck, Treves at Stolzenfels, Cologne at Rhense, and the Palatine at Marksburg, in Braubach—were able to hear it at their castles." This last statement must, however, be an exaggeration, for if the very trumpets of Jericho sounded it would have been hardly possible for them to be heard as far as the castles of Stolzenfels, Lahneck, and Marksburg.

Probably, however, it was only wished to show how acute the hearing of these worthy gentlemen

was when their worldly power was at stake. This monument stood in the way of the French, and they unfortunately destroyed it, so that in the present King's Seat, which has been built in the style of the old one, only the foundation belongs to the original structure.

“ ‘ What for Imperial pomp care I,
With all its cares and riot?
I'd rather drain this goblet dry,
Alone in peace and quiet.'
So spake the Emperor Wenceslaus,
Then drained his bumper without pause,
By the King's Seat at Rhense.’ ”

The worthy Wenzel who uttered these sentiments did not fare very well, for the four archbishops, who had long felt a grudge against him, conspired to depose him, and on the shore just opposite Oberlahnstein, also hidden among fruit trees, and where the Wenzel Chapel, or Chapel of St. Mary, is situated, the idle Wenceslaus was deposed in favor of the Count-Palatine Rupert, on the 20th of August, 1400.

Two proud mountain-giants now rise before us on our right and left—namely, Stolzenfels and Lahneck. The former stands on the green slope of the rock, and the latter, an old stronghold situated on a lofty ridge, exposed to every storm, commands a vast extent of country. At the foot of Stolzenfels is the little town of Capellen, and below Lahneck stands Oberlahnstein, an old town, though its youthful appearance has been constantly renewed, owing to the

unfortunate fires which have happened so often as to have become almost proverbial. It is the point at which the railways cross, and their lines run between the town and the shore, forming a complete network.

The well-preserved old fortress contrasts curiously with these characteristics of modern times. "If Marksburg," says Simrock, "be represented as the only inhabited (old) castle of the Rhine Valley, Oberlahnstein may be named as the only town of which the fortifications are still undestroyed. The walls and towers which enclose it in a square are precisely the same as those we see in Merian's picture. Whoever would investigate the old fortresses must not fail to visit Oberlahnstein and Braubach. Lahnstein has also at its upper end another castle, which is older than Lahneck."

Lahneck, with its almost inaccessible position, was the harbor of safety in times of danger. The town, which is situated before it in the valley, with its old church dating from 978, already mentioned, its former Palace of the Electors of Mayence, built in 1394, and its towers and walls, remind us of the time when the great ecclesiastical rulers of Mayence, the Palatinate, Treves and Cologne used to combine their power to dictate the fate of the Empire.

So this point where the Lahn joins the Rhine may, to a certain extent, be considered the keystone of the highway of robbery and extortion on which the knights of noble family, ruining and oppressing trade,

spent most of their time. The only temporary check they received was from Rudolf of Hapsburg, who declared that "They are no knights, but wretched robbers and thieves. True knighthood keeps its faith and trust. He who breaks the laws of honor shall not die by the sword." After this, as we have already stated, he had all those hanged whom he could catch.

"It is possible," says Wolfgang Müller, "that this body of knights consisted at first of respectable people; but at a later period, during the general wildness of the times, they indulged in the increasing practice of robbery, which they carried on by means of unlawful tolls, and even by plundering on the actual highway. Under these circumstances, it was natural that they should find the unapproachable fortified situations suit them best as dwelling-places.

It was much better in the broad level valleys through which we have already wandered. There trade and labor flourished under system and order. "We found on all sides large and rich towns, while here only small townlets could exist, and even these have shown their preference for the left shore to a remarkable extent, probably because of the protection of Mayence, Treves and Cologne. How much larger are the estates from Basle to Frankfurt and Mayence, of Nuremberg and Bamberg to Würzburg! Even in the valley of the Nahe great races originate, and it is the same in the broad fields of the Lahn."

The Castle of Lahneck, which at the present time is in the possession of a private gentleman, according to tradition was built by the Knights Templars. History, however, relates that it was really the work of the Archbishop Gerard, of Mayence. It is first mentioned towards the end of the thirteenth century. The French destroyed it in 1688, but it was afterwards completely rebuilt in its old form, and it only remains for time to do its work by giving it the stamp of age.

The Castle of Lahneck is said to have been the last refuge of the Knights Templars in Germany, their leader being the white-haired old Count of Lahneck.

The order had amassed great wealth in other years, but now the Pope, coveting the treasure and instigated by the King of France and the Archbishop of Mayence, commenced a course of persecution, having for its object the dissolution of the order and the distribution of the money among themselves.

Resolved to remain true to their vows and to defend their property to the last, the old Count of Lahneck and twelve stalwart knights entrenched themselves in the Castle of Lahneck, and fought so bravely that they succeeded in keeping their oppressors, with a force of two thousand men, at bay for months.

Finally the battering-rams made a breach in the walls, through which the besiegers rushed, calling on



the knights to surrender. But the Count of Lahneck, who now had only four companions left, retreated toward the inner fortress, declaring that he would fight while life remained. Step by step they fell back, but when the drawbridge was reached only the old count remained—all had fallen defending him. He grimly hewed right and left, calling with each blow: "For Honor and Right!"

The gallant young leader of the besieging party, seeing the dangerous position in which his foe stood, and filled with admiration for the brave old man, cast away his sword, and, advancing, caught the count around the waist, trying to draw him to a place of safety.

"Surrender!" he cried. "Never!" cried the old Templar; and seeing that he could no longer resist the clasp about him, he suddenly flung himself over the drawbridge, dragging his captor with him. They struck upon the rocks below, where they were dashed to pieces. So fell the last of the Knights Templars in Germany.

A railway bridge across the mouth of the Lahn unites Upper and Lower Lahnstein, the latter containing the Johanniskirche, or Church of St. John, which was also destroyed by the French and afterwards rebuilt. This interesting church, which stands at the point of the angle formed by the Rhine and the Lahn, has a legend attached to it, according to which its bells on one occasion began to ring of their

own accord. An interesting point here is the place where the Russian general, St. Priest, crossed the Rhine on the first of January, 1814.

It is said that the Monastery of Machern, which now stands on the Moselle, between Gruach and Zeltingen, was once in the neighborhood of Niederalhnstein, and the old chronicler relates that "When the charming district of Horchheim is left behind, and the first houses of Lahnstein appear, there is another little stream to cross. On vigils, and, indeed, also at the time of the Lahnstein fair, a nun walks at night up and down by the weather-beaten consecrated building which bounds the stream. She is richly dressed, and looks grave, but gentle, for she generally reads her prayers out of a book which she carries open in her hand.

"She has frightened many, though she has never injured anyone, nor indeed even acknowledged their presence; but when she appears, the stream rises madly in the ravine, noises are heard, and above the wild gusts of wind melancholy songs may be distinguished, and among them the sweet sound of the 'Salve Regina.' Occasionally also a fiery wheel rolls to the stream. The Convent of Machern must have stood in this ravine."

Opposite the mouth of the Lahn, three hundred and forty feet above the Rhine, rises the rugged Stolzenfels, which is now one of the most beautiful of the restored castles of the Middle Ages. It shared

the sad fate of its neighbor Lahneck during the French ravages. Arnold von Isenberg, Archbishop of Treves, built Stolzenfels for his palace. Isabella, the betrothed bride of Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, and sister of Henry III. of England, came to Stolzenfels, and was here nobly entertained.

The chronicler who informs us of this important event also gives us the *menu* of the banquet of that period (Rhine salmon, venison and Oberweseler), and assures us in conclusion that "they ate well and drank better, and that the royal maiden danced a great deal."

Stolzenfels was in its greatest glory when the "Lion of Luxemburg," the cunning and warlike Baldwin, sat on the episcopal throne of Trier. During his episcopacy the electors assembled more than once at Stolzenfels.

In later times the Archbishop Werner of Treves, and his successor, John of Baden, practised alchemy here. This faith in the black art was the craze of the day, finding its victims among the high and the low. In 1432 a hurricane of great violence swept through the Rhine Valley, tearing the roof from the chief tower. This was the beginning of the destruction of the castle. In 1689 Stolzenfels was destroyed by the French. The town of Coblenz, into whose possession the ruins came in 1802, presented them to the prince who was afterwards King Frederick-William IV. They were rebuilt in the old noble style

in 1836-42, after the plans of Schinkel, who utilized the old walls which were still standing.

The interior was also beautifully and suitably furnished, and is now in the possession of the Emperor William II. "It is indeed a real delight," so writes the excellent painter of the Rhenish land and Rhenish life, Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, "to see the castle, with restored battlements, gates and windows, looking down from its green summit into the beautiful Rhine Valley. It has a noble and delightful appearance when the rays of the morning sun shine and glitter on the lofty windows. There is no difficulty in ascending the broad carriage-road which leads over bridges and ditches into the courtyard of the castle.

"The rooms are arranged in excellent taste. The furniture carries us back to those bygone days of which many beautiful artistic objects are exhibited here. But the feeling raised by these is subordinate to that which we owe to the rich luxuriance that Nature has spread over the land. What a rare view of mountain and valley we get from the windows, or from the towers and terraces above! there are few finer prospects along the course of the Rhine.

"On a clear evening especially this place is incomparable, and also when the glow of the setting sun steeps the opposite shore in gold, lighting up at the same time mighty Ehrenbreitstein, Lahneck and Marksburg, while a deep silent peace falls upon the



river-valley and the silver stream, along which a few boats still glide. The subtle charm of such moments penetrates the soul and awakes in it sounds and pictures that are full of poetry."

A little farther down the stream the island of Oberwörth lies before us, with the Convent of St. Magdalen Wörth, which was erected in 1143 for the daughters of noble families. Above it on the right, still farther down, is the Pfaffendorfer Hill; on the left are the Charter-house and Fort Constantine, and on the right again the stone colossus, Ehrenbreitstein, rises in the hazy distance.

The iron-clad visage of this well-known fortress startles us suddenly out of that gray legendary time among whose shattered monuments we have just passed; that time when the small mountain and forest dynasties peered out, like vultures, from their battlements into the valley, ready to attack or lay in ambush for any merchant train that might approach without sufficient guard.

Yonder, where the flag flutters in the blue air, high above the precipitous rock and the inaccessible walls, beyond where the Rhine bears the iron piers of the bridge and the Moselle joins it in sisterly union—there lies Coblenz, another jewel in the crown of the Rhineland.

CHAPTER VI.

A PEEP INTO THE VALLEY OF THE LAHN.

THE Lahn, running into the Rhine beneath the precipitous Lahneck, brings us close to one of the loveliest valleys. It was Goethe's favorite spot, the place in whose bosom the bones of the noble German poet repose, and in whose dark mines costly metals are hidden. It is the valley of the Lahn, which the tourist usually passes with indifference, for he is eager to pass on and see proud Coblentz, which lies close before him.

It was only at the beginning of the year 1860 that the romantic district of the Lahn was thrown open to tourists by the completion of the railway ; up to that time it had been left to itself in poetic seclusion. The pursuit of health or recreation took travellers no farther than to Ems, whence only the nearest points of interest in the neighborhood attracted them, and the other natural beauties of the Lahn Valley were but little known.

The world, it is true, heard that in 1848 the Count-Palatine of Hungary, the Archduke Stephen, had retired to Schaumberg in a quiet valley ; patriots also knew that it contained the cradle and the grave

of the noble Baron von Stein; but in later times the tourist world first showed an interest in this cross-valley of the Rhine when the guide-book literature felt the need of opening up new roads and new marvels.

He who at the present day wishes to take a hasty glance at the Lahn Valley, needs only to spend one or two days in order to go as far as Limburg, or, at farthest, to Wezlar. On his way he has but to sit in a coupé of the railway-carriage, from which he can see the green, luxuriant valleys; the rocks and the castles fly past him on the right and on the left, and he can then return to Oberlahnstein richly repaid for his trouble, re-embark on the boat, and steam on again down the Rhine.

But he who wishes to see the Lahn in its old and natural state must lose no time, for it is threatened with reform, and the Government Commissioner—who seems to have no love for romance—has lately reported to the deputies that a civilized State cannot allow a useful river to be left in an unnavigable condition.

In this work, which is specially dedicated to the Rhine, we can only make a hasty digression even into this most rich and lovely of the neighboring valleys, and must therefore be content to deal with the most prominent of its beauties. From the carriage-window on the Lahn side we cast once more a glance up at the proud Castle of Lahneck, on the tower of which the flag flutters so gaily, and then we plunge

into a long, curious ravine—a region rich in historical reminiscences, the first records of which date from the year 54 B.C.

In the olden times the fortunes of this part of the country must have been very varied. In the days of Cæsar the Ubii had their dwellings on the Lower Lahn, and the Catti on the Upper; the Sigambers probably held the spring district on the eastern slope of the rough Westerwald (the river rises there, as the Dill from the woody knolls of the Ederkopf). The Ubii relinquished their place to the Mattiaci.

Several centuries later the Lahn Valley became the battle-ground of the Alemanni, and the Franks, and the Catti, the former of which were beaten at Zülrich in 496. In 511 King Clodwig resigned the district of the Lahn to his son Theodoric. Christianity was first introduced here by St. Boniface; it was zealously promoted by Charlemagne, and much later was fostered, though not quite disinterestedly, by the Bishops of Mayence and Treves. We first hear of the division into Upper and Lower towards the end of the eighth century.

In the Middle Ages it was divided between Hesse and Nassau. From 1806 to 1813 a greater part of the Lahn district was assigned to the kingdom of Westphalia. The Vienna Congress arranged another division, and, until 1866, that part in which we are interested belonged to Nassau. Since that date it has been part of Prussia.

The Rhine bank, with its castles, is hid from our view almost directly we quit it, and we meet with the first outposts of the rich mining and smelting works. On the left are the smelting works of Hohenrhein, and on the right the mountain-sides covered with luxuriant verdure overhang us. We presently catch a glimpse of the village of Frücht, and precipitous rocks sloping away irregularly indicate the mouth of the before-named Schweitzer Valley.

On an island in the river lie the Nievern smelting works, the importance of which is evident from the great tramloads of ore which we see. Then the baths come into sight, and the Tower of Concord, the village of Ems, and at last we see the long rows of houses of the spa of Ems, with its continuous company of fashionable visitors.

What a fortunate man was John of Katzenellenbogen, when his stepmother, Dame Anna von Hadamar, sold him this delightfully-situated place for five thousand florins, in the year 1403! At the present day the town is one fashionable street for the most select class of society, by whom the season is not considered complete if at least for one week they have not formed part of the brilliant galaxy which is accustomed to gather there.

However new, modern, and elegant an appearance the town may make on the bank of the Lahn, it is nevertheless very old. The Romans were acquainted

with its wells, which contained soda, and were considered a specific for all possible ills.

It is also said that Caligula was born here, and although there is extant no confirmation of the tradition, yet all the Roman weapons, urns, coins, etc., which have been unearthed, testify to the former presence of the often-mentioned twenty-first legion; ciphers indicating this may still be distinguished on single stones of an old Roman wall. Remains, though inconsiderable ones, of a Roman bath and a watch-tower, have also been found on the Winterberg.

It is in the twelfth century that we first find Ometze, Eymbze, and at length Embs, spoken of as a bathing-place. After passing through many hands, it at length came into possession of the elder line of Nassau, and in 1866 of William of Prussia. How this district was cut up among crowns and crownlets may be understood by the circumstance that formerly eight governments met here.

Everything in Ems is sober, elegant, and suitable for the distinguished guests for whom it is accustomed to provide. The height of the season is from the middle of July to the end of August. The hotels, as well as the private houses and villas, are excellent. When the visitors arrive, swelling the population to twenty-three thousand, Ems breathes freely; when they depart, it settles down to its winter's sleep.

It is true that there is but little space in the narrow valley which the Lahn has cut out here in the

ravine, for even the promenades are contracted, and run along the narrow banks which are united by bridges. In comparison with the fine parks of Wiesbaden and Homburg the Kurgarten is very confined, as is the Kursaal, which is, nevertheless, furnished with great elegance. The theatre, also, has to content itself with a corner of the salon.

The greater part of these rooms, as is well known, were once the domain of the famed god Chance. Here, also, as in Wiesbaden and Homburg, in 1866, the lieutenant in command of the approaching Prussians laid hands upon the dice-box ; but here also, as in those towns, the bank ultimately had a respite.

These tables were in connection with those in Wiesbaden, an arrangement beneficial to both, for if a player chanced to escape from the one with large winnings, he would fall into the toils of the other, unless indeed he took a fancy to entrust the sum so easily obtained to Herr Blanc in Homburg.

The springs and wells of Ems are divided into two classes, the old ones belonging to the domain—the Kränchen, the Regsel, and the Prince's wells ; and those discovered in 1865 behind the Nassauer Hof, namely, King William's rock springs. Of the latter, the Victoria spring is specially important ; it is distinguished from the old Kränchen by its lower temperature, and in addition to that by the larger amount of free carbonic acid which it contains, a great security for its retaining its properties in transport. The wells of

Ems are specially beneficial to those who are afflicted with diseases of the mucous membrane, disorders of the bowels, or rheumatism. From ten to twelve thousand patients come here annually to be treated. Ems also sends out in the course of the year hundreds of thousands of its well-known pastilles.

The Royal Kurhaus, which has been frequently enlarged since its erection at the end of the last century, contains the most important springs, and many baths. In the Kurgarten stands the Kursaal, connected with the Kurhaus by a colonnade, in which is a tempting bazaar.

Among the trees back of the Kursaal stands the bath-house of the Four Towers, erected at the beginning of the last century.

The town itself, protected from unpleasant winds by a high wall of rock, is divided into the baths of Ems, where the waters are used, the village of Ems on the right bank of the Lahn, and Ems Point on the left bank.

Ems obtained historical renown in the last century when, in the year 1786, the plenipotentiaries of the three Catholic Electoral Princes of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, with the Archbishop of Salzburg, met here under the protection of the Emperor Joseph II., in order to frame resolutions for the continuance of the liberties and privileges of the German Church. These are known as the Stipulations (*Punktationen*) of Ems, but they brought forth no result.



It is still fresh in every one's memory that the prelude to the great political events of recent years was performed at Ems, and every stranger asks to be shown the place where, in the summer of 1870, Benedetti, the French ambassador, by the direction of Napoleon III., presented himself before the Emperor William, in a manner which violated every rule of diplomatic etiquette, to demand from him the well-known guarantee against the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne,—an impertinence which sent the French Emperor to Cassel and the victorious German troops to Paris.

But to many people the greatest attraction of Ems lies in the charming excursions that one may make from there. The Henrietta Road as far as the pillar, and the Maria Road as far as the Swiss Cottage, are the most popular. A wire rope railway runs to the top of the wooded Malberg, where an exquisite view is to be had; while nearer to Ems lies the Wintersberg, on whose summit is a column, built on the foundations of an old Roman watch-tower.

The village of Frücht, which has been already mentioned, is situated in the neighborhood of the forester's house, and is of special interest, for it contains the grave of the family of Stein and the monument of the man to whom Germany owes such infinite gratitude. A design in relief, by Schwanthaler, and the inscription tell us of "the inflexible son of the drooping Fatherland." His epitaph runs as follows:

“Sein Nein war Nein gerechtig,
Sein Ja war Ja vollmächtig,
Seines Ja war er gedächting,
Sein Grund, sein Mund einträchtig,
Sein Wort, das war ein Siegel.”*

Hastening through delightful valleys from Ems we reach the artists' favorite mediæval village of Dausenau, which lies at the mouth of the Bacherthal. It ascribes its foundation to the Romans, and derives its name, whether rightly or wrongly, from Drusus. A ring wall, still well preserved, surrounds the place to which Charles IV. once gave the privileges of a town, and in the seventeenth century a tribunal was held here for the punishment of crime and sorcery.

The slate tower, which is wrongly attributed to the Romans, is interesting on account of the tradition which relates that Eginhard, Charlemagne's secretary, was found in it with the emperor's beautiful daughter Emma. This tradition is, however, highly improbable.

Quitting Dausenau, we see the town of Nassau before us, and to the right a blooming valley with the Castles of Nassau and Stein. Near the latter rises the pavilion containing the colossal statue of Stein, which was solemnly unveiled in 1872. The most in-

* “His No was No full surely,
His Yes was Yes as purely,
His Yes was gravely pondered ;
Reason and speech ne'er sundered
His word, it was a bond.”

teresting point of the town itself is the dwelling-house of the great patriot, to which he retired when wearied out with his labors, to devote the last days of his life to science.

This house, though modernized, dates from 1621, and now belongs to his granddaughter, the Countess Kielmansegge. Over the door is written, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" ("Our God is a tower of strength"), the pious device of the hero who was born here. He has been called the foundation-stone (*stein*) of right, the stumbling-stone of evil, and the precious stone of Germany.

A Gothic tower, built by Stein in 1815 to commemorate the war of independence, commands the castle-like house, and contains in two rooms, one above the other, Stein's writing-desk and two iron chests, with documents in his handwriting. On the walls of the lower room hang portraits of great men of Germany, and one in oil of Stein. His bust and a book-case are also preserved here. In the upper room is a tablet with the inscription, "Trust in God, Unity, Perseverance." In front of it are the busts of Frederick William III., Alexander I. and Francis II., and other memorials of the great events of 1812 to 1814.

The road to the Castle of Stein goes up the hill, and on it stands the memorial dedicated to the great statesman, on the site of his ancestral home, which unfortunately has been in ruins for more than a hundred and fifty years.

The *Limburg Chronicle* relates the following legend of his ancestress : "She had four daughters and two sons, and each of her daughters had a knight for her husband. Now it happened that these four knights were together in the house of their mother-in-law, and the two knights of Stein, her sons, were there also ; consequently the dame had six knights together at her board, of whom four were her sons-in-law and two her sons, and her husband also had been a knight. When they all sat down together at one table, the dame said, 'This is too much honor.' No one took any heed of this ; but soon after the mother arose and secretly stole away, and no one ever could learn whither she had gone."

Another ancestral castle is that of the former Counts of Nassau. From this family sprang a German emperor, Adolf of Nassau, who fell treacherously in the battle of Göllheim in 1298. Simrock, that trustworthy guide through the legend world of the Rhine, tells us that, according to a legend, the name of Nassau is either derived from Nasua, the general of the Swabians, "or from two brothers, the Lepartii, one of whom Cæsar made guardian of the bridge which was erected at Coblentz, and prefect of the adjacent country.

"Here he, himself, founded the Castle of Lipporn, named from his own patronymic ; and of his descendants one founded Lauremburg and another Nassau, so called from the moist nature of the district

(*madidum territorium*). The race was, in fact, called Von Lauremburg for a century before they built the Castle of Nassau; for doing which a dispute arose between them and the town of Worms, which had obtained the district mentioned by the name of Nassau, together with the Church of Weilburg, as early as the year 915.

“The Lauremburgers, who had established by custom their jurisdiction over the Church of Weilburg, would not be dislodged, and the dispute was arranged by Worms ceding its proprietorship, by way of exchange, to Treves, and the latter giving the ancestral stronghold in fee to the house of Nassau.”

The Castle of Nassau has been in ruins for several centuries, and only enthusiastic lovers of nature now mount its heights in order to cast a glance over the surrounding valleys from the tower which has been restored.

The Convent of Arnstein lies before us, picturesquely surrounded by precipices overgrown with verdure, and surmounted by four towers. Below it lies the Castle of Langenau. Arnstein, which is one of the loveliest landmarks, is a monastic castle, and was, in fact, the seat of the gaugraves of that name. A hundred years after its erection (in 1139) Arnstein, which was originally called Arnoldstein, was turned into a Premonstrant Abbey by the last of the gaugraves.

It is said that the pious Count Louis, with six of

his knights, laid down the sword and assumed the cowl, leaving no heirs behind him. His wife Guda also ended her life in a convent. Count Louis died here in the odor of sanctity, and four knights carried his body on their shoulders to the monastery church. The Counts of Isenburg inherited his domain, and from them it went, by purchase, to the Counts of Nassau and Katzenellenbogen. As a monastery, Arnstein acquired great wealth, and the Church of St. Margaret—the ruins of which lie lower on the mountain—though far older, belonged to the abbey. Arnstein is well preserved, and is at the present time inhabited by a clergyman.

The Castle of Langenau was the ancestral home of the family of that name, which died out at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Countess Giech, daughter of the minister Stein, had the castle fitted up as a hospital and refuge for deserted children. At the present day its exterior is still well preserved, with its towers and walls, and the interior has been again put into habitable repair, and is used for agricultural purposes.

Leaving the Convent of Brunnenburg behind us on the left bank of the Lahn, our attention is for a moment arrested by the ruins of Laurenburg, formerly also an ancestral home of the lords of Nassau. Presently, however, we come upon the much more interesting and beautiful ruins of Balduinstein, which stand on the face of the mountain.

This castle is named after its builder, the quarrelsome Archbishop of Treves, so often mentioned in connection with the feuds of the Rhine district, who obtained from the emperor the privileges of a town for this place. The remains still testify to the former extent of this stronghold, which the warlike priest erected on land taken in battle from that of Westerburg.

At length we approach the gem of the Lahn Valley, Schaumburg, which was, till 1812, in possession of the now extinct family of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg. It was, from 1848 to 1867, the residence of the Archduke Stephen of Austria, who retired here, and was a benefactor to the whole Lahn Valley, where the inhabitants almost worshipped him. For nearly twenty years before his death he was actively employed in the completion and adornment of his castle. After his death the place passed, by will, to the Duke George Louis of Oldenburg, and is now the property of Prince George of Waldeck.

The building stands in a conspicuous position on a ridge of rock, and with its slender, graceful towers, forms an ornament among all the pitiful ruins round about. It is carefully kept, and is surrounded by beautiful pleasure-gardens. In the interior everything shows the thoughtful care and good taste of a prince who, weary of the political care and bustle which had oppressed him as Palatine of Hungary, de-

voted the remainder of his life to rural retirement, and found satisfaction in the gratification of his personal inclinations, in benevolence and courteous intercourse with the people around him.

The interior of the castle is well worth a visit, but still more pleasing is the view over the Lahngau, the Westerwald and the Taunus from a sort of belvedere constructed over one of the towers. Even in the towns of Diez and Limburg we are told of the works of the archduke, and the warm feeling of that prince for all who came in contact with him.

A little off the road to Diez and near the Lahn lies the Fachinger spring, which is similar to the Seltzer spring, and is, indeed, by some persons preferred to it; but its waters have not the wide popularity of the Seltzer, although ninety thousand bottles of the Fachinger water are annually exported.

Of Diez itself we have but to mention the former castle of the family of Nassau-Diez, which stands near the marble quarry. Since the year 1874 it has been used as a House of Correction, and its inmates are employed in quarrying and polishing the marble. An avenue of lime-trees leads from Diez to the Castle of Oranienstein, erected in 1776, which is romantically situated on a rock, and has been a cadet school since 1866. The view over the town from the so-called "Twelve Pillars" is very fine.

From Diez, the Castle of Ardeck calls our attention to the mouth of the Arde Valley. The railway



gradually ascends the hill from Limburg. The valley of the Lahn lies beneath us, and the eye freely takes in from here the view over the mountain-chain, the castles, the roads which, running over mountains and ravines, over table-lands and plains, all meet together here in a common centre, and our gaze rests with veneration on the ancient cathedral standing majestically upon its rocky pedestal.

The learned are not unanimous as to the origin of this beautiful memorial. The most correct opinion is probably that which considers that the whole building did not, as was asserted by the older inquirers, date from the year 910, but that as it now stands, near the castle, it sprang from a later period from 1213 to 1240.

However this may be, the Cathedral of St. George at Limburg is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings of Germany, and is well preserved in its romantic forms. The inscription over the west door shows the older date of what may be called the primitive building, "Basilica Sancti Georgi, 909." According to the same inscription the church was restored in 1766, and again in the year 1840, but the most complete restoration was begun in 1872 and completed in 1878. The interior of the church has a fine effect, with its peculiarly-placed galleries, whilst the elevated situation of the cathedral makes the effect of the great tower rearing itself between the two side-towers very striking.

The *Limburg Chronicle* is always esteemed on the Rhine as the most credible source in all matters of doubt. In any case, Kuno or Conrad, named Kurzbald, Gaugrave of the Lahnthal, a nephew of the Emperor Conrad, may be considered the real founder of the Cathedral where he lies buried. On account of his short and somewhat deformed figure, he is handed down to us by tradition under the name of Kurzbald.

He was once very popular in ballad, not only on account of his acute mind, but also for his heroic deeds, which the people celebrate in their narratives as though he were a very David. Like the scriptural hero, he fought victoriously against giants and wild beasts, and when Giselbert of Lorraine and Eberhard of Franconia rebelled against the emperor, and would have crossed the Rhine, Kurzbald fell upon them. He hurled his spear with such force into the boat of the two rebels that it sank, and the Lord of Lorraine was drowned in the stream, but Kurzbald lifted the Duke of Franconia on to the shore.

“At another time,” further relates Simrock, “Kurzbald was standing alone with the Emperor Otto I. when a lion broke out of a cage. The emperor, who was unarmed, would have seized Kuno’s sword, but the latter sprang before him, fell upon the lion, and slew him. Once a huge slave, boasting of his gigantic form, challenged the royal army. Then Kurzbald stepped forth and slew him, like David, only with a

spear instead of a stone. But the wise Conrad had one peculiarity—he could bear neither apples nor women. He, therefore, died unmarried; and the church which he raised for the repose of his father's soul is dedicated to St. George, the valiant knight who slew the dragon and the serpent.”

Besides Kurzbold's tomb in the Cathedral, the Church-treasures, the insignia and utensils, the Gothic font, the tabernacle, an image of Christ dated 1599, and the choir-stalls are well worth seeing. The figure of St. George has led many people to the conclusion that dragons once abounded in the neighborhood, and that the church was on that account dedicated to the dragon-slayer.

John Gensbein, the author of the *Limburg Chronicle*, relates that the town was wasted by fire in 1342, and at a subsequent date by pestilence. In later times still, troubles have not been wanting; the Swedes and the French, of whose vandalism there is evidence on every side, ran riot in Limburg. In 1802 Limburg came under the government of Nassau, in 1827 it became the seat of a bishopric, and in 1866 it was, with the rest of the country, incorporated into the State of Prussia.

CHAPTER VII.

COBLENTZ.

No place on the Rhine would be so well adapted as Coblenz for an international colony of dreaming idlers had not races and peoples selected just this point, formed by the union of two great rivers, either as a fulcrum for further conquests, or as a position of defence for what was already won. This fact has given a strategical importance to the place, which has stiffened all its romance into stone and iron, and placed the delights, the joys of God's beautiful nature under the inexorable laws of War. The town is well situated on a triangular point of ground between the Rhine and the Moselle.

Before it stands the mighty Ehrenbreitstein, in its panoply of stubborn rock bristling with menacing cannon. Along the whole of the Rhine's course this is the strongest of all the guardians of German independence—an independence which has been so often threatened from the west. It is, however, a singular fact that the original fortress which was placed here, namely, the citadels built by Drusus, B.C. 9–11, were intended not to protect but to oppose the liberty of the German race.

The Romans named these citadels on the right bank of the Moselle *confluentes*, and the most important of them included one hill of the ancient town. When the Franks built the *Castrum confluentes* in 486, they made it into a palace for their kings. It was in this that the German emperor, and finally the Bishops of Treves, dwelt, and here also Conrad III. was chosen Emperor of Germany in 1138.

According to the chronicles, the town was situated at that time on the Moselle, and only spread by slow degrees to the shore of the Rhine. The old part of the city, with Zwing-Coblentz and the Bishops' Castle, accordingly is placed near the Moselle, at the extreme corner, at the confluence of the two rivers.

That period of the thirteenth century which gave the town its fortified walls as well as the Zwingburg, is also the epoch of the quarrels which took place between the citizens and the bishops, and of the battles of the League of the Rhenish Towns against the free-booter knights of the castles, which lasted for several centuries. From that period also dates the Moselle bridge, which was built in 1344 by Baldwin of Treves to unite the town with the destroyed suburb of Lützel Coblentz. It was restored in 1440 and widened in 1884.

The history of Coblentz has not many special features to interest us. In the troublous times of the Roman Empire, and in the period of its greatest splendor and glory, the name of Coblentz is never

once mentioned, and for nearly three centuries after its foundation nothing is known of its history.

It was here that the sons of Charlemagne, the kings Lothair, Louis and Charles, drew up that agreement of division known as the Treaty of Verdun in 843; and it was here that in 1606 the Electors of Mayence, Cologne and Treves formed that league against the Protestants, in consequence of which the French and Spanish troops marched into the town and occupied it until the imperial army drove them out.

In the year 1688 Marshal Boufflers wantonly bombarded the town and caused great destruction; and the last Elector, Clement Wenceslaus, was the first to begin actively rebuilding the place. He restored the theatre and the whole of one part of the town, and in 1786 occupied the newly-built palace. With this we have pretty nearly exhausted the older history of Coblenz. The French Revolution overwhelmed Coblenz with "emigrants," some of whom the town would fain have done without.

The "Rhenish antiquarian" speaks as follows of that unhappy epoch: "The extravagance and recklessness of the French court at Coblenz—that of the sultanas and ministers—at length overstepped all limits. The offices of the ministers and of the police, the furnishing of provisions for the army of emigrants, caused an immoderate expenditure. The swarm of spies and go-betweens that was maintained in all parts of the country by Calonne (who was Louis

XVI.'s irreconcilable enemy, being his dismissed minister), completely exhausted all resources.

“Misery rose to a fearful height, and in the meantime the courts of the two princes were guilty of culpable extravagance. The Elector provided the king's two brothers with bread, wine and meat; but notwithstanding this the rest of their table cost monthly fifty thousand thalers. Besides this, ninety silver covers and other articles belonging to the Elector were lost.

“The French police at Coblenz (which the Elector had given over to Prioreau and Rey) bribed some of the famishing people of good position to act as spies. The commanders of the troops followed the example, and a sort of secret inquisition was set up in Coblenz. Secret impeachments were introduced and speedily multiplied. The police and commanding officers made use of their men for arbitrary arrests. The citadel of Coblenz became a second Bastille, in which, within the space of eight months, two hundred prisoners of good family were incarcerated on insufficient pretexts without being able to obtain their sentence.”

The troops of the French Revolution, when they took the town in 1794, had their vengeance for the conspiracy of the emigrants thus carried on here at that time with the German princes, for they levied on it a contribution of four million francs. In the year 1798 Coblenz was made the capital of the department of the Rhine and Moselle.

After the French were driven out in 1814, the town came, in 1815, into the possession of Prussia, which set to work, in the following year, to make it one of the strongest of its fortresses. The neighboring heights are fortified with outworks, but, compared with the fortresses of Mayence, Strasburg and Metz, Coblenz is no longer of the first rank. Coblenz is now the seat of the highest civil and military authority; it has a garrison of five thousand men.

Coblenz is the capital of the Rhenish Province of Prussia; it has a population of thirty-seven thousand, and its principal industry seems to be the manufacture of champagne, which is exported in large quantities to England. Until the last century the greater part of the town lay on the Moselle, and the narrow, crooked streets of the old quarter can be seen to-day.

The most beautiful part of the town is the quay on the Rhine, from the palace to the so-called "German Corner," with the bridge of boats leading to Ehrenbreitstein. Here lies the Castorhof, under whose roof the reconciliation of Charlemagne's three grandsons took place, and on the point of the right bank of the Moselle the house of the German or Teutonic Order, which was built in the year 1309. It is now a magazine. St. Castor and the sainted Riza or Ritza, the daughter of Louis the Pious, lie buried in the churchyard.



St. Castor was once a hermit, who dwelt in a desolate cave and lived on roots; Ritza was a pious soul, who apparently was enabled by the strength of her faith to work miracles, for it is related of her that she walked over the Rhine dryshod every day to worship. The tomb in the choir-screen is that of the valiant and energetic Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, and opposite it lies that of the Archbishop Werner of Königstein. A bronze memorial tablet also tells us of other later bishops of Treves who lay here.

The *Limburg Chronicle* gives this sketch of the soldier prince, Kuno of Falkenstein: "Sir Kuno was a strong and noble man, large of stature and well proportioned in all his limbs; he had a large head, with great, rough, brown curls; a broad face, with puffy cheeks; a cold brave glance; a clever mouth, lips somewhat thick; a broad nose, with long nostrils; the bridge of the nose flattened; a large chin and a high forehead; he had also a broad chest and tawny eyes. He stood up on his legs like a lion, and his manner towards his friends and subjects was gracious. But when he was angry his cheeks shook and swelled, and he became wondrous noble to look upon."

The Castor spring, which is to be seen opposite the porch, bears the following inscription: "An 1812, mémorable par la campagne contre les Russes." It was placed here by the last French prefect. When

the Russian general St. Priest came to Coblenz in 1814 this inscription pleased him, and he put under it "Vu et approuvé par le commandant russe, de la ville de Coblenz, Josephowitch."

Behind the Castorhof are the quarters of the commanding officer, where the Counts d'Artois and Provence once resided, and where, in 1804, Napoleon I. made his headquarters. At present it is the official residence of the general in command of the Eighth Army Corps. The Market-house, formerly the Sheriffs' Court-house, the Florins and Carmelite churches, are interesting on account of their architecture.

So also are the former Archiepiscopal Castle at the Moselle Gate, which was built in 1276, and is now a factory; the old Moselle bridge, not far from it, and the railway bridge, which is situated a little farther up the stream. Metternich House, the birthplace of the celebrated statesman, was built in 1622 by the Elector Lothair von Metternich.

We make one more pious expedition to the churchyard before the Löhn gate, and then to the new Rhine park. In the one lies the grave, and in the other, between two beautiful poplars, the monument of one of the noblest of patriots, the poet Max von Schenkendorf, who died at Coblenz in 1817. The latter is composed of a block of black marble, on which is the poet's bust in bronze, and under it Arndt's words:

“Er hat vom Rhein,
Er hat vom deutschen Land
Mächtig gesungen,
Dass Ehre aufstand
Wo es erklungen.”*

It is related that Napoleon was once badly defeated at Coblenz by the Cossacks. After the battle he was surrounded by enemies, and would have lost his life had he not been saved by the presence of mind of one of his soldiers, Corporal Spohn.

Realizing that Napoleon's only chance for life was in getting off the battle-field unrecognized, the corporal begged the Emperor to change hats and horses with him. The change was made ere the smoke of battle had cleared away, and Napoleon, with his corporal's hat, and mounted on a poor steed, rode away unnoticed, the Cossacks crowding round the corporal. Taking him prisoner, they led him in triumph to the Russian general. There the mistake was soon discovered, and the corporal's brave act cost him his life.

According to the Coblenz legend, Napoleon, in remembrance of Spohn's self-sacrifice, always after this preferred a corporal's uniform to any other, and wore it so often that his men came to speak of him familiarly as *Le Petit Caporal*.

* “He sang of the Rhine,
He sang of the German Land
With mighty sound ;
Where'er it was heard, on every hand,
Did honor abound.”

The pontoon bridge over the Rhine takes us to Ehrenbreitstein, the striking rock-citadel, formerly called after the little town of the same name, which, however, is usually known by the people of Coblenz as "Thal." This was the birthplace of Clement Brentano, and contains within it a house in which Goethe stayed during the summer of 1774. It was the house of Sophia Laroche, of whom he speaks in "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

But what place has poetry in this warlike town? Town and rock lie opposite each other, like Tangiers and Gibraltar, only more closely connected. The place is, indeed, called the German Gibraltar, though nothing in the whole fortress reminds us of the cum-brous terraces of that English stronghold.

A castle may have stood here in the time of the Romans, but this Castle of Ehrenbreitstein is said to have been presented to the Archbishops of Treves by the Frankish King Dagobert in 636, and their possession was confirmed by Henry II. in 1018. The place having been destroyed, the erection of regular fortifications was taken in hand, in 1484, by Pasqualin, an Italian, at the command of the Elector of Baden, and at the same time wells were dug.

The fortress was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards in 1632, and fell in the same way into the hands of the Swedes and French, and a second time into those of the latter in 1799, when the army of the Republic starved out the garrison. At that time

it was defended by the brave Colonel Faber of Kurltrier, a man who knew well the value of the fortress he was holding. He held out until the last morsel of the last horse was eaten, and grim starvation stared his garrison in the face. Then, when all hope of relief was gone, he consented to treat with the enemy for terms of capitulation.

The French, who honor bravery in a foe, consented to Faber's condition of being allowed to withdraw with baggage, sword and musket, and colors flying. And thus Colonel Faber marched out of Ehrenbreitstein, his flag flying to the breeze and the band playing merrily. The French destroyed the fortress in 1801, but, on the settling of the war account, they were obliged to pay for the rebuilding of it, which was accomplished about the year 1826.

To the traveller who has an inclination for the inspection of this gigantic mass of stone and rock, it offers a perfect map, and he who wishes to survey the lovely Rhine and Moselle Valley from the highlands of the right bank will see from Vallendar a truly enchanting picture.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREVES.

WE were able to follow for a short distance the streams of the little rivers, the Nahe and the Lahn; but the Moselle, with its wealth of history, its treasures of tradition, and its coast beauty, we must describe, if not from its source on the western declivity of the Vosges, at least from the point where it enters Germany.

The last great war gave back to the latter country a beautiful reach of shore, with the romantic vineyards producing the red wine which the French had so long considered as peculiarly their own. It was decreed for this generation of Germans to carry their victorious banners on the banks of the Moselle from Pont-à-Mousson, beneath the vineyards of Pagny, to Metz, in the beautiful valley of the river, and to dictate new boundaries which gave it back a considerable part of the old Moselle district.

The original inhabitants of the country on the Moselle were peaceable Celts—Celtic Gauls, far surpassing the Germanic tribes in culture, as we learn from Roman sources. These, on being driven out of the Rhone basin towards the Moselle, planted them-

selves firmly here, although the Germanic races retained many of their pastures and dwellings. We are not told on what sort of terms they lived with the Gauls. We only know, unfortunately, that in later times the new Gauls belonged at one time to France, at another to Germany, until the last great collision of the two nations regulated the boundaries.

However attractive a further research into the history of the Upper Moselle might be, we have not space to indulge in it here, for we must begin our excursion down the river. We start near the former French boundary in the beautiful valley of the Moselle, which contains the oldest town in Germany, the *Augusta Treverorum*, the venerable Treves. An inscription on the "Red House," the former senate-house of the town, referring to a mediæval tradition, states that it was built thirteen hundred years before Rome, and consequently two thousand years before Christ.

It is incontestably proven that when the Roman legions pressed forward to this place from Gaul they found a town already established and inhabited by Celts and Germans, and the Emperor Augustus formed it into a Roman colony as the town of the Treviri. Treves became, on account of its advantageous position, the chief town of Upper Belgia (*Belgica prima*), the centre of the Roman possessions, and the industry of the Gauls erected here architectural monuments which fill us at the present day with wonder.

Under Constantine, Treves was made the imperial capital, and remained so during the reign of his successors, and at last became a new Rome, whose splendor, under the Emperors Maximian, Constantine, Valentinian and others, strove to compete in rank even with ancient Rome. Ausonius, the author of the "Mosella," calls Treves the second Rome, and his description of its brilliancy and its riches, its houses of the great and wealthy on the banks of the Moselle, and its gardens, gives us an idea of its former splendor, which, however, after five inroads of the Huns and Vandals, was reduced to a shapeless mass of ruins.

Treves also held an important position among the Franks as the chief town of Austrasia. The Merovingians often resided here, as did also Theodoric, Theodobert and Sigbert. Christianity early found a place in Treves, and records tell of many who, even under Maximian, were martyred for their faith. The first bishop was Eucharías, or, according to other accounts, St. Ægrius. The bishops soon learnt to extend their power as far as the Rhine, and their authority afterwards became an important electoral power, which has already been often mentioned.

The most powerful of all the bishops was Baldwin, the Luxemburger, the Lion of Treves, whose influence, spreading over all Germany, caused his brother Henry VII. to be crowned emperor. Clement Wenceslaus, the last of the Electors, as is well known, re-

moved his capital to Coblenz in 1786, whither his worldly interests called him, and we have already seen how lamentably the power of the Electorate, once so extensive, declined with him.

The history of Treves in the Middle Ages is also tolerably rich in sieges, visitations of pestilence and disease, and trials for witchcraft, with all of which struggling industry had to contend. The French incendiaries in the course of the Thirty Years' War, the occupation by the troops of the French Republic, and, lastly, the dominion of the First Empire, which made Treves the chief town of the department of the Saar, sadly reduced its prosperity. In 1815 it became a Prussian provincial town, and settled down into the quiet existence of such a position, living for a long time on the memory of its great past, that past which makes it one of the most interesting spots to the traveller on the Rhine and Moselle.

It is true that the brilliancy, the magnificence of the Roman and Christian Emperors have vanished, and only the gray torso in the ruins of fallen grandeur speaks still to us of them—it is also true that the villas of the nobles on the Moselle and its neighboring streams are not now to be seen, but nothing can obliterate the charm of the beautiful valley, the idyllic repose of which was only disturbed by a passing political cloud in 1870. On that occasion it was rumored that the French had crossed the frontier at Perl—news which, fortunately, proved to be false,

though the outposts of the enemy stood so near the frontier that the trains which ran from Treves to Saarbrück were fired on.

Although the monuments remaining in Treves are comparatively few, it seems as though the spirit of those great days still hovers over the venerable town, and hardly one of its sisters on this side of the Alps can boast of such architectural Roman treasures. The modern spirit of inquiry has already assigned many relics, which were formerly considered remarkable specimens of Roman antiquities, to more recent periods; but this in no way decreases the value of those that remain, such as the Porta Nigra, now called St. Simeon's Gate, a stone colossus which is unique in Germany. However strongly its appearance affirms that a Roman building stands before us, Kugler and others assert that the true antique construction and decoration are wanting, and that the gateway must belong to the Merovingian period.

The Porta Nigra was formerly a fortified city-gate, constructed on the most colossal proportions of reddish sandstone, its huge blocks being held together, not with mortar, but with iron cramps. If the enemy succeeded in storming the outer gate, he found himself in an enclosed courtyard, yet outside the main stronghold, and in a most perilous position. Only one of the two towers now stands at its full height, one hundred and ninety-three feet, the uppermost story

of the other being wanting. Two doors lead into the building, and are the only openings on the ground floor. No particular order seems to have been observed in the arrangement of the pillars, and at the present time the whole gives an impression that the building was never completed.

Both gate and street are called Simeon, after a Syracusan hermit who lived in one of the towers in the eleventh century ; one of the many imitators of St. Simeon Stylites of Antioch. At that time Archbishop Poppo turned the building into a church and dedicated it to the saint ; but at the beginning of this century the church was done away with, and in 1876 the building was restored to its original condition. A few traces of the work of Archbishop Poppo's time are still to be observed.

In the interior is a collection of the antiquities which have been found so numerous in the neighborhood. The Roman ruin at the southeastern end of the town wall is, without question, the remains of a Roman imperial palace.

At various periods the wall has been made to serve many purposes ; sometimes it has been a church, sometimes a castle, sometimes a city-gate, until the storming of the town in the year 1673 destroyed all but the foundation, in which may still be recognized the outline of a great hall surrounded by three circular corridors.

In the suburb of St. Berbeln are the Roman Baths,

excavated in 1877-85. The building must originally have been an imposing structure, over six hundred feet in length. Now there is very little masonry left above the level of the ground, but in the seventeenth century it was preserved up to the second floor.

At the village of Olewig, in the valley, lies the amphitheatre, hewn in the rock. It was built about the year 50, and at the Roman time was capable of containing some thirty thousand people. It resembles the buildings the ruins of which we meet with frequently on the native soil of the Romans, on the other side of the Alps. The dark cages of the wild beasts, the chambers of the gladiators, can still be distinguished, and the outer wall, to a height of six or seven feet, is well preserved. Tradition says that the Emperor Constantine here sacrificed a thousand Frankish prisoners of war, with their officers, by throwing them to the wild beasts.

The Basilica may be noticed as a work of the last-named emperor, but there appears to be much uncertainty as to its intention and object. The brick building has been taken for an imperial palace, which it certainly was not. It is much more probable that it was used as a court of justice, and as the seat of the Belgic Assembly.

At the Frankish period the Basilica became a royal palace, and in 1179 it was made the seat of the Archbishop of Treves, who then removed to the palace close by. When the town became Prussian the

archbishop's palace was used as a barrack ; and fifty years ago the Basilica was restored by Frederick William IV., and in 1856 was consecrated as a Protestant church.

The Cathedral of Treves is one of the most interesting of German churches. It is especially remarkable from the fact that the original design of it was, without question, the Roman basilica, although it owes its creation to Christianity, and that all the bishops, until the eighteenth century, continued to work at it. Valentinian I. built a tribunal hall at this place, in which religious services were held when Christianity was introduced.

After the interior of the building was destroyed by fire, Bishop Nicetius had it restored in the Byzantine style in 566. One of the four gigantic pillars in the interior fell in the eleventh century, and the building, which is in the simple Roman style, and is well preserved, is now supported by three. The eastern choir is brilliantly decorated. Another fire, in the year 1717, did much damage to the Cathedral.

Among the numerous images, monuments and relics we will only here name the Sacred Coat, built into the wall behind the high altar ; a nail from the Cross, and a piece of the Crown of Thorns, both of which are preserved in the reliquary. The first-mentioned relic was brought here by St. Ægритius from the Holy Grave in Jerusalem in A.D. 326, and was

discovered again in 1121 built into an altar. People who have seen it (it was exhibited in 1844 and 1891) describe it as being without a seam, and of a color apparently once purple, now of a yellowish-brown.

If the Cathedral is the most remarkable, St. Matthias and the Church of the Holy Virgin are the oldest of all German churches. The latter, though Romanesque in its ground-plan, decidedly exhibits the Gothic style, which here found, for the first time, its systematic application, and it is this that gives the building so important a place in the history of architecture. Being erected between the years 1227 and 1244, it was already completed before the Cathedral of Cologne was begun.

As we have just stated, Treves is rich in other ancient buildings. Among them is the Red House, on which are the four patron saints of the town and two knights in complete armor, and the inscription, "*Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis mille trecentis*," etc., referring to a mediæval tradition that Treves was founded by Trebeta, son of the Assyrian King Ninus. The market-cross stands in the middle of the square, on Roman pillars; we are told that it was originally erected in the year 958 by Henry, Archbishop of Treves, but was renewed in 1723, and surmounted by a cross, on which is the Lamb of God. Not far from it is St. Peter's well, erected in 1595.

Farther along, on the canal, is the house of Wittlich, in which the Reformer Caspar Olevianus was

born ; and, lastly, the house of the three kings in the Simeonstrasse, which, having been built in 1150–1220, is considered the oldest existing dwelling-house in Treves. We must especially notice one more Roman building, which, though it was restored after its destruction by the French in the eighteenth century, still stands on its original foundations, namely, the Roman bridge over the Moselle. This rests on eight arches, of which only two are of the earlier date.

It is impossible to describe all the points of interest in the lovely valley that surrounds the old town with eternal youth, or even to mention all the spots well known in poetry, of which history speaks with eloquent tongue even from the oldest times. We must, however, not omit the so-called Igeler Pillar, seven miles from Treves, an obelisk-like monument, more than seventy feet high, which the noble Romans dedicated to the dead of their families, as may be read on the half-obliterated inscription. This is usually visited from Konz ; it is a work of great artistic value, unique in Germany, and is considered a stone apotheosis from the last Roman imperial period.

The old Roman road to Coblentz passes over the plateau of the Eifel. We prefer, however, the navigable course of the river, and sail from the landing-stage at the old Moselle bridge, passing Pallien, and arriving at Pfalz, the ancient Palatiolum, where Adela, the daughter of King Dagobert, founded a convent for noble ladies in 655.

The nuns, however, do not seem to have been what they should, for the Bishop of Treves turned the ladies out and converted the place into a monastery. The scene of the legend of St. Geneviève is sometimes wrongly placed here. The episcopal castle which was built here in 1131 was destroyed by Albert of Brandenburg and the French.

At the village of Ruwer a stream of the same name runs into the Moselle, and is the Erubrus of Ausonius. Farther on the river receives the Kyll, which also runs down from the Eifel, and the Quint, and farther still the Salm, the Drohn and the Lieser. At Schweich the mountains draw close together, and from this point the river runs in a northeasterly direction to the Rhine in deep, rock-bound windings.

At every curve fresh natural beauties are disclosed, often of a curious and even sublime character. The scenery continually changes; at one place it is rugged, with wild overhanging rocks, over which the bushes and creepers climb; at another it is bare and desolate, with bold, projecting stone; and still farther on it is peaceful and cultivated, with green festoons, luxuriant meadows and enchanting dells. Above, on the steep hillside, or buried among carefully-tended gardens, we see the roofs of numerous dwellings peeping up from the mouth of the ravine, forming a picture which it is impossible to adequately describe.

On the inhospitable mountain-plains above the



winter is most inclement. For more than half the year a keen wind, which pierces to the very marrow, prevails on the Hunsrück and the hills within the smouldering Eifel. These volcanic highlands extend between the Ardennes and the Hunsrück in multiform shapes, but are for the most part bare, inhospitable and melancholy, the wonderful result of some great convulsion of nature, such as is to be found in no other part of Europe. The rocky summits rear their jagged points heavenward in grotesque shapes, although the so-called Upper Eifel is little more than sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

This remarkable tract of country is known by the name of the Upper Eifel, with Upper Acht, Kellberg and Nürburg; Vorder Eifel, with Gerolstein and Daun, and Schnee, or Snowy Eifel, shortly called Schneifel. Vorder Eifel is that which usually attracts tourists, and the railway through the district of Treves, Kall and Duren has opened and smoothed the way.

The traveller who formerly undertook the ascent of the Eifel, with an experienced guide at his side and good store of provisions, and rested on the desolate plateaux in poor villages whose inhabitants lived on the most frugal fare, is now carried through the beautiful Kyll Valley, over bridges and abysses, by the rushing locomotive. The romantic is always attractive if only it can be enjoyed with comfort. The celebrated German geologist, Leopold von Buch, who

visited this region in 1820, said: "The Eifel has not its like in the world."

The whole of the Eifel, geographically described as the northwestern part of the slate mountains of the Lower Rhine, between the Moselle, the Rhine and the Belgian frontier, is a mountain-district which is grotesque almost to monotony, but yet offers rich variety in its valleys, and possesses some peculiarity of character. On every side are seen great rugged masses heaped up by volcanic action, formed of grauwacke, through which granite and slate and the well-known Eifel limestone are constantly protruding. Even in the characteristic of these formations, the earlier, and especially the later, revolutions of the earth may be determined.

Wild, and full of an awful romance, are those strangely-formed summits, consisting of great blocks of basalt and whole tracts and fields of lava and petrified slime—forming a horrible chaos of volcanic deposit; while the valleys below are studded with villages and hamlets surrounded by green and fertile pastures. The whole forms a rich field for the geologist, and a picture of the highest and most peculiar interest for the tourist. A noted English writer, travelling through this region, thus describes it: "The most wonderful place I ever was in in my life, and during the last three days I have been stunned with wonders. Mountains fallen in, and making great lakes in the midst of corn-land; hills blown up with

the wildest perpendicular crags and roasted into dust ; craters with the lips so perfect that the fire might have been blazing in them twelve months ago ; heaps of slag and cinder two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, on which nothing will grow, so burnt are they ; lava streams pouring down into the valley, meeting with brooks, drying them up, and in the fight foaming up into cliffs, and hurling huge masses of trachyte far into the dells ; mysterious mineral springs boiling up full of carbonic acid."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOSELLE.

CIRCUMSCRIBED as the space allotted to us in these pages is, especially for digressions, we must take only a passing glance over the lovely Kyll Valley, which runs like a clear vein through the ravine. We must also simply mention the "Maare," or mountain-lakes, whose stillness almost amounts to heaviness, the rocks which rise round them, and the villages which are scattered like oases among the inhospitable tablelands.

Up yonder lies Kyllburg, leaning on the rock, the remains of the fortress which was built by the Archbishop Theodoric II. The church, which dates from 1276, was restored, but its once beautiful cloister remains in ruins. In the neighborhood of Kyllburg is the Castle of Malberg. The gem of the whole valley is Gerolstein, crowded in between the rock and the river. On the limestone above the town stand the ruins of the Castle of Gerolstein.

The race of Blankenheim, or Gerardstein, who built it, dwelt in this castle, and when this family became extinct the castle fell into the hands of Dietrich III. of Manderscheid. In 1691 it was burnt by its

owner on the approach of the French, into whose hands it afterwards fell. Still higher is the Pappenkaul, a small extinct crater, from which a narrow stream of lava descends into the valley. The entire neighborhood of Gerolstein is very interesting from a geological standpoint.

Everything about this place, so full of poetry, is interesting for the scholar, as well as for the romantic tourist. The Munterlei is especially worthy of a visit, with the splendid view of Gerolstein; also the magnificent ruins of Kasselburg on its basalt rock, from whose tower one commands a splendid view of the Kyllburgthal, and the Eifel, and the village of Lissingen, with its two castles.

On the Lieser, which cuts through the mountain chain, lies the town of Daun, on the side of the mountain ridge. On the summit is the hereditary castle of the Counts of Daun, less interesting from historical records than from the wealth its environs offer to the geologist.

On the Lieser also lies Manderscheid, with its ruined castle standing upon a lofty rock. That which stands higher still was the hereditary castle of the counts of that name, from the belvedere on which a splendid view may be obtained. More interesting is the crater of Mosenberg, with its five clefts, between which the path taken by the streaming lava down into the valley is distinguishable.

In the neighborhood of Daun, which is a picturesque

village, built on a hill, the houses extending on both sides of a long straggling street, the isolated lakes formed in the craters of extinct volcanoes have a strange and, as before stated, a melancholy effect. The best known are the Weinfelder Maar, surrounded by tufa and sand, and having a lonely old church and churchyard on its bank ; the Schalkenmehrener Maar, the Gemündener Maar, and, farther towards Strotzbüsch, the Pulver Maar, which is surrounded by wood.

This last is the largest of these lakes—a league in circumference—and it shows more clearly than the others its volcanic origin in the scoria which surrounds its banks. The most curious part of these pieces of water is the precipitous character of their banks, formed in steps or layers, which proves their origin. These lakes are sometimes two hundred feet in depth, getting deep suddenly about ten feet from the edge.

The stranger is often struck with a kind of unearthly feeling when he comes unexpectedly upon one of these abysses, and looks into the motionless, mysterious depths of the blue lake. The bare summits, the forms peculiar to the grauwacke formation, here and there penetrated by mica and granite, force into the mind an impression of the reality of that mighty revolution which gave birth to this chaos ; and the traveller is oppressed by a certain feeling of melancholy which is often an effect of the complete deadness of nature.

As the character of a country is always reflected in that of its inhabitants, so is it in the Eifel, with the exception of its green valleys. The people seem in keeping with their surroundings. Near Daun they have built one of their villages in a crater. The manner of life, the habits and customs of the villagers are characterized by a scantiness and ignorance of the simplest comforts, which tell of the parsimony of their great mother Nature, who instead of bread offers them but stone. Everything is inhospitable, and on the rocky plateaus which we see from the Rhine, bathed in golden sunlight, there often exist populations so wretched that the vultures of the Vosges hardly find it worth while to seek to share their food.

We must now return to the winding Moselle Valley, sheltered from storms and warmed by the bright sun, where are concentrated all the necessities of life that are so painfully and vainly sought for on the inhospitable rocks above. The busiest activity exists everywhere on the river-banks, in the towns as well as in the rural settlements; and even those who are engaged on the hillsides, and those that are employed in quarrying and mining among the mountains, when their day's work is done seek shelter and comfort on the shore. We can only let this diorama pass hastily before us as we continually move forward on the course of the Moselle, and our eyes scarce can take in one object before it is displaced by another.

To our right in the valley lies Riol, the Roman Rigodulum, where but a few scarcely noticeable remains exist of the stronghold of Ringelsburg. History informs us that Cerialis here conquered the Treviri, under Valentinus, and took the latter prisoner. The castle once belonged to the nobles of Riolsburg. On the left bank, stretching like a thread beneath the slopes of the vineyards, is the little place spoken of in a proverb peculiar to the Moselle, "As long as Klüsserath."

On the same shore we see the birthplace of the learned Abbot of Sponheim, whom we have already mentioned, namely, Trittenheim; and on the right bank Neumagen, with its Church of the Martyrs, and remains of a Roman building of which Ausonius has sung. The Emperor Constantine had his castle here, and the inhabitants of the place show us on the hills the spot where his camp stood.

Legend says it was here that he saw in the sky the cross which was an omen of victory and warned him to embrace Christianity. The legend is repeated, as we shall hear, on the banks of the Rhine. Rich historical discoveries were made here in the seventeenth century, but the greater part of the booty found its way to Treves.

The curves of the river presently become more capricious, describing the form of a horseshoe, on which stands Pispot, with its famed but also misused grapes. Just here we enter the wine district of the

Moselle, whose finer growth is in no way inferior to that of the Rhine. The Moselle, it is true, has to resign herself to the fact that thousands of dozens of acid compositions are sent under her flag, especially into North Germany and to the Lower Rhine, and that all the obscure peasant-wines that are grown round about, in shady spots and on bad ground, figure under her name. But the fine Moselle wines are in no respect behind those of the Rheingau, if indeed they have not the advantage of the latter in a remarkable flavor and a mildness and sweetness that are wanting in the fiery temperament of the Rhine wine.

They are nicer, more pleasing to the palate, and have a delicate bouquet which is incomparable with that of any other wine. It is true they are less celebrated in song, but the Oligsberger, Josephshofer, Grünhäuser and the Berncastler are not less fine on that account, and indeed they have a delicacy which the best of the Rheingauers may well envy.

Besides this, the inhabitants live peaceably together, which is more than can always be said of the fiery Rheingauers. Most of the Saar wines which grow in the vicinity of the Moselle are called by the name of the latter, and the best of the Saar wines, the Scharzberger and the Scharzhofberger, are commonly known as Moselle wines.

The cultivation of the vine is naturally the principal business of the whole population. It is esti-

mated that there are twenty-three thousand acres of vineyard between Treves and Coblenz, containing about seventy millions of vine plants. Where do they all find room? asks the traveller. A glance at the shore enlightens him. The slaty hills are planted on every slope, and on every ledge, crevice and corner, vines may be seen which evidently have been planted with anxious care and with undismayed confidence in the soil, which looks so sterile to the uninitiated. Every spot the sun shines on is a vineyard, and the finest grapes are mostly found in places where there is scarcely room for a goat to set his four feet.

The French Moselle wines, as we have said, are of quite another character, and are principally of a red color. Among them may be mentioned Pagny. They have nothing in common with the German Moselle, though since the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to the German Empire a considerable quantity of these wines has come into the German market. Farther on we come to Oligsberg and Neuberg, a wine tract opposite Brauneberg, though more popular than the latter, whose name is associated with many frauds in the wine trade.

The Counts of Veldenz once lived in the castle at Mühlheim, in the valley of Veldenz, which is now a ruin. At the mouth of the Lieserbach is a village of the same name, the birthplace of the Provost John Lesuranus. Not far distant from it is Kues, the

cradle of Cardinal Nicholas Cusanus, the son of a fisherman, born in 1401.

He was Doctor of Laws in Padua, then he became Cardinal and Bishop of Brixen, and he was in his time a strenuous champion of the fallen purity of the Church. He lies buried at Rome, but his heart was brought to his native town of Kues, where the house in which he was born is still shown. The Hospital of Kues was founded by him, and he bequeathed to it his library, containing some valuable manuscripts and rare impressions.

Opposite, on the right, lies Berncastel; and here we reach the first solid bridge over the Moselle. Though the town is said to have a Roman origin, the earliest records of it are from the eleventh century. The castle, which lies in ruins, seems from the first to have been in the way of the bishops of Treves. The original building was destroyed in 1107; another bishop laid low the restored building in 1201; till in 1277 another of them, Henry II., himself built a castle here, the ruins of which are still visible. The wines known as "Berncasteler Doctor," and those of the "Lei," are much in demand, and every one has heard of the wine of Zeltingen and the local wine of Graach, which is also known under this name.

The fine Josephshofer is an especial favorite, as also the wine of Trarbach—the old town whose foundress, the Countess Laurretta von Salm, wife of Henry of Sponheim-Starkenburg, was celebrated in legend.

The name Salm seems to have led the people to imagine that she was a fisherman's daughter, and the proud Bishop Baldwin of Treves would not recognize her as of equal birth with himself. He accordingly formed a project for depriving her of the castle after her husband's death. The countess, hearing of his scheme, summoned all her people and had the castle well defended.

When Baldwin at length came sailing across in his boat, without followers, she caused the unsuspecting bishop to be taken prisoner, and led to her sons, whom he contemplated declaring illegitimate. She so impressed the warlike priest that he willingly remained for three days the prisoner of the proud and beautiful countess, and gladly returned afterwards as her guest. The ruins of the castle are still called the Gräfinburg, or Countess's Castle. It was the fate of Trarbach to be almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1857. Now it is the most prosperous little town on the Moselle.

Opposite the mediæval town lie the vine-covered slopes of Traben. On the mountain once stood Fort Montroyal, which was raised by Louis XIV. in 1686, after Vauban's plan. On the peace of Ryswick, which occurred shortly after its erection, it was demolished, and but little of it remains. The open view from the heights, commanding the valley on both sides, justified the position of a fortified watch-tower on the rock, which sinks sharply into the river.

At Litzig we pass the remains of Starckenburg, which are barely discernible, the villages of Enkirch and Reil, and the river-bend at Pünderich. Opposite the Chapel of St. John, which stands on the bank of the river, are the ruins of Marienburg and the watch-tower of Zell, towering above the valley. Behind the island, at the mouth of the stream, is the town of Alf, well known for its brisk wine trade.

At this point the traveller leaves the steamer in order to visit Marienburg, which was once a strong castle. It was then converted into a convent, which was broken up by Leo X., and again changed into a fortified castle. On the opposite bank is King Alf, with its enchanting view on to the Moselle Valley.

The Baths of Bertrich are seen also in a cleft of the valley, and are much frequented by gouty and rheumatic patients on account of the warm alkaline spring which rises at the foot of the Palmberg. It was known as a medicinal spring by the Romans, and coins of Vespasian and Constantine are still occasionally found here. The whole neighborhood round about is rich in volcanic formations and natural beauty.

At Bremm we come upon the remains of the former Convent of Stuben, founded in the twelfth century and suppressed in 1788. On both banks of the river we are surrounded by old castle-walls, and Edinger, which is on the left, has a truly mediæval character. At Senheim there are more ruins, sur-

rounded by dark walls of slate rock. The same feudal air strikes us at Beilstein, and in the ruins of the castle of the same name belonging to the Metternichs.

Behind Beilstein is the Gotham of the Moselle, Kochem, with its splendid ruins of the castle, and the Capuchin monastery. In the eleventh century the Countess-Palatine Richenza, who was afterwards Queen of Poland, dwelt here. The Electoral Princes of Treves, also, frequently resided in this place, which was taken by Marshal Boufflers in 1689. The castle was restored by the aid of ancient plans and views in 1878. In the principal tower is a huge mosaic figure of St. Christopher by Salviati of Venice.

Many remains still found at the present day testify to the Roman origin of the town. In the earlier Capuchin monastery once lived Father Kochem, famed for the terrible torments in the next world which he threatened in his sermons. The legend of St. Christopher is a great favorite among the peasantry. It is as follows:

There was once a giant named Offero who had vowed that he would serve the mightiest monarch only. So he journeyed until he came to the court of the most powerful ruler on earth. To this ruler he offered his services, which were gladly accepted—so for a time Offero was content.

One day he saw the king shudder at the name of

Satan. Surprised that one so mighty should show dread of any one, Offero asked who Satan was, and learning that he was King of the Infernal Regions, and more powerful than his master, the giant—mindful of his vow to serve only the most powerful—made haste to quit the palace and go in search of Satan. He began to inquire his way, and it was not long before he was told how to “go to the devil.”

When he got there he tendered his services to Satan, who was very glad to accept them, and found plenty of work for the giant to do.

One day Satan bade Offero go up to the surface of the earth with him. And as they passed along a highway he saw Satan begin to tremble and gaze fearfully about him; and in answer to Offero’s question as to what made him afraid, he pointed to a rude wooden Cross by the wayside. The giant’s surprise increased, but when Satan explained that he was only afraid because Christ had died on a Cross similar to the one they stood under, Offero insisted upon knowing whether Christ was not more powerful than the master he was serving.

Satan hesitated, but finally—under the influence of the Cross—he admitted that Christ was King of Heaven, and that there was no one more powerful than He.

Offero did not hesitate, but leaving Satan standing under the Cross he started off in search of this new master.

The search was not easy, and after much journeying he met a holy hermit, whom he questioned about the power and importance of the Lord, and how he should find Him. "Do as I do," replied the hermit; "fast and pray without ceasing, mortify the flesh, and you will find him."

Offero was not satisfied with the way offered him; it seemed unreasonable that a giant should fast, thus losing his strength, so he determined to try and find another way.

Ere long he fell in with a band of pilgrims, all bound for the Heavenly Land. From them he learned that Christ's Kingdom was on the other side of a deep river, which no one could cross unless invited to do so by one of the King's white-winged messengers.

Soon they came to the river, on whose bank they stood gazing, awed at the black rushing tide, spanned by no bridge and crossed by no boat.

While they were standing there they were suddenly aware of a white-winged messenger standing by the side of one of their band, telling her that the Lord required her presence on the other side. The poor woman, who had longed for the summons, went bravely down to the brink, but when she saw the rushing tide and felt the icy water she drew back, wailing, afraid to venture across alone.

Then Offero, hearing her cry, stepped boldly down, raised her in his powerful arms, and bidding her have no fear, bore her safely over to the other side. As

he put her down gently on the opposite shore he bade her tell Christ that Offero, the giant, was waiting to serve Him, and until he was summoned he would use his strength in helping poor travellers to cross the river.

Day by day he helped the pilgrims over, often marvelling at the different ways in which the Lord's summons were received; for while some heard them with joy, others hung back as if they would fain tarry on this side a little longer.

The giant had now taken up his abode in a little hut on the bank of the river. One night when a fierce storm was raging he was amazed to hear a plaintive cry. He went out with his staff and lantern, and found a little child, who said he must cross the river that night.

Offero cheerfully lifted the child high on his shoulder, and, staff in hand, stepped down into the roaring waters. Although his burden was light, the giant's strength availed him little; he stumbled and almost fell, for at every step the child seemed to grow heavier and heavier, until he could scarcely bear up under the load, and was forced to use every effort to reach the opposite shore, where he thankfully put his burden down.

Then, looking up to examine more closely the child who had grown so strangely heavy, he saw before him, instead of an infant, a tall and gracious figure, which said: "Offero, I am the Christ whom thou

hast borne over the river of Death this stormy night. Marvel not that thou didst stumble and almost fall beneath my weight, for I have taken upon me all the sins of the world. Thou hast served me well, and henceforth thou shalt be known as Christoferro, the Christ-bearer. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Thus St. Christopher is always invoked in the hour of death to lend a helping hand to those about to cross the river.

Passing the ruins of Klotten and Treis, with its old church, we come to Karden, formerly a Roman camp. The Cathedral of the town was raised over the cell which the hermit St. Castor built for himself in the fourth century. Near here, at Moselkern, the Eltz flows into the Moselle, running down from the Eifel in a wild, impetuous course.

In the valley of this river, which, though narrow, is picturesque, stands the well-preserved and truly feudal hereditary castle of the family of Eltz, crowned with towers and turrets, "that fairy-tale in stone," as it has been called, and at its feet flows the mountain-stream, over which a drawbridge leads to the castle. It has been preserved in spite of the centuries of devastation which have passed over its head.

We hear of it as early as the tenth century, but the buildings date from the twelfth to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and give to the observer the impression of a real work of the Middle Ages.



La Roche de l'Évêque de Metz

It defied even the all-destroying Baldwin of Treves, who had a Contra Eltz built opposite it, and vainly strove to take the castle. A short road from Eltz leads to the ruined Castle of Pymont and to the elevated town of Munstermaifeld, where there is a church which is well worth seeing, containing the tomb of Kuno of Eltz, who died in 1529.

On the left before us lies the tower of the ruins of Bischofstein, which can be seen from a great distance; this once belonged to Henry von Bolanden. Here also is Hatzenport, with its high, slender tower, and on the right Brodenbach, with Ehrenburg in the mountain-ravine, one of the most beautiful of the Moselle ruins. This property, on the family of Ehrenburg becoming extinct, passed to the Steins of Nassau.

At Alken are the remains of the Castle of Thurant, built by the Count-Palatine Henry in 1197. The castle was besieged by the Electors of Treves and Cologne in 1246, when six hundred thousand gallons of wine are said to have been consumed by the besiegers. There is also the Alkener Ley, a precipitous rock, and Gondorf, with the imposing Castle of Uferberg, the hereditary fortress of the family of Von der Leyen. This last was built in 1560, and now belongs to the commonalty, for this well-known old race has long been extinct. Near it is Kobern, with the Altenburg above it, and the celebrated Chapel of St. Matthias, an hexagonal building rest-

ing on six pillars, in the mixed Romanesque and German style. Formerly this place, from which there is a fine view, was much resorted to by pilgrims. It was restored by Frederick William IV.

Passing Dieblich and the wine-growing towns of Winnigen and Ley, we begin to fall in with Coblenz excursionists, who remind us that we must make our way back to the German Gibraltar, whose rock-fortress frowns upon us from afar.

CHAPTER X.

FROM COBLENTZ TO RHEINECK.

FROM the valley of Ehrenbreitstein, which lies on the bank of the Rhine, we will mount the gigantic terraced bulwark of rock in order to look over the new Rhine basin. This has found a breach at Andernach, as the former one did over the rapids of Bingen, and confirms the supposition that here there was once an inland sea which forced an exit from its rocky glen.

Sober and humiliating thoughts force themselves upon us as we climb up to the huge fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; and we wonder why man, with his civilization and his elevated moral character, should need so monstrous a mass of stone in order to protect his hearth and home against the ambition and greed of his neighbor. Why should he need so grim a guardian to watch over his seed-time and harvest?

Two thousand years must have passed since the Roman conquerors of the world laid the first foundations of this stone building, and just about the same time the heavenly messengers proclaimed "peace on earth, good will toward men," and still these same men feel obliged to marshal themselves together

by millions in order to defend their honor and to secure a so-called "peace!"

Looking down from here the delighted eye gazes upon one of the loveliest spots in Germany, if not indeed in the whole world, and we see that the face of God's beautiful earth bears a threefold aspect. At our feet lies the town, with its zigzag fortifications, clasped by the silver fork of the two streams, spanned by four bridges over the Rhine and the Moselle, whilst the great outworks of the fortress reach far beyond in mathematical forms.

Above the town tower the hills of the Maiengau and the Maifeld, sloping away gradually into fruitful plains. More to the right, on the farther shore, are the dark heights of the Eifel, a dark volcanic chaos of rock, over which the clouds hang sullenly, whilst farther still to the right, far down the stream, are the most fertile meadows in the valley, which have no doubt been levelled by the confluence of the two rivers, and in which the Roman city of Victoria probably stood. They are covered with luxuriant vineyards, forming an inviting mass of verdure which serves to hide the inhospitable Westerwald, whose heights, partly bare, partly wooded, border the horizon.

So Mother Earth, with her threefold aspect, pours her fullest blessings into the very lap of the peasant in the valley, while up yonder she denies even the most penurious return for his labor! Beyond and to

the right of the town is the Maifeld, sloping away into the most fertile pastures, with its joyous children, its smart maidens; and up above these meadows again towers that fire-moulded mass, the Eifel.

And, as if plenty and want were to be impartially divided, on this side of the river we have the fruitful plain of the Engersgau, whilst near it, away from the river, and hiding its misery behind the friendly cover of the vineyards, is the comfortless Westerwald, whose wretched inhabitants can scarcely support themselves.

Thus we have in the Eifel a sterile rock domain, beneath which the internal fire still glows; and in the Westerwald, inhospitable stony table-lands; whilst in the valley between the two blessing upon blessing is poured forth by Nature from her horn of plenty, and the most profitable industrial activity enlivens the beautiful Engersgau.

We take one more glance from the lofty Ehrenbreitstein towards the two hills which flank it, namely, Pfaffendorf and Vallendar. The latter has an active trade in Moselle earthenware from the little country of Kannebäck. We then return to the shore where the steamer is waiting for us, and we steer past Lower-Werth, the elongated island on which the convent of the same name formerly stood.

On the right bank we see Bendorf, with its asylum for the insane, and farther inland the Castle of Sayn, enveloped by the dark columns of smoke from the

iron works built of the metal they themselves supply. They were established by Clement Wenceslaus, and are now in the possession of Krupp. The castle, situated on a hill, was the hereditary seat of the family of Sayn, and was built in the tenth century; it was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War.

An ancient genealogical tree of the House of Nassau refers to one Graf "Friederich von Syne" as founding the Burg on his return from a campaign against the Moors in Spain. Another Graf Sayn is mentioned as a mighty man in a tournament; he laid low six antagonists, and received the prize and the title of "The Unconquerable." They seem to have been a strong race. The last male representative died in 1246, the castle passing to a daughter of the house, who married Count Sponheim.

The castle which stands at the foot of the hill was erected by the Prince of Sayn-Wittgenstein in the year 1848, and contains a valuable collection of paintings, notably those of French and Belgian masters. The castle church is richly endowed. The parsonage and school-buildings, which are situated above the iron works, were once a Premonstrant Abbey. Farther up the valley are the remains of the hereditary castle of the old race of Isenburg.

This valley, where, at the present day, the tall chimneys send forth their black smoke into the air, and the brawny hand of the artificer shapes the hard iron, was once the scene of the contests of races almost

as hard and untractable as the iron itself. This was especially the case with the two great noble families, the Wieds and the "Sayne." Two members of this last-mentioned family had a most evil renown in this neighborhood, and one of them, the Count Henry III., was driven by his conscience to give to the Church wealth he had acquired by robbing merchants, in return for a promise that he should rest peaceably in his grave.

The *Limburg Chronicle* relates of the Knights of Wied that they once robbed some Dutch merchants, who were travelling to the fair at Frankfort, of goods of the value of a thousand florins, which we know at that time represented an enormous sum. As the arm of the League was not long enough to reach these bandits, it would seem that Rudolf of Hapsburg also shut his eyes to their misdeeds, for we do not hear that these noble robbers were hunted down and hanged, as some others were.

However, Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein made short work with them; he put a stop to their robbery, and built the Castle of Kunostein, at Engers, as a protection for the highway. Of this there is but little remaining, but the ruins may be seen close to the castle built in 1758 by the Archbishop Philip of Waldersdorf, which has served since 1863 as a military school for the Seventh and Eighth army corps.

History tells us of other interesting events con-

nected with the old place called Engers. It was here that Cæsar led his legions across the Rhine, and built a castle for their protection, which was apparently the origin of the settlements of a town. When the legions were totally beaten by the Germans, the latter also destroyed the castle. Some Roman castings found here were taken to be the remains of the bridge over which the army passed.

A royal palace built at Engers, under the Carolingians, which apparently stood upon the foundations of the Roman castle, gave the place fresh importance, and its prosperity spread over the district known as the Engersnau, which extended on the south to the Lahn and on the north beyond Linz. In all probability the volcanic action of the left bank of the Rhine reached this place, or else the river carried down thus far the lava-like masses which, under the name of Engers sandstone, is used as a light building material.

The princely Castle of Mon Repos, formerly the seat of the Lords of Wied, shines down on us from afar. On our left stands Weissenthurm, only remarkable from the monument to the French general Hoche, who crossed the Rhine here in 1797. Neuwied, on the right bank, is more interesting. It lies in that low tract of land which the river has surrendered and delivered up from its former bed.

The town is pleasant and neat in its purely modern position, where less consideration seems to have been

given to health than to the straightness of the streets, for the Westerwald wind is no less notorious than that of the Wippenthal, and sweeps through the town. He who visits Neuwied should be proof against catarrh.

Neuwied also, with perhaps as much right as Engers, claims the honor of having been the place where Cæsar crossed the Rhine. The Roman remains which have been laid bare at Heddesdorf and Lower Biber are probably the ruins of a Roman town, perhaps of that which we have already mentioned, the traditionary town of Victoria. The numerous excavations in this neighborhood justify the supposition that a Roman colony stood here, and served as a station for Cæsar while his troops were crossing; and the collection of relics in the princely castle show how important the colony must have been.

Long before the time of the Romans, who at least say nothing about such a circumstance, the internal action of the earth must have been very powerful here, for we find the porous limestone which modern times have utilized for building. The village of Biber, like Biberich, probably owes its name to the beavers which formerly abounded on the Rhine, though they have long since been scared away. Some people have traced the name from Hiberna.

Neuwied is an example of the good that may be done by the toleration of a noble and intelligent prince during a period disordered by wild party spirit. When religious fanaticism and sectarian hate robbed

hundreds of thousands of all they possessed by kindling the torch of the Thirty Years' War, families driven out of house and home strove to find a resting-place in the Netherlands.

Count Frederick III. gathered the fugitives together as they fled down the Rhine in order to establish a town on the site of Langendorf, which had been destroyed in the course of the war, and where every man might freely practice his own religion without persecution. He gave land to the fugitives without distinction of creed, let them build houses, exempted them for a whole year from paying taxes, and only required from the later comers that they would build according to his plans.

It is true that this liberal-minded man met with some sad experiences, for among the refugees some wretched rabble was mixed, and these, together with the uncertain circumstances of war, caused his work to make but slow progress. He did not, however, lose courage, and his wife, the Countess Philippine Sabina, even pawned her plate to build a church and a school-house for the children.

The misery that Louis XIV. brought upon the German "Gaus" had a paralyzing effect, yet the successor of the noble founder, Frederick William, was able to begin building the new palace. After his early death Frederick Alexander continued the work undisturbed by the internal disputes caused by the varied shades of belief.

In the year 1757 he began to build the country palace of Mon Repos, and laid out the charming woodland walks, which, with the forest-house, give the whole neighborhood an appearance of poetic repose. To him also is due a part of the manufactory which still goes on prosperously. Floods and frost did great damage to the town in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it suffered still more from the army of the French Republic. The war destroyed the town's prosperity, which had been built up with so much toil, the houses were fired, and the whole neighborhood laid waste. At this time Coblenz, Neuwied and the vicinity was overrun by French emigrants, generally belonging to noble houses. There is said to have been forty-two thousand of them in the district.

In the year 1806 Neuwied became a barony under the supremacy of the Duchy of Nassau, and in 1815 it was transferred to Prussia. Prince Victor of this race fell heroically in battle in 1812, while Prince Maximilian became well known for his scientific researches and for the collection of natural curiosities which he made while travelling, and which is preserved in the palace.

The stranger cannot help being much struck when he enters that part of Neuwied which is inhabited by the community of the Herrnhuters, the descendants of the Moravian brotherhood that settled here in 1750. They are certainly a remarkable people, and

there is much to be learned from them in the matter of public spirit. They are industrious, and a system of association, which has been greatly misunderstood, was early developed among them. According to this the unmarried people live together, and all contribute to the common expenses.

The industrial products of the Herrnhuters are well known, and the honesty of the race is proverbial. Their worship has certain peculiar social forms, such as handing around tea, etc., but their mode of life is based on simplicity and abstemiousness. The white caps of the women are very pleasing, with the red and blue ribbons which distinguish the married women from the maidens. Among the various sects which live peaceably together in this place are Catholics, Protestants, Lutherans, Reformed Church Menonites, Quakers, etc., these being of course distinguished by no outward sign.

Below Neuwied, on the left, the Nette runs into the Rhine, and on the right, at Irlich, the Wiedbach, which coming with many twists and turns from the Westerwald, also joins the large river. In the valley of the latter stream the ruins of Altwied are still preserved. The Rasselstein Iron Works are on the right bank, and are connected with the river by a railway.

The latter is noteworthy as having been the beginning of the first German railway, namely, that which runs from Nuremberg to Fürth. This busy



centre of active labor, enclosed on the one side by woods and hills and the fertility of the lowlands, and on the other by the sterile chain of the Eifel, gives this neighborhood a peculiar charm.

Past the mouth of the little river Wied the Rhine Valley becomes narrower. The villages and small towns which stand beside the river are pressed by hill and rock close to the bank, whilst the mountains, which constrain the current, stretch before us towards Rheineck. Past Irlich we hasten on to the "Devil's House," which stands close to the shore, a desolate, melancholy-looking building; the proper name of the place is Friedrichstein, though, in consequence of some superstition, of which no one exactly knows the origin, the name already mentioned has been given to it.

Some say that it was thus named on account of the cruel treatment of the serfs who were compelled to build it; while others assert that the place, having once been used as a factory of sal-ammoniac, such unsavory odors proceeded from it as was supposed could only be caused by the Evil One himself. In 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough's army was quartered here, it was used as a military hospital.

Andernach next appears before us, like the gate of the new bend of the Rhine. The old city is the harbor and chief town of the fertile Maifeld. Like many of its sisters on the Rhine, it boasts a Roman origin; and it is true that a castle and the fortified

camp of the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Legions were situated here. Andernach was the Roman Antunnacum or Antonaco, one of the fifty forts of Drusus. The Batavi, and after them the Alemanni, repeatedly destroyed the Roman building. The old Merovingian kings built their capital on its old foundations, and the Frankish king Sigbert often dwelt here.

This neighborhood was the scene of the struggles between the sons of Louis the German and Charles the Bald, and near here Henry V. lost a battle against Frederick I. of Cologne. The place was destroyed by Philip of Swabia, and being again rebuilt was admitted into the League. The Swedes conquered Andernach, but it defended itself against Turenne. At a later period it was repeatedly occupied by the French, and burned by them in 1688; but they were driven out by the Russians, and in 1815 Andernach came into the hands of Prussia. Of the palace that was built here in the Middle Ages, only a few fragments remain.

The Cathedral in Andernach, dating from 1206, is a worthy memorial of the Romanesque style. It is the parish church of St. Genevieve of Brabant, and has four towers entirely built of tufa. The northern tower was erected at the beginning of the eleventh century, those on the western and southern sides about two hundred years later. Not far from the Cathedral stands the old watch-tower, showing on its

western side the breach made by the French in 1688, when they sprung a mine under its walls, but found them too massive to be destroyed. The church is said to contain the bodies of the Roman Emperor Valentinian, and also that of a child of Frederic Barbarossa.

Other objects worthy of remark are the ruins of the Episcopal Palace and the Prison, still lying under the Town Hall, a relic of the Middle Ages, which, strangely enough, has been named the "Jews' Bath." Besides these, there is the Coblenz Gate, erected at the same period, and the Crane, built in 1554, by means of which the millstones, for which the town is noted, are shipped. The quarries from which these millstones come were known in the time of the Romans. There is a good swimming bath at Andernach; it is paved, but the Rhine flows through it.

The dark rocks hang over the narrow ravine like a shattered gateway. The little town of Leutersdorf follows the bend of the stream, and before us emerges a dark, threatening mountain-giant, looking as though he might hurl himself down and bury the little town beneath him. Ruined walls and towers frown down on the Rhine from the bare, sterile hills and the naked rock, and not less dismally the sorrowful fragments of the castle of Hammerstein rise from out the surrounding bushes.

This imperial fortress, as it is the oldest, was once the proudest and mightiest stronghold on the Rhine.

It has set emperors at defiance, and emperors have sought protection within its battlements, and it defended the jewels and insignia "of the Holy Roman Empire, German Nation," from sacrilegious and grasping hands. The rock-bound eyrie, which partly encloses the vale of Andernach, frowns down on the lovely Westerhold Au, as if angry at the superior power of time to which it has fallen a victim. It was once the pride of a mighty race whose name alone survives. So large was it that at its restoration, in 1576, "ninety-six new windows and thirty doors" were required.

The first information we have concerning Hammerstein is in the year 1018 or 1019, and it has a romantic interest. Otto, Gaugraf of the Engersgau, who was the last descendant of Conrad of the Lahngau, fell in love with his uncle's beautiful daughter Irmengarde. He braved the anger of the Church, which prohibited the marriage of such near relations, by wedding her and carrying her away in safety to his castle.

His mortal enemy, the Archbishop Erkenbold of Mayence, appeared before the synod at Neumagen as his accuser. Otto, without waiting for his sentence, fell with his followers upon the bishop's land, pressed forward as far as Mayence, and then hastened back to his castle in order to put it in a position of defence against the vengeance of the priest. In the meantime Erkenbold strained every nerve to bring

the count into disgrace with his protector, the Emperor Henry II. In this he succeeded, and the emperor first sent an admonition, and then finding that of no avail, approached Hammerstein with an army.

Otto defended himself for a considerable time, but being surrounded and half-famished, was at length obliged to yield. His marriage with Irmengarde was annulled, but after severe penances and the death of Erkenbold he obtained a dispensation from Rome, and was permitted to be reunited to his wife. The story, however, gives a sad end to both of them. After the death of Otto the rights of the Gaugraf were abolished. The castle was then made an imperial fortress, and was afterwards given in fee to the Counts of Hammerstein, of whose origin nothing is known.

Henry IV. sought a shelter in this castle on his flight from Ingelheim, after he had been betrayed by his son, taken prisoner, and robbed of his crown. He was protected by the Count of Hammerstein, who had remained faithful to him; and the imperial jewels were preserved here. One legend, which, however, is not authenticated, says that Pope Pius VII., Henry IV.'s bitterest enemy, spent his childhood in this castle. It was this pope who so deeply humiliated the emperor at Canossa.

The further history of the castle is less interesting. Charles IV. presented it in 1374 to the Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, who was more at home in the saddle than in the pulpit, and by this means it came

into the possession of the Archbishopric of Treves. At a later period the Lords of Lorraine ran riot in the castle, and laid the river traffic and the surrounding neighborhood under heavy contributions. This led eventually to an order coming from Treves to destroy the fortress, so that no other bird of prey might have the opportunity of making his nest there. At the present time the architecture of the houses in the surrounding villages shows how far the domain of Hammerstein extended.

As we proceed down the river the village of Brohl lies on the left of the mouth of the Brohlbach, and Rhinebrohl on the right. Farther still on the left rises the elegant gabled Castle of Rheineck, situated on a lofty wooded mountain and overlooking the romantic valley of the Brohl and the Laacher Lake. The new castle has been raised on the ruins of the old one.

The first record we have of the latter comes from the eleventh century ; it names as the possessor Count Hermann of Salm, the unfortunate rival king to Henry IV., who was murdered by his own people. One of his sons took the name of Count of Rheineck, and founded that family. Conrad III. besieged the castle in the year 1151, and had it demolished, though it was afterwards rebuilt by the Archbishop of Cologne.

Tradition relates how Count John of Rheineck, at a banquet which he gave to the Archbishop Fred-

erick III., having quarrelled with the knight Rollman von Sinzig while at table, drew his dagger and slew him. As a punishment for this crime against hospitality, the bishop caused him to be beheaded the next day before the castle gate. In the course of time the castle fell into various hands, until in 1689 it was terribly damaged by the French, and in 1785 entirely destroyed by fire.

The castle has been rebuilt by its present possessor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, more in the Romanesque style, and the view from it of Andernach, Neuwied and the Siebengebirge is very beautiful. The interior is richly decorated, and in the grounds good taste and artistic feeling have done their best to make the castle one of the gems of the Rhine.

There is a legend that, centuries ago, Ulrich, the spendthrift lord of Rheineck, was sitting alone one night in his castle wondering how he could obtain gold. His treasury was empty, his servants had left him, and there was nothing in the castle to eat but bread and water. Suddenly there appeared to him a pilgrim, asking for food and wine. Ulrich told the holy man that there was no wine left, but that they would go down in the cellars and search once more. In a remote corner they found a small cask of wine, long concealed. Under its influence Ulrich's tongue was loosened, and he confided to the pilgrim his need of gold.

The pilgrim told him that gold was within his

reach ; that it was under the special protection of the witches ; but they, having gone to the Brocken for their yearly dance on Walpurgis night, the treasure would be unguarded ; and if Ulrich would go to the chapel at midnight all would be his. He had but to open the tombs of his ancestors, the pilgrim told him, and take out the bones of the dead, under which the hoard had been placed for safe keeping. Ulrich was much shocked at the proposal, but his greed soon conquered his scruples, and he hastened to the chapel.

One by one he carried the mouldering bodies of his ancestors out of the chapel and laid them on the grass in the moonlight. As he was bending over the last coffin, that of a brother who had died in infancy, a rosy child rose up at his touch, crying : “ Brother, quick bring back the dead to their resting-place ere it is too late ! ” The child disappeared, and Ulrich, terrified, rushed out of the chapel to obey. As he came to the door he saw that the pilgrim had assumed colossal proportions, and was coming towards him, crying : “ Ulrich, you are mine ! Come with me ! ” But once more the rosy child appeared, crying : “ Get thee behind me, Satan ! ” And the devil—for it was he—vanished with a hoarse cry of rage.

The knight, thus miraculously saved from an awful fate, hastened to replace his ancestors’ bones in their tombs—not pausing to search for the gold. On the morrow he began a pilgrimage to Rome, humbly

praying at every shrine on the way for forgiveness of his sins.

Years later the villagers saw an aged pilgrim toiling up the hill to the castle. Not seeing him come down again, they searched the castle, and in the chapel they found the holy pilgrim—dead. On examining his face they recognized their lord, worn and weary with many penances and privations.

Since then, when the moon is full, and the village bell rings for midnight, a cowed figure is seen to come out of the chapel and wander round the ruins of the castle. And the peasants say that it is Ulrich, the desecrator of his parents' tomb, who, in spite of his pilgrimage and penance, cannot yet find rest.

Had we followed the custom of all travellers coming from Coblenz or Cologne, when we reached Brohl we should have turned into the Brohlthal, one of the most peculiar and remarkable valleys, to all appearance one of Vulcan's burnt-out forges; but we cannot resist taking a swift glance at Rheineck before making this digression. The valley is a perfect treasury for the geologist as well as for the architect, the churches and dwelling-houses of the whole neighborhood being composed of a cheap and yet valuable material.

The volcanoes of the Rhine seem to have been all extinct for a long time, although the warm springs of the Eifel show that the ashes on the subterranean hearth are not yet cold; they have, however, long

been so on the surface, for the Romans made use of the volcanic tufa-stone, and we find important buildings of the Middle Ages built of this material. It has been used also in Naples for some buildings which appear to be indestructible. Herculaneum still lies, all but a small portion, under a mass of the same material.

Following the stream through the gateway of slate-rock beyond Brohl, we meet with a great porous mass of stone, beset with dusty fragments, lying between capriciously-formed and riven rocks, which are overgrown with bushes. This mass is of tufa, formed of pumice-dust cemented together by moisture and then hardened.

The experienced eye still distinguishes the old course of the lava stream and the elevation of the crater; on top is the "natural tufa," all in fine fragments and dust, but the substratum is formed of the yellow, gray and blue tufa-stone. The indestructibility of the latter is proved by the finest architectural monuments of all ages on the Rhine being built of this material. This scene of bygone natural revolutions is also rich in acid, mineral and saline springs, whose virtues and medicinal powers were early recognized.

We proceed through a narrow, pleasant valley, where we meet from time to time with great fragments of tufa-stone, to the Laacher Lake, which lies about two leagues distant. There is no lack of either

sun or dust, nor is the rustle of mill-wheels wanting. On the way, the numerous windows of Schweppenburg look down on us from its rocky summit. This castle has no historical interest, but the garden contains a Roman altar found there.

The road goes downward to the "Heilbrunnen," the water of which much resembles that of the Seltzer; and if the heat is not too great we will make an excursion on to the Formcher Kopf, in order to get a view over the Rhine Valley. Passing by the new quarries and the mills, half an hour after leaving Schweppenburg we reach Tonnisstein, where the ruins of an old Carmelite convent stand, from the name of which, Antoniusstein, the town gets part of its designation. Notwithstanding the smallness of the place and its quiet, retired situation, it was visited by the Elector Clement Augustus, who did much to improve it. Since 1861 it has had its Kurhaus, and it is largely frequented by the Dutch—less, perhaps, on account of its steel wells than for the sake of its comfortable repose.

From Tonnisstein the road goes up the mountain to Wassenach, which is a kind of table-land, and from there through a bath of dust, from which every step sends forth a cloud, it rises up again to the mountain-summit, which is a double crater, and then passing through a wood, at length our delighted gaze sweeps westward over the beautiful luxuriant valley on to the calm, deep, blue waters of the Laacher

Lake. We tarry as if spellbound amidst the verdure of the wood on the descending road.

An inexpressible feeling of repose and of holy calm falls on the heart while we gaze upon this scene. It seems as though even the chirping of a bird among the branches overhead would break the charm which hovers round us. At every step the traveller discovers fresh charms. The lofty beeches, with branches intertwined, seem lost in the contemplation of the lovely scene; the blue expanse of the lake grows in extent as we approach, and the water becomes clearer and more translucent. The Laacher See is said to be about five miles round.

Above lies the Benedictine abbey; its towers are reflected in the water, and seem to be, as it were, a thank-offering to God for the beautiful creation which lies spread before us. In times gone by it formed the scene of many a pious ceremony, when the bells sounded over the blue valley of waters, and the monks paced through the cloisters to their sacred duties. For ages the hospitality of the monks of Laach was famous all over the surrounding country; it continued until the French Revolution overthrew the monastery. Then it was secularized, and afterward sold to the highest bidder.

It is no wonder that poetry has found a home in this spot, so secluded from the bustle of the world, nor can we be surprised that, inasmuch as during the day the Angel of Peace hovers over it, at night the



depths of the lake are supposed to be peopled with fairies and spirits of all sorts. Frederick Schlegel has sung of the castle at the bottom of the lake, and of the wondrous spirit-sounds "now murmuring from afar, now swelling high to heaven," which were heard from below. Simrock tells us :

"With his body of green down there,
The water-sprite watches to see
If a mortal maiden fair
Is coming his wife to be."

And at a later period Wolfgang Müller also sang of the imaginary "Castle of the Lake," where lights gleam in the halls, servants bustle up and down, and guests sit at a curious banquet. The fisher-boy who has heard the story from his grandmother, full of curiosity, sails at night on the lake. He is quite confused with the strange noises he fancies he hears from the bottom of the water, and with the unearthly sights he sees, till at last he is convinced he distinguishes a beautiful female form beckoning to him from below, when he leaps into the lake and finds out his folly only too late. It seems, indeed, that people are agreed as to the unearthly spectacle at times to be seen here below the deep waters.

The following story is told of the origin of the abbey : Overlooking the wooded heights which surround the Laacher See there stood, in olden times, a castle, where dwelt a devout lord with his wife, the Lady Adelheid. Having no children to whom to

leave their money, and desiring to raise some memorial to the honor and glory of God, they determined to found a monastery where the young might be taught and the poor and sick cared for.

The chief difficulty in this hilly region was to find a fitting site for such a building. The devout pair searched everywhere, but they could find no suitable place to begin this religious house.

It seemed as though they must abandon their cherished plan when one afternoon, long before sunset, the sky became thickly covered with clouds, and the twilight darkened swiftly into night. The count and his wife stood looking from a window of the castle upon this strange darkness, when all at once a steady light became visible on the lake, and as they gazed they saw it spread upward and shine brightly over a part of the bank. These devout people accepted this as a sign from Heaven.

"This," they exclaimed, "must be the appointed place on which to build our offering to God!"

Forthwith the work was commenced, and the good count and countess lived long enough to see the building partly finished, and were both buried within its walls.

Their successor, the Count-Palatine Siegfried, continued the work, but the abbey, which was one of the richest in Germany, was only finished by the care of the Countess Hedwig of Are. Legend readily recognizes in this Siegfried the husband of Gene-

vieve, and in the cave which may be seen in the neighboring mountain of Hochstein that in which the Princess of Brabant took refuge.

The bones of the Count-Palatine Henry rest in a richly-carved Gothic sarcophagus in the church, which is now, unfortunately, completely deserted. It is Romanesque in form, of a style which harmonizes perfectly with its surroundings. All the little details of the porch, which belongs to the twelfth century, the elegant decoration on the pillars of the six towers, enliven the solitude without robbing it of its repose.

At a later period, indeed, the walls of the monastery contained a community which had nothing but the Cross in common with the former long-exterminated order of brothers, and the quiet cells became the place of preparation for outside contest. A wealthy man purchased the monastery for the Order of Jesuits, who here established a novitiate. About ten years after its establishment the law drove out the Jesuits, and the monastery sank back into its old quiet condition.

Poetry is rarely a trustworthy source of information, and whatever it may relate of the Laacher Lake the latter is nothing more than an old volcanic crater; this is clearly shown by the plentiful deposit of scoria and lava on its banks—very probably it was the principal centre of the volcanic action of this district.

At Niedermendig, about a league distant, we see the entire town built of lava, the houses being made of basaltic lava of a monotonous gray color. All the environs of this very sad-looking town consist of the volcanic rock, and from it are hewn the millstones which are made here and distributed far and wide over the country. On every side are basalt mines, deep cuttings and rifts, the whole being overlaid with a thick covering of pumice. An icy cold reigns in the mighty underground halls, which are supported by pillars, and in which, when lighted by torches, the visitor fancies he sees behind every nook and corner the faces of Vulcan's slumbering companions.

It is usual for the traveller when he reaches Niedermendig to shake off the layer of dust which has accumulated on him, and to hail the departing omnibus which will take him back along the road to Andernach or Neuwied.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE ROCK-GATE OF ANDERNACH.

AFTER a short interruption the steamer carries us onward, passing Nieder-Breisig, on the left bank, where we see the remains of a temple, and on the right Hönningen, with the Castle of Arenfels lying on a beautifully-wooded hill, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Rhine, with its ridge rising in relief against the dark woods behind. This castle, which is also called Argenfels, or Arienfels, was originally a fortress belonging to the family of Isenburg, and was the cause of a long family quarrel.

The castle buildings were raised by Heinrich of Isenburg, who named it Arenburg, in honor of his wife, the Countess Matilda of Are. After the extinction of his race the castle came into the possession of the family of Isenburg-Grenzau. Like all their cousins on the Rhine, the Isenburgs could not refrain from pilfering, and they at last were made to feel the arm of the warlike Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein.

The Archbishop Charles Caspar of Treves gave Arenfels to his family, the von Leyens, who retained

it until 1850, when, being in difficulties, they sold it to the Counts of Westerhold. These owners have had the castle splendidly restored, under Zwirner, the architect of the Cologne Cathedral, and the French would hardly recognize in this fine mansion the ruins which their gunpowder left behind them.

Argendorf, or Arendorf, and Leubsdorf, are but a short distance from here. The watch-tower of the ruined Castle of Dattenberg overlooks them. The tower is surrounded by beautiful modern gardens, and has a splendid view of the basaltic mountain, the Landskrone, on the farther side of the river.

The Castle of Dattenberg is the scene of the Spectre Wedding.

Kurt von Stein was galloping fast one night along a gorge not far from the Rhine, seeking shelter from the storm which was raging furiously. Suddenly he saw a light in front of him, and, riding toward it, found himself at the ruins of the ancient Castle of Dattenberg. Still seeing the light high up in the tower, he dismounted and climbed the winding stair, hoping to find some one who would give him food and shelter for the night.

Arriving at the top of the stair, he pushed open the door of the room from which the light seemed to come, and stepping in, found himself face to face with the most beautiful lady he had ever seen.

In answer to his courteous request for shelter, the lady motioned him to enter. Immediately a table—

empty a moment before—became loaded with delicious viands, and the lady motioned him to sit down and partake of what was placed before them.

Refreshed by the food, and excited by the wine he had taken, Kurt von Stein began to make love to his beautiful hostess, and before many hours had passed he was kneeling at her feet, entreating her to be his bride. Having won her consent, he saw her crown herself with a piece of rosemary. Then, obeying her gesture—for all this time she had spoken no word—he followed her down the winding stair into the castle chapel, which he was surprised to see lighted with a weird, unearthly light.

Then out from behind pillars and tombs stole a silent company in mouldy, antiquated garments, and, a moment later, a mitred bishop stepped solemnly down from the tomb on which he had been lying, with folded hands, and marching slowly up to the altar he began the service.

Kurt von Stein, sober now and shaking with fear, could find no answer to the priest's demand whether he would take this lady to be his wife. And while he was still striving vainly to make some protest, the bell at the Convent of St. Helena pealed forth twelve solemn strokes, and exclaiming, "God have mercy upon me!" he fell fainting to the floor.

When he recovered from his swoon he found himself still lying on the floor of the chapel, with the sun shining down upon him. The phantoms of the

night had disappeared, and only his good horse was beside him.

Kurt von Stein hastened home, and all his life long he gave thanks for having been saved from a wedding with the dead on that night in the ruined chapel of Dattenberg.

A little farther on, to our left, is Sinzig, beside which the Ahr, calmed down from its adventurous, wild mountain course, empties itself into the Rhine. With the same ambition that distinguishes most of the Rhenish towns, Sinzig aspires to a Roman origin, and is said to have borne the name of *Sentiacum*. It seeks the proof of its descent in obscure Roman records.

The little town has passed through some severe trials, particularly at the time when Philip of Hohenstaufen made predatory excursions from the Castle of Landskrone into the territory of his enemy, the Archbishop of Cologne, on which occasions Sinzig not unfrequently had to pay the cost. The town is still surrounded by walls, but they do not indicate any particular date. It is known, however, that a Frankish royal palace stood here in 762, which is said to be haunted by a "White Lady," with eyes of wondrous beauty, who rattles a bunch of keys at her girdle, and beckons with kindly gesture to him to whom she shows herself. And if he is brave enough to follow her, the story runs that she will show him a place where great treasure is hidden; but no one is brave enough to follow where she leads.





Tradition designates Sinzig as the place where Constantine saw the fiery cross in the sky. In the year 311, early in the morning, Constantine, the first Christian emperor, riding forth to battle, saw in the skies overhead a cross of fire, on which was inscribed *In hoc signo vinces*. (By this sign thou shalt conquer.)

Constantine and his followers fell on their knees and watched in silence this miraculous sign from the heavens. Then, strengthened by the promise, they mounted and rode to meet the enemy, whom they utterly routed.

Many places claim the honor of this miracle, but the people of Sinzig point with triumph to the ancient painting representing this fiery cross, which is the chief glory of their little church, as proof that it was in Sinzig and nowhere else that Constantine saw this cross of victory.

There is a convent here which bears the name of the Empress Helena; the style of it, however, does not at all correspond with the period at which she lived. In the chapel is preserved the mummy of a monk, which is called the "Holy Steward." That he was a saint whose body should never see corruption lay beyond a doubt. The French carried it off among other curiosities, but it was afterwards given back, and it rests peacefully again under its glass cover. Although Sinzig is situated at some distance from the bank, its elevated position makes it distinctly visible from the river.

The old town of Linz stands on the right bank. To distinguish it from the many other towns of the same name it is called Linz on the Rhine. It rises gently from the shore below the ruins of Dattenberg, whose lordly owners seem to have been a notable exception to their lawless kindred and neighbors in other castles. It lies at the foot of the Kaiserberg, with its shrine. The town is flanked at either end by two mediæval towers, which are spoken of in history as early as the year 874.

Like many other of the river towns, this place has long sunk from its former position of importance. Numerous memorials have been preserved in the town in spite of manifold vicissitudes, and the crooked windings of the streets—full of corners which are contemporary with the old churches, towers and walls—testify to its German origin, although much trouble has been taken to prove that it belonged to the Roman period.

We learn from authentic sources that in 930 Linz was a royal villa, and at a later period received the privileges of a town, entered the League, and was destroyed in the battles between the rival Emperors Philip and Otto. In the year 1250 the town passed from the possession of the Countess Matilda von Sayn into that of the Archbishopric of Cologne.

The Archbishop Engelbert III. found it necessary, in consequence of a rebellion of the Linzers against the ecclesiastical capital, to build a fortified castle as

a check upon the town. The castle was partially destroyed by the Emperor Frederick III., who besieged it, but it was afterwards rebuilt. The tower of the first castle is still standing, and near it is the Rhine Gate, with the remains of the portcullis.

Linz was chiefly remarkable for the bitter feud which existed for centuries between its people and the inhabitants of Andernach. So great was it that for many hundred years no marriage took place between the inhabitants of either place. It took the universal calamity caused on the Rhine by the French Revolution to efface the bitter feelings with which one town regarded the other.

Of the old buildings, the most interesting is the Church of St. Martin, which dates from the thirteenth century, built in the later Gothic style. The painted windows of the church are well worth seeing, as is also an original picture of the year 1463, painted on a gold ground, representing "The Seven Joys of the Virgin Mary."

The splendid background of the old town will be more attractive to the lover of Nature, who is, perhaps, weary of our repeated walks through these river-towns. The road to the Pilgrims' Chapel on the Kaiserberg is very pleasant; along it at intervals are the Stations of the Cross. From this road we have a fine view of the Rhine Valley at our feet, and the rocks and ruins of the Ahr Valley, which lies opposite.

The right bank here also stands in very important relation to that peculiarly-romantic valley on account of its great basalt quarries, the produce of which is the occasion of considerable trade from this place to the towns down the river as far as Holland, where these basalts are used in the construction of the dykes. A wire-rope railway carries the stone from the quarries to the Rhine. Among the quarries, that of Dattenberg, with its imposing basaltic pillars, is especially worthy of a visit in order to see the view which is obtained from it over the Eifel, the Ahr and the Siebengebirge.

Leaving Linz, we see a little farther down the stream the ruins of the Castle of Ockenfels, on a gentle slope surrounded by green vines. It is visible from a great distance on account of its situation, which is much finer and more open than that of Dattenberg. The records contain little concerning this castle. The vine-covered shattered foundations show that it was once of great extent. Not a trace of the moats can be found, nor does a vestige remain of the walls which surrounded the base—they lie at the bottom of the filled-in moats, clasped by the roots of the far-reaching vines. In the year 1239 it was in the possession of the Leyen family, and the castle was then called by their name. In 1609 it belonged to a Hoheneck; afterwards the archbishop gave it in fee to the family of Von Gerold.

We make our way on to Remagen, passing the

Erpeler Lei, a dark basaltic rock which springs towards the Rhine, and has been well worked by the quarryman. We breathe freely again in looking at the Apollinaris Church and the hill of Remagen after the somewhat oppressive effect of the rocky masses we have left behind; and we are reminded of the situation of Stolzenfels, Lahneck, and other places like them, freely exposed to the pure air of heaven on the beautiful banks of the Rhine. Behind the hill, clad in a robe of mist, rise the heights of the Siebengebirge, which, falling back, open out a new reach of the Rhine Valley.

It never occurs to any of those persons who stop at the little town of Remagen, in order to make an excursion from it into the incomparable valley of the Ahr, to dispute the Roman origin of the town, even if they refuse to accept the assertion made in the locality that it was built by Julius Cæsar. It is true that the numerous antiquities which have been found have been distributed recklessly over the world, but Remagen has retained a relic which most incontestably indicates the period of its erection. It is a Roman milestone of the year 162, which announces that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and L. Verus constructed the military road through Remagen to Cologne, and that the distance between the two places was thirty thousand paces.

With regard to the period of the introduction of Christianity, we get an approximate idea from the

parish church, which was apparently built on the ruins of a Roman building about the year 1003, but we have no exact information on the matter. The church was enlarged in 1246 by the addition of a choir, which was built in a later style. In 1110 a church dedicated to St. Martin of Tours stood on the top of the rock which is occupied by the Apollinaris Church. In the year 1164 it received the name of the Bishop Apollinaris from a pious man whose head is said to be one of the sacred relics preserved in the church.

We are told by the legend that the Archbishop Reinald made a pilgrimage to Rome, and while there prayed the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, to allow him to take back with him to Cologne a few relics from the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs. Barbarossa gave him the bones of the three Holy Kings, which at the present time are preserved in the Cathedral of Cologne, together with those of St. Apollinaris and a few others.

The archbishop travelled down the Rhine past Basle, and all went well in spite of some dangers until he reached Remagen. The boatmen here plied their oars in vain, and although the boat had struck on no sand-bank, when opposite Remagen it could not be made to move. The archbishop at once recognized the finger of God when the boat turned its prow towards the Church of St. Martin.

He had the reliquary containing the bones of



Apollinaris carried with great pomp to the church, after which the boat went willingly and speedily on its way down to Cologne. The relics experienced many disturbances in unquiet times, but they surmounted all dangers by taking flight when necessary and returning when a period of safety arrived.

A festival is annually celebrated here, and is attended by thousands of persons. As the old church became more and more dilapidated, Count Fürstenberg Stammheim, who was descended from a famous line from whom more than one archbishop had been elected, determined to erect a building for the relics which should be worthy of them. Zwirner, the architect of the Cathedral in Cologne, drew the plan in a mixed Romanesque and Gothic style, with rose-windows instead of perpendicular, and with slender towers, and with a statue of St. Apollinaris in the front gable. The material used for the building, which was completed in 1853, was tufa-stone from the Brohl Valley. The old sarcophagus of the saint now stands in the crypt, which is supported by twelve pillars.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of the view from the top of the plateau on which the church stands. It is so wonderful that the story is told of an artist who became so enchanted with it that he painted his own portrait high up on the outside walls of the church, looking over the river, that he might forever seem to see that beautiful scene that had so charmed him.

On emerging from the sacred building, when our hearts are elevated by the impression we have carried with us from the interior, our eyes sweep over the picturesque tract of country, over the river with its banks, its green pastures, its castles and villas, and the effect is truly delightful. Above them all tower the giants of the Siebengebirge, enclosing this peaceful and fertile Rhine Valley. Not far from the church rises the famous Apollinaris Spring.

The Victoriaberg towers above Remagen, and offers an equally beautiful prospect with that from the table-land of the Apollinaris Church, with which it vies in beauty of situation. It owes the fine points of view with which it is adorned in the midst of the Stadtwald to the inhabitants of Remagen, who have been prompted by their feeling for beauty to erect them. The mountain is named Victoria in honor of the Dowager Empress of Germany. The view from the Victoria Temple is especially beautiful, and should be visited at the hour of sunset.

From this point we see to great advantage the Rhine Valley, with its castles, towns and villages, all enclosed by the Siebengebirge. On the south the prospect extends as far as Rheineck and Hammerstein. The gazer might linger here for hours while his eye wandered over the paradise spread before him; but the dark summits of the Ahr warn us that we must continue on our way.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AHRGAU.

THE artist, the scholar, the tourist, the holiday-maker, the pleasure-seeker from the Middle and Lower Rhine—all flock in the summer to the Ahr Valley, which may be called incomparable, because its peculiar characteristics are unlike anything that can be placed beside it. The impressive manifestations of the great power of nature overwhelm us with a feeling of awe as we follow the course of the little river which so quietly joins the Rhine.

How terrible must the winter appearance of this valley be when snow and ice, rigid and inexorable as the threatening rocks themselves, cover the narrow valley—when the waters of the swollen Ahr rush down from the heights, uprooting, shattering, burying everything on their way, destroying human work and human life!

When everything is stiffened into its winter sleep, a horrible desolation must reign between these lifeless masses of stone; and yet there are those who cling even to this untrustworthy soil—and of whatever the mountain-stream may have robbed him, the poorest inhabitant unweariedly builds up again what the piti-

less elements destroyed, and in spite of all dangers clings to the home which is still dear to him.

The stream which gives its name to the Ahrgau rises on the top of the Eifel at Blankenheim. After being fed in the upper part of its course by little affluents, and after having forced a path for itself between the rocks, it runs through the valley at Neuenahr, when it again flows in a narrow bed towards the Rhine, and finally vanishes in the waters of the great stream. Its bed forms the division between the Upper and Lower Rhenish dialects, which here are separated by a distinct boundary. Along the river grow large quantities of willows, which are used for basket-making.

It is only by degrees that the peculiar characteristics of the Ahr Valley are unfolded before us. The road takes us first to Bodendorf, a pleasant little town where the vines grow in plenty; thence past Lohrsdorf, and round the Landskrone, a rock which rises behind the latter place, to Heimersheim, and to Hepingen, with its mineral springs.

At the last-mentioned place a steep path invites us to ascend the hill of basalt, on which are still preserved the ruins of the old castle. We are repaid for our trouble by the splendid view we obtain from the summit. Philip of Hohenstaufen built the castle here in the year 1204, and called it the "Landskrone," or Crown of the Land, on account of the marvellous view which this hill offers over the wooded mountains, the valleys and the green vineyards.

The splendor and extent of this castle once made it worthy of its position, but after numerous vicissitudes it was destroyed in 1682 by its owner, the Duke John William von Pfalz. The ruins have now become the property of the descendants of the minister Stein, who seem to be rich in ruined castles in the neighborhood of the Rhine.

Of the castle itself only a few fragments of the outer wall are extant, but the chapel, which stands on the point of the rock, is much better preserved, and at the present day service is regularly performed in it. The grotto-like form of the sacristy is curious. A popular legend says that a young lady of the castle was preserved in it during a siege by the rock closing over her. A spring supplied her with water, and a pigeon brought her food, until she was released by her father.

The mighty forms of nature, which here stand around us and at our feet, are so attractive that we only tear ourselves unwillingly from the spot. After we have descended we look up once more from the Apollinaris spring to the heights of the Landskrone, and then we wander on past Wadenheim and over the Ahr bridge into the pleasant plain of the baths of Neuenahr, which lie at the foot of a hill of basalt rock.

Count Otto of Are-Nürburg once dwelt up above in his eyrie, the Castle of Neuen-Are. The castle itself was destroyed in 1371 by Archbishop Siegfried

of Cologne, with the help of the people of Ahrweiler, and nothing of it is left. According to a popular legend a golden plough is sunk in a well near here, and is guarded by a giant. As far as we can learn, the workmen who have been excavating the foundations of the castle and the buildings of the tower have not yet come upon the plough or its guardian.

The bathing-place, which is connected with the village of Beul, has acquired considerable repute. The principal spring, which contains a large quantity of carbonic acid, is a bubbling fountain, and rises out of the ground like one of the geysers of Iceland; it is used medicinally both for bathing and drinking. The virtues of the spring, together with the particularly pleasant sheltered situation of the place, at the foot of the hill, attract about three thousand invalids here annually.

In the distance in front of us we see the Convent of Mount Calvary, but before reaching it we turn into the pleasant district capital, Ahrweiler. This place is more venerable than it appears, for we find mention made of it as early as the year 893. Ahrweiler, also, once belonged to the Counts of Are, afterwards to those of Hochstad, and then to the Archbishop of Cologne. The old towers and walls, as well as the Church of St. Laurentius, are contemporaries, and date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1689 the French scarcely left one stone upon another here.

In these retired valleys this thought constantly returns to us: what immense historical treasures the Rhine and its tributary valleys would have had to show had they been spared the visitations of those wild guests, the French and the Swedes, of whose depredations we have had so frequently to speak.

The town owes its prosperity to its pale red wine, which is grown in the vineyards round about here. The produce of the neighboring Walporzheim is worthy to share this celebrity. The former Franciscan monastery is hardly worth a visit. It owes its foundation to a knight whose name we do not even know, but who established it on his return from Jerusalem. It has been occupied since 1838 by a girls' school, managed by Ursuline nuns.

Pious pilgrims willingly toil up the mountain between the Stations of the Cross; but for our part we prefer to make for the old tower of Walporzheim, mentioned in a document as early as 893, of whose splendid grapes the reader has already heard. Here we will rest in St. Peter's Garden, where the purest Walporzheim is to be had.

Behind the beautifully-placed vineyards of Walporzheim the valley closes in, and it is here that the specially-romantic character of the Gau begins. This is the Mecca of the Düsseldorf artists. The river here already winds wearily down the slate rocks. On its right is the hill known as the "Bunte Kuh;" beyond this is the monastery rock, which rises in ter-

paces wildly and boldly formed, with great masses of rock sometimes overhanging, sometimes retreating.

Every spot on which the sunlight falls has been planted with the vine, even up to those points where the ridges become inaccessible and no masonry will hold. The Beatrixberg also belongs to these rock giants, whose ridges the wine-grower has to thank for superior growths.

In the midst of this chaos of rocks we stand motionless. Pen cannot describe its fantastic forms, now bold and terrible, and now teeming with lovely scenes. We meet, however, with many pictures of it which artists, and especially those of the Düsseldorf school, have carried home with them.

At Marienthal are the ruins of a convent. The grapes of the Trolzenberg here either belong to the Walporzheim brand or have the same value. The valley, the Recher Auel, widens again between the poetic villages of Dernau and Rech, which latter lies at the foot of a bold crag, and was almost completely destroyed by floods in 1804.

Before us lies Mayschoss, a charming spot, opposite which, on a bold rock, stand the ruins of Saffenburg, once the seat of the Counts of Saffenburg. It was taken in 1632 by the Swedes, and later by the French. It is said that when the latter called upon the commandant to surrender the castle, he replied that they must first fire three shots at it, for a castle was never known to surrender without a single shot

being fired. This was accordingly done; but the Elector of Cologne made equally short work with the commandant, sentenced the coward to death, and would not listen to his prayer for mercy.

The path goes through a dark hollow, where an opening has been made by blasting, and here we find ourselves at a place where the Ahr has performed the greatest work of devastation. At seasons of floods it has carried away whole villages; but man, like a colony of ants whose nest has been disturbed, sets to work and rebuilds on the same untrustworthy spot.

He is but too often regardless of the dangers which daily threaten life and property, and of which he might be reminded by the masses of rock overhanging the road. In one of these pierced rocks a mill has been boldly and fearlessly placed. It catches the water, and uses it for working the wheel. The masses of rock tower gloomily over us as we proceed along the narrow path, and presently we plunge into a dark tunnel hewn in the rock.

When we again emerge into the light we are almost dazzled with the view before us. The beautiful village of Altenahr lies in a glen, surrounded by jagged rocks of curious form and composition, some gray and some black, some bare and some clothed with verdure. On these slopes, on both sides of the river, wind precipitous paths, which seem only to offer footing for the chamois, and which are so steep that they make one almost dizzy to look at.

In the midst of these varied mountain-forms lies the Castle of Altenahr, on a steep hillside overgrown with wild bushes and underwood. The mountain rises high above it, and on the pointed summit is visible the roof of an old watch-tower. The Castle of Altenahr was the inheritance of the Counts of the Ahr, who once ruled the whole district. The walls, formerly so strong and bold, have long since fallen into decay, but the gate still checks the entrance of those strangers who ascend from the valley in order to take a glance over the wild rocky chaos which is spread defiantly before them.

This eyrie, so says the record, was built by Theodor of Ahr about 1100. It is known that this castle afterwards came to the family of the Hochstadens, of Cologne, and that the Archbishop Conrad of that name, the founder of the Cathedral of Cologne, used it as a prison for persons who were obnoxious to him, especially the patricians of Cologne.

Master Hagen's *Rhine Chronicle* tells us of eight persons who were imprisoned here, and who expected their liberation at the hands of Conrad's successor, Engelbert, who had made all sorts of promises to them in the event of his being elected. Instead of releasing them, however, Engelbert threw the three nobles who interceded for them into prison also. Among these was Gottschalk Overstolz, who tamed a mouse in the prison, and by means of it found a file and a chisel which were buried in the wall. With the

help of these implements the prisoners succeeded in making their escape.

When the French took the castle, after a long siege, Cologne placed a garrison in it, but the soldiers so plundered the surrounding neighborhood that in 1714 the castle was demolished to prevent it any longer harboring thieves and robbers.

The view from this mountain-summit is, as we have already said, wonderful, especially from the watch-tower. A perfect sea of rocks lies all around us, the effect of which is most impressive. If, indeed, we cast our eyes down to the bottom of the ravine, and follow the seven curves of the river among the rocks, we shudder at the depth.

From the side of the tower we look from a dizzy height into the abyss which is associated with the story of the last Count of Ahr, who had defended this castle against his enemies, the bishops, for months. Finally, his wife and child and his retainers all having died, either from wounds or the privations of the long siege, he alone remained, and, feeling that he could not prevent the enemy from entering his stronghold, now that the garrison was gone, he donned his armor for the last time, and mounting his war-horse he rode up onto the battlements; there he blew a loud blast of defiance on his bugle.

The enemy, knowing the garrison must be weakened, called upon the brave defender of the castle to surrender, promising not to take the life of any of his men.

The old knight smiled grimly, and informed them that his men were all dead, and had thus escaped capture, and he, too, would die a free man. Then, plunging his spurs into his horse's sides, the lord of Ahr urged him at a full gallop along the battlements, and leaping over the parapet, which rose sheer above the roaring river, he and his steed plunged down into the water below, which closed over them forever.

Near the top of the slate mountain opposite the castle is a natural cave or hole, called the Devil's Pulpit. A popular tradition relates that the devil once drove his grandmother through it with a cudgel. On Hochtürner, which overlooks the hill, is the Heathen Garden, consisting of some fragments of basalt, in which it is supposed by some persons that a former giants' circle may be recognized; others suppose it to be Roman remains. It is quite certain that the Romans were in the neighborhood, though it was not particularly suited to their aims of civilization.

The traveller usually concludes his tour of this romantic valley at Altenahr. We must give one more glance towards the source of the Ahr, to Adenau, Virneburg and Nürburg, and especially to the lofty Acht, whose two summits command the mountains from here to the Rhine. From these elevated points the Cathedral of Cologne may be distinguished in clear weather.

Finally, we look at the ruins of the Castle of Ahremberg, which lie high up on a mountain-top. It is the hereditary seat of the Dukes of Ahremberg, who derive their origin and name from this place. With this we conclude our excursion through the Ahrgau, whose wild glens, even at the present day, afford a retreat for the wolves who stray here from the Ardennes, and offer rich booty to the lover of the chase.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM REMAGEN TO BONN.

THE gloomy, oppressive feeling which we brought with us out of the Ahr Valley is quickly dispelled, for just as we leave Remagen the beautiful panorama which we have already caught a glimpse of from the Victoriaberg lies before us. The charm of this Eden is indescribable, so varying are its beauties of river, vale and mountain. Nowhere is the effect of the softly-undulating lines disturbed. The whole scene is crowned by the seven summits of the mountain-chain, from which the spirit of legend still awaiting us looks down out of the gray old gateways and the empty casements.

The river banks at this part widen out into the most luxuriant and fertile pastures. These are bordered by the dwellings of men so fortunate as to be permitted, even after the Fall, to dwell in Paradise. They are hung round with vines, and frequented by happy human creatures who come from far and near to dream away a few hours of unalloyed delight in this, one of the loveliest places on the Rhine.

And yet it seems to us as though, having at length

passed through the mountain-masses of the Rhine and its side valleys, our thoughts expand, and our wishes fly towards the heights which gaze at us as through a sun-pierced gauze. We would fain sit up yonder, among the old walls teeming with wondrous tales, and look down calmly and collectedly upon the loveliest garden of God's beautiful earth. It seems as though we must enjoy over again what we have passed through; as though, the moment having come when we must part from these pleasures, we must drain to the dregs the cup of rapture which Heaven has presented to us on our Rhine journey.

The river also seems to share our desires. The great poem, now idyl, now epic, comes here to an end. In true dramatic fashion the Great Author gathers once more all his great gifts together in order to culminate in the finest spectacle of all. We have hardly leisure for a glance to the left, at so small a point as the Castle of Marienfels or Herresberg; or to the right at Unkel, with its quarries; or inland, at Rheinbreitbach—for before us rises Rolandseck and Drachenfels, and far down, between the two, sheltered and secure, lies the island of Nonnenwerth, embraced by the silver stream.

This is the Amen of the Rhine, one of the most sublime manifestations of God's power and majesty, and, like a father who has given all he possessed to his children, the old river travels the rest of his

course poor and weary till he loses himself in the sea of eternity.

At this place both nature and history have done everything to embellish the exit-gate of the Rhine Paradise. The seven peaks of the mountain-chain, the ruins of the castles on the summits, the Gothic ruins of monasteries and convents in the valley, the peaceful little island, the smiling little towns upon the shore, with their rows of dwellings looking as if care dare not pass their thresholds, stretching all along the foot of the Siebengebirge from the sunlit Honnef to Dollendorf—all these together form a heaven upon earth, on which the wanderer looks back with longing eyes as soon as the majestic gate has closed behind him.

We land on the left bank at Rolandseck, and ascend the accustomed path to Rolandsbogen, the remains of a castle which, though small, are none the less interesting. From the frame of its original window we look over the shore. This window was shattered by a storm in 1839. The popular indifference to its preservation being great, the poet Freiligrath took the matter in hand, and issued an appeal for funds to repair the decaying wall, which was an ornament to the entire neighborhood. In consequence of his appeal the window was restored to its old form. To any one standing back a few paces from the window the lovely landscape appears as though it were framed, and the effect is enchanting.



It is rather legend than history which we have to do with at the old Ruolechereck, or Rulcheseck. It is legend that tells us of Knight Roland, the bold champion of Charlemagne, who founded the castle. It tells us of his love for his beautiful neighbor Hildegunde, the daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels. The wars called him from the side of his beloved, and on his return he found the Castle of Drachenfels besieged by his rival, and the old lord engaged in mortal strife with the foe.

Roland at once plunged into the battle, and the enemy fell under his blows, but in the darkness of the night the old Lord of Drachenfels fell pierced by Roland's sword. Hildegunde in her sorrow took the veil in Nonnenwerth, where she stayed till she was laid in the cold ground; and Roland, the unintentional murderer of her father, sat mournfully at this window of his castle and gazed at the convent.

According to another version Hildegunde took the veil on receiving the intelligence from Spain that her knight had fallen in battle at Roncevalles; and Roland, when he returned home, on finding that she had become the bride of Heaven, built himself a cell on the top of the rock, and thence looked down on the convent until "his love broke the brave hero's heart."

There is little ground for the supposition that a Roman castle or a Frankish stronghold ever stood here. The little fortress was built by the Archbishop

of Cologne, Frederick I., as a protection against Henry V. The Archbishop Arnold restored it after it had sustained great damage in the battles with that monarch, and it became the seat of the archiepiscopal governors.

Being again destroyed in the toll disputes with the Emperor, it was once more restored in 1328. In the battles with the Burgundians, who once occupied it, the latter were driven out, and the half-destroyed castle was occupied by the imperial troops. After that the records are silent. Only the bay-window remains, all the rest having fallen to decay.

The island at the foot of the hill was once called Rolandswerth, following the designation which was usually given to the islands in the Lower Rhine. There is no doubt that it was originally a place at which custom or toll was levied on ships and boats, and the archbishops found it very conveniently situated for the purpose of cutting off the lower part of the river. The people of Cologne, however, soon protested against this custom, and the tolls had eventually to be given up.

The first building on the island is described as being erected by the Archbishop Frederick I. in 1122. A convent was built there in 1704, and was destroyed by fire in 1773, but afterwards rebuilt. The new wing dates from 1869. The Thirty Years' War did not spare this island.

In 1802 the convent was broken up by the French,

but it was not until 1822 that the nuns were banished from the island by Prussia. For a long time after that event the building was used as an hotel, and has now been for some years a ladies' boarding-school, under the direction of Franciscan sisters. Towards the right bank lies the smaller island of Grafenwerth, which, however, is of no interest.

We take one more glance to the left, to Mehlem, with its beautiful country-houses, the resort of the people of Bonn and Cologne, and to the beautiful ruins of Godesberg, and then pass over the river to where the proud Drachenfels rises in lofty majesty, bathing its giant foot in the stream. It is the river-side guard of its seven brothers and the other mountains belonging to the same group, which must be included in their number, since, from every point of view, seven peaks are visible.

The remains of towers and walls of former strongholds stand out against the sky above the "Bonn Alps," and command the rocky chain which has apparently been thrown up here by volcanic action, and extends from Honnef to Dollendorf for about the distance of a league. Its basalt and peat formations are a large source of industry in the district.

From the summit of the Drachenfels the eye takes in the entire group of mountains, which is in form an irregular square, and extends three miles inland from the Rhine. Among the peaks are Petersberg, the great Oelberg, Löwenburg and its dependent

Wolkenburg, the Nonnenstromberg and Lorberg, Breiberg and Hemmerich. The pyramidal masses of the mountains rise more or less independently with their varied forms of ridge and terrace, being separated by green and sheltered valleys.

Their situation induced the Emperor Valentinian, in very early times, to raise fortresses here to oppose the Franks; while poetry, as early as the first century, adorned these rocks with her lovely images by placing here the scene of the Scandinavian Wilkina Saga. The Drachenfels affords a splendid view; one can see over to Bonn, the city of learning, and to Godesberg, to old Cologne, and farther still to the gloomy masses of the Eifel.

We look from here also over the broad surface of the Rhine, with its smiling banks, and into the pious valley of Heisterbach, where formerly the little bell called the devout to prayer, while up above the loathsome dragon performed, according to the legend, his ghastly horrors, until he too was conquered by the Cross.

The Castle of Drachenfels was built by the Archbishop Frederick I., of Cologne, in 1100–1131, and, like Rolandseck and Wolkenburg, was raised as a protection against Henry V. According to another tradition it was built by the Archbishop Arnold I. from 1137 to 1151. Soon after this it came into the possession of the Bishopric of Rome, by whom it was presented to some of the robber-knights. These,

however, were so incautious as to show their teeth to the archbishop, so that the latter found himself under the necessity of removing the noble highwaymen.

He gave the castle to a family who took their name from the Drachenfels, and who soon established themselves in the position of lords of the castle. They sold so much building material from their quarries to the archbishop that they attained great wealth. The stone for the Cologne Cathedral came from these quarries, and one of them is still called the *Dombruch*, or Cathedral quarry. At a later period the castle had to withstand a siege carried on by Frederick of the Pfalz and Charles the Bold. In the Latin records of the times the castle is mentioned as "the Castle upon the Dragon's Mountain."

Towards the end of the fifteenth century some terrible excesses within the family caused the archbishop to take the castle from the counts and keep it in his own hands. The last Count of Drachenfels, whose tomb stands in Rhöndorf, died in 1530. When the Swedes invaded the country their guns soon brought the castle into their hands, and the Spaniards also besieged it, though there is some doubt whether they took it or not.

The Elector Ferdinand, who probably saw that it was no longer a match for the new weapons, had it demolished; without, however, entirely destroying it, for the French found a few remains, which they partially blew up. In spite of all this the middle tower

still stands. Perhaps neither this, nor, indeed, any of the Drachenfels would be now in existence had not the Prussian government, into whose possession the castle passed, forbidden the stones to be broken.

At the present time we may recognize the position and extent of the castle, and the remains of the floors can be distinguished. The obelisk on the plinth was placed here, or rather restored, in the year 1857, the monument which was erected in 1814 having fallen to decay; it is to the memory of some heroes who fell in the War of Liberation.

The "dragon's blood" is the well-known red wine which grows on the so-called "Domkaul." It is not, however, the same in which the hero Siegfried was told by the little bird with golden feathers to dip his body.

From the shore may be distinguished a cavern in the rocks above the vineyards. It was here that the dragon, from which the rock is named, had his dwelling. The popular legends, which date from pagan times, gave various readings of the story of this monster.

Young Siegfried, we are told, eager for doughty deeds, travelled up the Rhine. When he reached the Siebengebirge he entered the smithy of an armorer, among the mountains, and requested the latter to take him as an assistant. The smith laughed at the slender lad; then Siegfried seized the heavy hammer and struck a bar on the anvil such a blow that both bar and anvil flew in pieces.

The smith was so alarmed on seeing such strength that he took Siegfried into his service, but, in order to get rid of him, he sent him to burn charcoal on the mountain where the dragon lived. As soon as the dragon emerged from his cave, the very rocks began to crack beneath his tread; but this did not in the least alarm young Siegfried, for with one blow of his iron bar he shattered the monster's head, and a stream of black blood flowed from his jaws.

Then there came a little bird which told Siegfried to bathe his body in this blood, informing him at the same time that it would render him invulnerable. Siegfried did as he was told, and dipped his whole body, with the exception of one spot, in the dragon's blood. On this vulnerable spot he afterwards received his death-wound.

Another version of the legend is, that by the advice of their priests the pagans of the mountain were in the habit of feeding the dragon with the bodies of their prisoners, and in order to keep him in good humor they were obliged constantly to provide him with fresh victims.

From one of their war expeditions they brought back with them a very beautiful Christian maiden, with whom both the sons of the chief fell in love. In order to avoid a quarrel between the two brothers, the priests decided to sacrifice the maiden to the dragon. So, dressed in white, and garlanded with flowers, she was led, by the people, up the stony side of the

mountain to the mouth of the cave where dwelt the dragon, and as they toiled up the rough path the people chanted :

“With garlands crowned, enwreathed in fair flowers,
Alas ! and woe is thee !
We bear thee where yon fearful dragon glowers,
Alas ! and woe is thee !

“Stark for thy love is many a hero lying,
Alas ! and woe are we !
Our fields, even now, with their best blood they’re dyeing,
No joy we know for thee !

“Then, Christian maiden !—more thou’lt inquire never—
Alas ! and woe are we !
The Drachenfels be now thy bier forever !
Thither we hie with thee !”

They bound her to a tree and there left her, not without regret on the part of many—she was so beautiful.

At midnight the dragon came, and approached so near to her that the maiden already felt his hot, withering breath. She raised her hands towards Heaven in supplication, and then held out before the monster the cross which she had been permitted to carry with her on her last journey. The dragon, on beholding the crucifix, uttered a fearful yell, which almost petrified the executioners, who were hidden behind the rock. The beast then reared to his full height, and, throwing himself backwards, fell from rock to rock till his mutilated body sank beneath the waters of the Rhine.

The miraculous power of the cross naturally converted the wild pagans, who threw themselves in adoration at the feet of the young maiden. She sent a message to Treves, and holy men came thence who preached the Gospel to the heathen, and laid the foundation of the Monastery of Heisterbach.

There is still another account of the destruction of the dragon, and in many respects it is the most satisfactory. Tradition tells us that ages ago the dragon used to lie in his cave watching the river, and whenever an unsuspecting mariner steered in too close to the shore the dragon opened his jaws and swallowed the ship and crew.

This pastime he continued for years, until one fateful day he swallowed a ship full of gunpowder. The effect was instantaneous; the moment the black powder reached his stomach—where lay the fire which dragons were supposed to belch forth at will—it exploded with a terrific noise, scattering the remains of the dragon far and wide.

The so-called Heisterbach Mantle is a green valley sheltered by woods, and overshadowed by Petersberg, Nonnenstromberg and Stenzelberg. Within it lies one of the most beautiful and quaint of abbeys, that of Heisterbach—which, even at the present day, in spite of its utter ruin and of the depredations among its stones, bears testimony to its former splendor. The first monks dwelt up above, on the mountain, where the chapel still stands; but they

probably found it too cold, so they moved down into this marvellously-beautiful and quiet valley.

A curious point in the legend which tells of the establishment of the abbey is, that this valuable site was chosen by an ass, as that of Eberbach was by a wild boar. When the monks quitted the mountain they packed their few possessions on the back of this beast of burden, and decided to build their monastery wherever the ass should first rest.

The animal picked his way sturdily among the stones of the slope, winding downward toward the brook, on whose banks the grass grew in rich luxuriance. When he reached the valley he drank from the stream, cropped the grass, and then lay down on the green sward to rest. The foundation of this abbey, therefore, was brought about by more practical and natural means than that of the wine-famed monastery of the Rheingau.

But more wonderful things than this have also taken place here. One of the young monks, who was of a thoughtful, contemplative nature, sat all day long studying the Vulgate, and at length came to the place where it is written, "A thousand years with the Lord are but as a watch in the night." His brain being tormented with doubt, he walked into the forest in order to meditate on the meaning of these curious words.

He wandered farther and farther among the mountains, until at length he heard the monastery bell ring-

ing for vespers. Then he returned to the monastery. The good brother who opened the gate did not know him, and all the other monks stared strangely at him. Not one of them knew either his face or his name, and he, on his side, did not recognize them. As he swore that he had left the monastery only half an hour before, they thought he was mad, and took him to the abbot.

At length the abbot decided to refer to the records of the past, and on looking back, leaf after leaf, at length he found, in the obituary of the monastery, that three hundred years back a young monk of the same name as the stranger had wandered into the wood and disappeared. Then the young doubter and the good brothers knew that "a thousand years was with the Lord but as a day." The legend further records that the returned monk lived in the monastery to a good old age.

The abbey, which is a masterpiece of Romanesque architecture, was founded in the year 1202, but the exterior was not completed until 1233. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. As many as sixteen altars were consecrated during the progress of the building. Altars in those days were chiefly erected and endowed by noble families. This fact will give some idea of its former extent, of which, indeed, the outline may be still distinguished.

The abbey did not lack wealthy supporters, for it was endowed by the most distinguished noble fami-

lies, who apparently contributed to its splendor in order to reconcile themselves to Heaven and atone for their highway robberies. The industry and learning of the monks seem to have kept pace with the outward splendor of the place. Amongst them, Cæsar von Milendonk, or, as he called himself, Cæsar von Heisterbach, was specially prominent. The saintly Conrad of Thuringia belonged here, and also that pious and holy monk, Christianus, of whom the legend tells that, when he sang mass, Christ the Lord and the Blessed Virgin always sang with him.

The prosperity of the abbey lasted for centuries, till, in 1588, the Truchsess quarrels brought a crowd of military into the quiet valley, who plundered and burnt the abbey. It was rebuilt with much trouble, and the Thirty Years' War did not do much harm to it. Unfortunately, it was reserved for our century, during the Berg government of 1810, to see this well-preserved memorial sold as building material, when the beautiful trachyte was carried off to build canals and to strengthen the fortifications of Cologne and Wesel.

The splendid pictures and other Art-treasures in which the abbey was so rich were only saved from the vandalism of modern times by the feeling for Art possessed by a few private individuals. King Louis I. secured a number of these treasures, which are now to be seen at Munich.

On the gate the arms of the abbey can still be seen—a *Heister* (young beech) and a *Bach* (brook). At the side stand St. Benedict and St. Bernard as guardians. The choir has even now an imposing appearance, surrounded as it is by the graves of the abbots and by thick-branching trees. The holy stillness which here surrounds us is very striking, and makes the Heisterbach Mantle one of the favorite resorts in the Siebengebirge.

Tradition says that an abbot with a long white beard still wanders at night among the graves. He counts the tombstones without being able to find his own, and will only discover it when the whole of the building has fallen.

“Sadly through yon graveyard creeps
The abbot, old and hoar ;
His long beard in the night wind sweeps ;
His heart knows joy no more.

“No more he hears—no more he sees ;
A long staff guides his way.
What seeks he there ? why braves the breeze ?
‘ He counts the graves,’ they say.

“And ever as he counts, it seems,
As still were wanting one,
He shakes his hoary head, and deems
Next day his race is run.

“Not yet is made that couch, his own ;
Warm tears his wan cheeks lave ;
When yon firm fabric’s overthrown
He’ll only find his grave.”

The shady forest-road up the Löwenburg is interesting, with its curious strata and the view from the summit as far as the Westerwald. In fine weather the Feldberg, in the Taunus, is visible from this point. Where the ruined Castle of Löwenburg once stood there now rises a stone pyramid. It marks the site of the very ancient castle, which had been uninhabited since the sixteenth century. The ruins became so unsafe that they were levelled to the ground in 1881, to forestall a collapse.

This castle was erected by the Archbishop Frederick I., and for the same end as he built others, namely, to protect his territory. He died here in the year 1131. The castle passed from the family of Sayn to the house of Sponheim and the Von Loëns, and afterwards to Nassau-Saarbruck and Jülich-Berg. It is said that the Elector Hermann V. of Cologne had an interview here with Melancthon and Bucer.

We will now rest awhile from our mountain-climbing and descend to the shore, beloved by poets above all other places on the Rhine. Unkel, on the left, was the favorite resort of Freiligrath, Menzenberg of Simrock, and Herresberg, yonder, of G. Pfarrius. The late Wolfgang Müller dwelt in pleasant Königs-winter and Oberkassel; farther down the river was Gottfried Kinkel's birthplace.

We pass through the Rhöndorf Valley, shaded by noble trees, to Rhöndorf. The villas here are chiefly

inhabited by the wealthy, who come to rest from their labors in the service of Mammon. In the chapel stands the tomb of the last of the godless race of Drachenfels, with date 1530. It was brought here from the Abbey of Heisterbach. A dragon and a skull were the ensigns under which these noble lords made themselves a terror to the neighborhood.

A short picturesque path leads us to Honnef, the Nice of the Rhine, the Buen-Retiro of the great, or at least wealthy, people, who build their villas here, and of those delicate constitutions who seek shelter from the rough northeast wind. Above all, however, it is the rendezvous of families from the Lower Rhine, and for tourists who "do" the Siebengebirge, and, after resting in hospitable Königswinter, continue their route to Bonn.

The low-lying fields on either side of us are rich and fertile, as though the bosom of the earth would bestow doubly what the harsh inexorable rock denies. But a feeling of melancholy steals over the traveller as the steamer bears him onward. He gazes back with longing eyes as the mountains gradually retreat, as they grow more and more indistinct, and finally disappear in the impenetrable mist of the distance.

The banks here make no attempt to vie with the wonders of the Rhine paradise whose door is now closed behind us. The traveller surveys with a calm eye the broad flats through which the river ever seems to glide wearily. Inland, the one remarkable

object is the ruin of Godesberg, with its high tower, which overlooks Rüngsdorf-on-the-Rhine. It is a picturesque old pile, two hundred and seventy feet above the Rhine, which the Archbishop Dietrich I. built with the money which he extorted as ransom from the captive Jews. In 1583 it was blown up, the tower only escaping destruction. It is now owned by the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia.

Seed-time and harvest are the only variations which surround us on both sides of the Rhine, and the river-bed itself seems disposed to pass into the character of the lowland plains, until the towers of the Cathedral of Bonn appear between hills and trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BONN TO COLOGNE.

As the steamer passes the beautiful pleasure-gardens on the bank, no one realizes that we are before the old Roman city of Bonna, the *Castra Bonnensia* of which we read in Tacitus. But long before the time of the Romans Mercury was worshipped here in great state. Bonn must have been founded by Drusus, though this supposition has not been proved any more than has the fact that the *Ara Urbiorum* stood here, and here rose the temple of the God of War.

Even before the arrival of the Romans a Celtic settlement was established here, near which the five Roman legions originally erected their station. The one was apparently merged in the other. Proofs are also wanting that Drusus threw a bridge over the Rhine at this place. It has even been suggested that Cæsar may have crossed the Rhine at Wichelshof in the year 55 B.C.

Of the first Roman period nothing is known beyond the numbers of the legions which were stationed here; and, later, we know only of the victorious battle which Claudius Civilis, the Bataver, fought

against the Romans in the year 70. The fortifications, being destroyed by the Alemanni, were restored by Julian in the year 357, but were again destroyed at a later period by the Huns, Franks and Normans.

It has been asserted that the mother of the Emperor Constantine, the Empress Helena, whose name we meet with frequently on the Rhine, founded the Cathedral as early as 316; but this is not at all probable. It is, however, not unlikely that a church stood here under Constantine, on the site of which the Cathedral was afterwards built. It is known, however, that Bonn suffered severely, in common with all the Roman possessions on the Rhine, during the latter part of the reign of Constantine. However that may be, it is certain that in the thirteenth century Bonn had attained to such a pitch of prosperity that the Archbishop Conrad of Cologne granted it the privileges of a city, and fortified it.

His successor, Engelbert, reaped the benefit of these acts when the citizens drove him from Cologne, and he took refuge behind the walls of Bonn. The transfer of the Archiepiscopal Court to Bonn was, of course, a great benefit to the town. The citizens, who belonged to the League, thrived in business, the court brought a large amount of trade, and Bonn was very prosperous before war brought to it the usual difficulties.

One thing which requires explanation is, that



under the archbishop already mentioned, who was driven away from Cologne, Bonn was called, not Bonn, but Verona, as we learn from the inscription on the archbishop's tomb. This is confirmed also by the oldest city seal. It may be that only the Roman citadel was called Bonna, while the town itself bore the name of Verona. The place figures also under this name in Master Hagen's *Rhine Chronicle*. In addition, we find the town mentioned at this period by the name of Bern, and, indeed, the lion of Dietrich of Bern is quartered in the arms of the town.

The conversion of Archbishop Gerhard, Count of Truchsetz-Waldburg, to the evangelical religion, his subsequent marriage to Agnes of Mansfield, and his consequent banishment, were naturally matters which deeply concerned Bonn. When the town was besieged by the Spaniards it was betrayed into the hands of the enemy. It had to pay dearly for its dependence on the bishop; for Gerhard's general, Martin Schenk, took the town by surprise, wrested it from the hands of the new archbishop, and defended himself boldly against the besiegers, the Dukes of Croy and Verdugo. He was, however, at last forced by fire and hunger to capitulate, and the new archbishop cooled his rage on the citizens.

The Thirty Years' War brought fresh troubles, and in the year 1689, the French having occupied Bonn, it was besieged by the Elector Frederick III.,

to whom the town was given up, after it had been almost completely destroyed in the bombardment. Bonn slowly recovered itself, but only to be subjected to fresh trials.

In the wars of the Spanish succession the Elector Joseph Clement of Bavaria ceded the town to the French, who were in their turn forced to evacuate it by Marlborough and the Dutch General Coehorn, or Cowhorn, whose terrible artillery the walls were unable to withstand. The popular wit exercised itself respecting this event by saying that "the walls of Jericho had fallen at the sound of trumpets, but those of Bonn fell at the blast of a Cowhorn." Bonn remained in the hands of the Dutch until it was retaken by the electoral army.

In 1717 the walls were demolished, and the luxurious Archbishop Joseph Clement of Cologne laid the foundation of the castle, the building of which was continued by his successor, Clement Augustus I., who also finished the castles of Poppelsdorf and Brühl. In the year 1777 an academy was founded by Maximilian Frederick, and this was raised into a university in 1784. After this the French again invaded Germany, and Bonn became French by the Treaty of Luneville. It did not return to Prussia until the Vienna Congress in 1814.

From that moment Bonn made a new start, with a fresh and more secure future before it; it mounted the first step of the ladder which was to raise it to

its present important position. Frederick William III. established the University in 1818, when it was opened within the castle walls.

New buildings sprang up in various parts of the town, thus giving it a more modern appearance, and the youth of Germany came from all quarters to hear the wisdom of the professors of the University, many of whom were celebrated for their learning throughout the whole civilized world.

The University of Bonn became one of the first seats of learning in Germany, and was conducted by eighty professors, lecturers and private tutors. It is richly endowed, and the building, which is one of the most beautiful in the country, has accommodation for collegians, a library, a physical museum, an institution for clinical instruction, and a collection of art-treasures. The renown of Bonn brought to it as students young princes and the sons of the noblest families.

Among the teachers appear the most renowned names, such as those of Niebuhr, Schlegel, Arndt, Dahlmann, Johannes Müller, Ritschl, Simrock, Kinkel, who were here the teachers of crowned heads, and who gained for themselves immortality as scholars, writers and poets.

The prosperity of the town increased from year to year with the growth of the University, and in more modern times its beautiful situation attracted to it another element which added considerably to its im-

portance. Bonn is now almost a colony of English families, to whom the banks of the Rhine has become a second home.

The wealthy and prosperous, not only of Germany but from all parts of the world, settle here, and the requirements of their luxurious households has created a new quarter in the town. The traveller who now walks through the promenades can hardly realize that it was here that the huts of the settlers of the Roman legion, with all its military luggage, once stood.

We also must take a walk through the town, and first of all to the Cathedral, a magnificent pile built of tufa-stone in the Romanesque transition style. Part of the church dates from the eleventh century, the choir from the twelfth, and the nave, transept and main tower from the thirteenth. It was probably built on the same spot where a church had already stood in the time of Constantine.

The history of the Cathedral contains few events of importance. Two kings were crowned in it, Philip the Fair and Charles IV. of Bohemia, and four Archbishops of Cologne are buried there, including Engelbert II. and Ruprecht von der Pfalz. It was in the crypt of this venerable edifice, according to the most credible traditionary authorities, that the terrible tribunal known in the Middle Ages as the *Vehm-gerichte*, or Secret Tribunal, held its chief court, and issued therefrom those mandates which

made even the proudest princes of the time quail and tremble.

The Cathedral of Bonn is said to owe its origin to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. Whether that be true or not, there is a large bronze statue of her in the church. The cloisters adjoining contain columns with beautiful capitals of the twelfth century.

Before the church stands the bronze monument to Beethoven, which was modelled by Hahnel in Dresden, and cast by D. Burgschmied in Nuremberg. A stone tablet informs us that this great man was born in No. 7 in the Rheingasse in 1770. This is not correct, his parents having moved there after his birth. The honor belongs to No. 20 in the Bonngasse, where a similar tablet may be observed.

This house has been bought by admirers of the great musician, and has been made a Beethoven Museum. Another and no less interesting monument stands on the old "Zoll," a former bastion on the Rhine—the monument of Arndt, erected in 1865. A memorial tablet on a little house here reminds us that P. J. Lenné was born here in 1789.

The University in the old Electoral Palace is of so great an extent that the building almost entirely occupies the south side of the town. It is the Alma Mater not only of the German youth thirsting for knowledge, but also of the town itself. We are

already acquainted with the chief points in its history. A well-known avenue leads us from the University to the Poppelsdorf Palace, formerly called Clement's Rest.

It is the same which we have already mentioned. Joseph Clement laid the foundation-stone in 1715, and Clement Augustus completed it in the year 1746. Frederick William III. presented the castle to the University for their natural history collection. The well-stocked botanical garden was first laid out in 1820. The agricultural academy opposite is of a later date, having been opened in 1847.

Kreuzberg, a resort of pilgrims, lies at a short distance from Poppelsdorf. A church was erected in the place of the first chapel in 1627, and there is also the old monastery of the Servite Order. The former is interesting on account of its richly-decorated porch, which represents the front of the palace of the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, and also depicts the sufferings of Christ. In the church screen is a flight of thirty steps called the "holy staircase," which is an imitation in marble of the Scala Santa, near the Church of St. John the Lateran, at Rome, which can only be ascended by the devout on their knees.

A collection of wonderful relics was formerly shown here, consisting of the bodies of Servite monks which had been kept like mummies. They have been interred here at various times from 1400 to

1713. They lie in open coffins, with cowl and cassock on ; the flesh in some is preserved, though much shrivelled up ; in fact, they are natural mummies. It would hardly be possible here to enumerate all the convents and shrines in the neighborhood of Bonn, but we will mention the Jesuit Church on account of the legend which Simrock connects with it.

This story relates that the devil was once passing here in company with the wind. The devil took occasion to ask his companion to wait a moment for him outside, as he had something to do in the house. The devil, however, never reappeared, and so they say the wind has been waiting for him there ever since.

We must proceed, however, and sitting once more under the awning of the steamer, absorbed in the impression which the wondrous Rhine Valley makes on us, we glide smoothly and quietly past the banks on both sides of the river ; no neighbor's telescope disturbs us ; no passenger jumps up to shut out the prospect from us. The sunshine lies idly on the river and on the luxuriant meadows, and the mountains of the so-called Vorgebirge gradually recede from us.

One object only attracts our attention, and that is the lofty rock on the right bank, which commands the whole of the valley from Bonn. On it formerly stood the Abbey of Siegburg, and under it the busy railway passengers rush without paying any atten-

tion to its beauties or historic interest. Up above there, in the dwelling which the State now gives as an asylum to those who are doomed to intellectual darkness, there once lived a monster in human form, namely, the ruler of the districts of Mayfeld and Auel, the Count-Palatine Henry the Furious, who ruled over Eifelland and the provinces adjoining. He was also Lord of Siegburg. He was subject to sudden attacks of madness, lasting for longer or shorter periods.

The castle once stood near the Sieg, which rushes from the mountains to the Rhine; but its history is veiled in darkness, except that it took its name of Sigiberg from the Sigamberi, upon whose territory it stood. The earliest historical records of the eleventh century are connected with the monster already named, who quarrelled with the Archbishop Anno, or Hanno, of Cologne, about territory and land, fell upon his property, massacred all before him, set fire to the town, and drove the wretched inhabitants into Cologne.

The archbishop outlawed the wicked, bloodthirsty count-palatine. Henry, becoming weary of banishment, begged pardon, presented Siegburg to the bishop as a sin-offering, and retired into a monastery. He soon reappeared, however, collected a new army, and again fell upon the possessions of the archbishop.

Just when he had confronted the archbishop's

troops at Kochem, on the Moselle, he quarrelled with his wife, killed her on the spot, and then ran out, laughing loudly, to tell his soldiers what he had done. Upon this his army became disorganized, and Henry was seized and again shut up in a monastery, where he passed the remainder of his wicked life under a rigorous guard.

In order to purify the place where Henry had dwelt from the curse which his evil deeds had brought upon it, the archbishop made Siegburg into a monastery. A legend relates that an angel appeared to him and advised him to prepare a grave for himself on the hill, as his end was approaching. According to another legend, a great golden cross appeared in the sky above Siegburg, and this the bishop took for a warning from heaven. At the same time some Greek pilgrims were passing through Bonn, and in a dream they saw upon the Siegburg a ladder of gold which reached up to heaven, with lambs ascending and descending.

This decided the matter for the archbishop, and thus the building of the church and the abbey was begun in 1064, and they were consecrated a few years later. Hardly twelve years afterwards, Archbishop Anno, who made this his favorite residence, was buried in the convent. The opinions his contemporaries expressed concerning this man are very contradictory.

At Cologne he is called the "Eye-piercer," because

he had the punishment of loss of sight inflicted with cruel severity ; while, on the other hand, the provost of tolls of Siegburg, about a hundred years after Anno's death, informs us that he was so good and pious that he had performed four hundred and thirty well-known miracles !

In the meantime the abbey became powerful both in influence and possessions, and was richly endowed by the nobility and the Emperor. It became so rich, and withal so avaricious, that it gave occasions for quarrels with the archbishops, who had long viewed with displeasure the presumption of the Abbot of Siegburg, who was favored with privileges derived directly from the Emperor.

After many disputes, and under the pressure of war, its privileges were put an end to in the year 1676 ; at the same time the newly-discovered instruments of war destroyed the strongly-fortified walls, behind which the monks, whose numbers had gradually increased to upwards of two hundred, sought protection. The abbey fell to the share of Jülich Berg. The soldiers of the French Revolution levelled to the ground what was left of the proud old building ; and, finally, Frederick William III., the founder of the University of Bonn, gave the existing buildings for an asylum for the insane.

That the monks of Siegburg did not confine themselves exclusively to the service of Heaven may be proved from the circumstance that when the abbey

was abolished a heavy wine-bill remained to be paid, and the Abbey of Altenburg, which belonged to Siegburg, had to be given over to the creditors to liquidate the debt. The monks had also planted vines of their own, which, however, did not suffice to satisfy their thirst. Such was the lamentable end of this once-magnificent old institution.

Two legends are connected with Siegburg and its neighbor Wolsberg, both of which, however, are repetitions or imitations of similar legends in other places. Local tradition loves to associate well-known stories with the places lying nearest to it, if they are suitable. The pious Erpho, the first Abbot of Siegburg, is said, like the young monk of Heisterbach, to have been much puzzled over the words of the Psalmist, "A thousand years with the Lord are but as a watch in the night." The result of his cogitations, however, we are not told.

At Wolsberg it is said that an old king, with a long gray beard, sits asleep on a block of stone in a cave, with both his hands leaning on the handle of his great sword. At the entrance to the cave lie armed knights, also sleeping, and near them stand richly-caparisoned chargers, which paw the ground impatiently with their feet.

These entrances to the rock open every year, between twelve and one o'clock on the night of the 1st of May, and whoever wishes can then go in. A huntsman, it is said, once had courage to do so.

When he stood before the old king, the latter raised his head, heavy with sleep, and said to the huntsman, "Does the magpie still fly around the mountain?" The huntsman replied that it did, for he had seen the bird flying about.

Then the king stood up, and the sleeping knights arose, rattling their armor and swords, while the horses stamped and neighed. On this the huntsman was seized with such terror that he fled in alarm from the place. The rock closed behind him with a sound like thunder, and the neighboring church-clock struck one.

CHAPTER XV.

HOLY COLOGNE.

WE have now emerged from the majestic circle of the splendid "seven mountains," which is the finest point on the Rhine, with its commanding peaks and sheltered valleys, and we turn northwards, where the broad stream flows at its full expanse between low banks. It has passed through the impetuous days of its boyhood and youth, and has settled down into a busy domesticated condition, content to look after the rye and the wheat, to be interested in the increase in the number of lofty smoking chimneys and clattering railway trains, and to remark with satisfaction the growth of the shipping before the wealthy and busy commercial towns.

With the remembrance of the rock-girt valley through which we passed but yesterday fresh in our minds, we look around us with astonishment on finding the whole landscape completely changed, as if by the touch of a magic wand. A boundless plain stretches before us.

To the east the Taunus, the Westerwald, the Sauerland mountains retire visibly, and to the west Hunsrück, the Eifel, Upper Venn, and the Ardennes form

with them a mighty half-circle, whose foot was once bathed by the waves of the ocean. At that epoch the wild mountain-torrents rushed down on all sides, and brought with them deposits which, in the course of centuries, gradually formed that broad and fertile plain through which the Rhine now flows.

This mighty mass of water from the Lower Rhine, which is from twelve hundred to more than two thousand feet in width, and from ten to fifty feet in depth, glides with majestic repose along the whole of its course. It is here only one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea at the Dutch delta, and the fall is quite gradual, without any break and without any rapids, because its bed along its whole course, being on alluvial soil, is no more obstructed by rocks.

It receives, on its right bank, the important influx of the Sieg, the Wupper, the Ruhr, and the Lippe; while on its left bank, with the exception of the Erft, from here to Holland it receives but small tributaries. Then the noble stream, with all its mighty past, on entering Holland has the misfortune to lose its venerable name, and to reach the ocean only as a miserable little streamlet, while strange rivers, dividing among them the contents of the German river, bear great ships to the sea on its stolen waters.

Thus the old German stream, as such, is lost to us, and only a poor remnant of the vast volume of the lordly Rhine reaches the sea. The acts of the Vi-

enna Congress, which shut off the free passage of vessels here, spoke disparagingly of the shrunken stream; but that is of little consequence in these days, and it will not interfere with the lofty feelings which always swell our heart when the mountains of the Middle Rhine fade behind us, and we gaze over the boundless plain of the Lower Rhine.

Before us lies the open country, with golden corn-fields and rich meadows, whence strong brown cattle low at us as we pass, where well-stocked farms lie half-hidden among the great trunks of oak and beech, where villages and towns, charmingly alternating with country houses, churches, and monasteries, adorn the landscape; and where, beside handsome modern buildings, we find eloquent records of antiquity in the gray old castles and the weatherbeaten, broken towers, which, even in their ruins, bear the impress of their former majesty.

So the countries of the Lower Rhine lie before us, like a richly-illustrated book whose designs show us side by side, first the history of the creation of the earth, then the still shapeless footprints of its first inhabitants and conquerors, gradually developing until the Roman civilization inscribed itself legibly in castles, towers, bridges and roads, and clearly defined the spots where existing towns now populous and flourishing, sprang out of those ancient strongholds.

Then we see the traces of later centuries becoming more and more elaborate—from the Frankish

and Germanic imperial period, marked by inflexible, bold strongholds, by castles and palaces before the ruins of which we stand lost in wonder, to the magnificence of Christian cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, which appear to us to be the most beautiful things of the kind that it is in the power of the human mind to conceive. We turn the pages and see how the old cities grew, and surrounded themselves with walls within whose circle citizens and families fought, or else united against their so-called protectors.

We find at the present day the plainest traces of all these warlike civil disputes, as well as of the period of the robber-knights and the noble highway-men; but their time is past, and to-day the lord of the place is—Steam. Whichever way we look, we perceive it in perpetual activity. We see it pouring forth its cloudy breath from innumerable stacks and chimneys; setting in motion, in one place, millions of spindles, and in another the gigantic steam hammer; on the one side working machines of various kinds, and on the other turning the wheels of the narrow steamers on the river, or driving along the banks the rushing locomotive.

The great advantage the Lower Rhine has is that everything is so wonderfully combined in it; the metal rests side by side with the coal in the inexhaustible earth; between the great busy manufacturing towns miles of cornfields extend, forming a perfect store of food; on the boundless pastures the



flocks patiently stand ready to yield their fleecy covering to the woollen manufacturer ; and in the midst of all runs the river, the main artery of traffic, incessantly carrying boats and ships, both great and small, from place to place.

We can now either wander along the shore of the river on foot, embark on one of the numerous steamboats, or take the railway which shrieks on both sides of the river. We will choose the agreeable mode of conveyance which will permit us to fly through dull tracts, by means of the railway, and then examine the more interesting objects, villages, and towns from the bank of the river.

We first take the train from Bonn to Cologne, in order to get quickly over the uninteresting neighborhood between these two towns. A chain of hills, called the Vorgebirge, bounds the prospect to the west, and then, sinking into smaller and smaller eminences, gradually loses itself in the plain. About midway between the two towns the railway runs through a beautiful shady oasis, which is Brühl. It has a magnificent castle situated in a fine park, full of gigantic trees, broad lawns, and quiet lakes, which was built by Elector Clement Augustus in 1728, restored in 1842 by Frederick William IV., and since then has frequently been occupied by the royal family.

We notice also the pleasant villas belonging to the rich citizens of Cologne, with their bright fronts and creeper-covered verandas, their terraces and balco-

nies, which we catch a glimpse of as we flash by. The first view of Cologne must be obtained from the river-side, in order that the truly elevating sight of the town may have its full and proper effect.

Even old Father Rhine himself seems to flow with a satisfied air past the broad bend which the bank forms here, and on which the city gently rises, showing tier above tier of houses, long rows of roofs, ridges or turrets, crowds of small buildings, interspersed with massive piles overlooked by summits and towers, which again all seem to serve as a background to one majestic object, the Cathedral. The latter, with its thousands of points and turrets, its mighty buttresses, its glittering windows reflecting the sunshine, looks like some huge gem standing out above everything around it, and attracting our admiring gaze even from the distance.

At the entrance to the town we are received by a stern sentinel in the form of the Bayen Tower, a square-turreted building in the Romanesque style, which was erected in the year 1200. It forms the beginning of the mediæval outer wall of the town, which is still well preserved. This wall has very fine gate-towers, among which the Severins Gate and St. Gereon's Gate may be particularly noticed. It encloses Cologne with a bow, the cord of which is formed by the Rhine. Our steamboat slackens its speed as it makes for the harbor, and thus gives us an opportunity of examining the busy shore as we glide past.

Gray old fortifications and toll-walls on this part of the Rhine cut off the town from the river, and egress is only permitted through a few gloomy gateways, which are generally closed at night. Above these old walls rise buildings old and new, peeping curiously over them with their shining windows. Here and there we see little terraces adorned with a poor attempt at verdure—creepers and evergreens, and even an unpretending orange-tree. These signs usually indicate an hotel, or one of the numerous restaurants which lie behind the old ramparts, and offer an unobstructed view up and down the river.

Numerous steamers and other boats, which lie on the shore not far from the Bayen Tower, and which are hidden behind green trees, point out the harbor of refuge, an interesting point on the river-side. A rather extensive island was once here, the scanty remains of which have, perhaps, been known to us as Rheinau. It was, indeed, the spot where the founders of Cologne, the old Ubii, first settled.

These people even then were given to commercial pursuits, and had so many ships at this place that they were able to make Cæsar the offer of transporting his whole army to the right side of the Rhine. The Ubii had their national sanctuary here, on the right side of the river; it was called Tuits, and was dedicated to Tuit: it is the present Deutz. On our left was their *Ara Ubiorum*, which was undoubtedly

the predecessor of the Christian Cathedral built here at a later period.

In 51 A.D. Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, founded here a colony of Roman veterans. The place was called Colonia Agrippina, whence has arisen its present name—Cologne. Frequent mention is made of the city in early history.

Vitellius, Trajan and Silvanus were summoned from these walls to assume the imperial purple, and Clovis and Pepin went from here to the throne of France. In the eighth century Charlemagne constituted Cologne an Archbishopric, the first Archbishop being Hildebold, who built the oldest Cathedral Church, and bequeathed to it his valuable library, which still exists.

As we glide slowly past the river-island, the fine hotels of Cologne look as though they had grown into the wall we have already spoken of. They alone were frequented by the fashionable world when the Rhine was the principal means of transit, but in more modern times magnificent rivals have risen in other parts of the town, and especially near the railway station.

Notwithstanding this, the active life and bustle in the comparatively narrow street between the hotels and the river has not decreased. It seems that there must be something specially attractive that causes such a crowd of busy people and promenaders to pass up and down the road between this place and the Bayen Tower.

There is, indeed, a constant surging to and fro, which increases as we approach the pier, beside which the steamers are moored. It seems impossible that our steamboat can ever thread its way among the mass of vessels, most of which are moored to the quay with strong cables or anchored with heavy chains. It is a striking picture of commercial and maritime life.

We leave the busy quay with a sense of relief, and walk quietly on to the pontoon-bridge, from the middle of which we obtain a new and more extensive view of "Holy Cologne," and at the same time see pleasant Deutz lying on the right bank. The sound of music, which comes thence, attracts us onward, and following other pedestrians we soon find ourselves in Deutz, on the right bank of the Rhine.

It is a place of recreation for the people of Cologne, and the magnificent hotels, the Marienbildchen and the Prinz Karl, are specially attractive at mid-day, on account of their shady gardens, which lie immediately on the river. Military bands play in turn, the Rhine wine sparkles in the glass, or the "Maitrank" in green cups, and having found a front place on the parapet of the wall, we gaze at the beautiful town which rises gently from the shore, and lies, with its hundreds of towers and spires, in a great bow before us.

Over the iron trellised bridge on our right, trains run in endless succession, while steamers for Holland,

Düsseldorf, the Upper and Middle Rhine lie before us at the free port. Near them again are those great sailing-ships which come direct from the sea—the same which in our early youth excited our greatest interest, with their tall masts and yards, their intricate cables and ropes.

At the time when the Rhine was divided into two arms here—thus making a small but tolerably elevated river-island—it formed so convenient a place for crossing, that Cæsar, who came hither from the Samber and the Maas, was able without much difficulty to throw a wooden bridge across in ten days. This bridge was, perhaps, built at the same point where Constantine the Great afterwards erected his splendid bridge, having first spanned the small side-arm with one arch, and thus diminished the difficulty of building a bridge over the greater arm.

Bishop Bruno, for reasons quite unintelligible to us, destroyed Constantine's bridge, and supplied its place with a ferry which was in the hands of a privileged guild. Even after this, however, the place still remained the principal point for crossing the Lower Rhine.

Like Cæsar and Constantine, Charlemagne crossed here with his troops on his expedition into Saxony, as did also the Germanic Franks, when they broke loose into Roman Gaul; while the French frequently came the reverse way in their numerous invasions into Germany. The fact that the first railway bridge

built over the Lower Rhine was erected here, also testifies to the importance of this place as a ferry.

As the Bayen Tower appeared, from above, to be the beginning of the town, so, from below, does the iron bridge of the Rhenish railway appear to be its end. But it is only so in appearance, for below this heavy structure the town extends for some distance down the stream, and then terminates in strong fortifications and bastions, deep ditches and shady ramparts. These last form a pleasant and beautiful walk around the whole of the land side of the town.

Having reached the entrance of the remarkable old harbor of refuge, we turn and look up the stream, and find the view of the town from this point most picturesque. We have before us the broad river, bearing on its bosom the gliding ships, and the steamers lying at anchor near the shore. The high walls with their arched gateways form a dark foreground, and above them rise numerous towers, among which one particularly attracts us.

This is the noble church of Great St. Martin, a bold, strong, and yet elegant Romanesque building, with four lofty corner towers. From this point the heavy form of the iron railway bridge, being foreshortened, is somewhat toned down, and the towers of its piers, with their equestrian statues of King Frederick William IV. and the Emperor William, are brought into prominence.

On the west, between St. Gereon's Gate and the

Ehren Gate, is the great public garden, with its nurseries, its rooms for taking the mineral waters, and several much-frequented restaurants. It is situated, however, at too great a distance for our evening walk, so we turn our steps over the bridge which crosses the entrance to the old harbor, and passing beautiful gardens and villas, reach the Zoological Gardens, which are laid out with remarkable taste. The animals, which are well-chosen specimens, are in excellent condition, and are comfortably accommodated, their habits and wants being carefully considered.

A little farther on we come to the Botanical Gardens of the Flora Society, one of the most charming and tasteful gardens of its kind. Here the *élite* of Cologne assemble on fine evenings. Ladies in brilliant toilets saunter along the paths to the sound of excellent music, and enjoy the fragrance of the handsome flower-beds, or examine the wonderful growth of the slender palms, tree-ferns, and the succulent leaf plants, which are arranged in picturesque groups. Here the whole of the fine scenery of the landscape to the south is unfolded before us, and has a fine effect, particularly when we hear from the neighboring Zoological Gardens the sullen roar of the lion.

Unfortunately we cannot remain here long, so we set out along the shady walk of the Thurmchen and St. Gereon's rampart, on the latter of which we come close to a nightingale furrow, and so reach the St.



Gereon's Gate, and enter the city through this stately building. It is a magnificent edifice, in form like a citadel and very old, in style Romanesque with Gothic decorations.

At the gate we get a foretaste of the bustle of the streets in the labyrinth of arches, winding passages in the walls, and threatening fragments, all echoing under the burden of numerous vehicles. It is, indeed, difficult at some parts of the day to gain an entrance on account of the stream of men, animals of all kinds, riders and carriages, heavy wagons, and those well-known vegetable carts with two large wheels which are so plentiful on the Lower Rhine.

On the other side of the St. Gereon's Gate it is pleasant to find that this noisy traffic does not continue, for we take the comparatively quiet road and make our way to the place surrounded by trees where the Church of St. Gereon stands, in order to examine this quaint mediæval foundation. On the oldest portion, a round tower, unmistakable signs of its Roman origin are to be recognized, while its ten-cornered nave is Gothic and its elongated choir Romanesque.

The building is the work of centuries, parts having been added from time to time when others were pulled down. The choir was enlarged, as well as the arch of the entrance, when the two square towers were built. If, however, St. Gereon presents the most varied styles of architecture, it still remains one

of the most interesting churches of Cologne, and is furnished with legends from the earliest Christian times.

The oldest part of the church was built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, to the memory of the three hundred and eight martyrs of the Thebaic Legion who, with their captains Gereon and Gregory died for their faith in the great persecution of the Christians under Diocletian in the year 286.

In regard to such stories, legends, and histories, few towns are so richly stocked as Cologne, and whichever way we turn we find some testimony or record of the past. It may be the fragments of an old pillar, or of an old tower, or a curious head grinning on us from some lofty building, such as the "Jab-beck" on the town-hall, which opens its mouth at every stroke of the clock. It was in Cologne that William Caxton opened his printing-office, in 1471. Three years later he went to England, where he had the honor of introducing the art of printing.

The New Market is one of the largest public squares of Cologne, and is planted all around with trees. At noon the guard parades here to the sound of military music, and the place when filled with gay and shining uniforms presents a very brilliant appearance; but in the evening it is tolerably deserted and quiet.

The last rays of the setting sun play among the

branches of the trees, and gild the tips of the Church of the Holy Apostles, and show us in a most favorable light, through the branches of the trees, the beautiful architecture of the treble-naved basilica, with its slender corner towers, its square main tower, its choir, and the wings of its eastern transept, with their great round apses. These apses are adorned with two rows of round blind arches, and above them is a dwarf gallery. This church, completed in the thirteenth century, has recently been restored.

It is said that when the plague raged in Cologne in 1357, Richmodis, wife of the Knight Mengis von Adocht, was stricken, and, falling into a death-like trance, she was considered dead, and was interred in the Church of the Holy Apostles.

She was roused from her trance by the attempt of a grave-digger to drag a ring from her finger. Rising from the tomb, she made her way back to her husband's house ; but he, imagining that he saw an apparition, declared that he would sooner believe that his horses could ascend to the loft of his house than that his wife should return alive.

Scarcely had he spoken when horses' hoofs were heard coming up the stair, and their heads were soon seen looking out of a window in the upper part of the house.

Two horses' heads affixed to the upper story of a house in the New Market are said to have been placed there in commemoration of this miraculous event.

We make use of the remainder of the fast-waning daylight to pay a short visit to the neighboring Church of St. Peter, which was built in the sixteenth century and most successfully restored in 1892. It possesses as an altar-piece one of Rubens' most important works—the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," recovered from Paris in 1814. Back of the altar lies the body of Johann Rubens, father of the painter.

One of the best known churches in Cologne is that of St. Ursula, built on the site of a church of the fourth century. It is fantastically decorated with paintings representing scenes in the life of Ursula, and embellished with the bones of her eleven thousand virgins.

Ursula was the only daughter of Vionetus, King of Brittany. She was very beautiful and very pious, and early in life she had made a solemn vow not to marry, and to resign all the pomps and vanities of this world.

When the Princess Ursula was sixteen years old ambassadors came from the King of England demanding her hand in marriage for the King's only son, Conon. Vionetus was in great perplexity what answer to make, when Ursula came forward and said she would consent to the alliance, provided that the heathen prince would become a Christian, and would give her eleven handmaidens of noble birth, each of the eleven to be attended by a thousand other virgins; and that he would grant her three years of

freedom in which to make a pilgrimage to Rome, stopping at all the shrines on the way; and that he would not claim her as his wife until the pilgrimage was ended.

The ambassadors returned to England, and there described the Princess Ursula's beauty and piety in such glowing terms that Conon at once set about collecting the eleven thousand maidens from all parts of the kingdom, and made haste to accompany them to their destination—so anxious was he to see his promised bride.

Ursula received them, and expounded the doctrines of Christianity to them so convincingly that the eleven thousand maidens and the Prince were baptized immediately. Then embarking with neither pilot nor sailors—declaring that they had no need of any guidance but that of the Lord—the maiden band sailed away, singing pious hymns, in which Conon joined.

Aided by favoring winds they sailed up the Rhine to Basle: there, disembarking, they began their journey on foot, accompanied by six angels, who went before, making smooth the way before their feet.

They arrived at the Holy City still singing hymns, where they were received and blessed by the Pope. Having made pilgrimages to all the shrines, they again turned their faces toward the Rhine, accompanied by the Pope and all the Cardinals.

Two Roman generals—seeing the triumphant virgins departing, with all these holy men in their train, and fearing that they would convert all the northern barbarians—sent messengers to the King of the Huns, who was then besieging Cologne, bidding him slay this holy band so soon as they reached Cologne.

The maiden procession, still accompanied by the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Prince, marched back to the Rhine, embarked at Basle and sailed down to Cologne, landing there in order to visit a holy shrine. There the Huns fell upon them, and after killing all the men they put the maidens to death by the sword. Exhorted by Ursula, they died like martyrs, and went to heaven to receive their promised reward. Last of all Ursula fell, pierced by three arrows from the bow of the King of the Huns.

The bones of the eleven thousand virgins were hastily buried, and no one knew where they lay until Kunibert, Bishop of Cologne, having prayed that the place of sepulture of these holy relics might be shown to him, was rewarded by a vision in which a heavenly dove flew down from the sky, hovered for a moment in the air, then flew straight to a corner of the church, where it began to scratch the ground vigorously. Guided by this sign, the good Bishop made a search which proved successful.

The bones of the eleven thousand virgins now serve as a decoration of the church, but the remains of St. Ursula, having been found buried apart, were

put in a sepulchre on which the miraculous dove is represented.

In the meantime night has fallen, and as we consider no time more suitable than the twilight to wave our magic wand, we beg the reader to pardon this fancy, and to follow us with confidence when we pass suddenly from the warm, close summer evening to a bright, clear winter's morning of twenty years ago. The branches of the trees are bare, and a light covering of snow lies on the roofs and on the broad, open place filled with the picturesque bustle of the Carnival, which has its beginning here in the New Market.

A platform has been erected on the eastern side of the square, and is decorated with red and white banners, and with the colors of all the towns that intend to send a deputation to this fool's assembly. The old city guard, called the Cologne sparks, on account of their bright red uniform, forms the guard of honor. The sentinel under arms, who stands before the platform, has leaned his old musket against the rail, and is knitting a huge stocking.

Near him we see the headquarters of the "sparks," their guard-room, their lock-up, the sutler with her donkey, and the commandant of this venerable army sitting on a barrel, eating his modest breakfast. Ten o'clock has struck from all the church-towers: this is the hour when processions from all parts of the town set out for the New Market, where they meet.

After the crowd, which has already collected, has been frequently deceived by loud cheers, or the false alarm of "Here they come!" there appears at length, accompanied by the deafening sound of trumpets, a stately cavalcade composed of the city militia, in red and white, the colors of Cologne.

They are accompanied by a carriage drawn by four horses, containing the committee who organize the festival, and who immediately review the guard of the "sparks," inspect all the preparations, and then send mounted escorts to each of the four corners of the square to receive the various processions which arrive simultaneously from all sides.

The great square is now filled with people, either mounted or on foot, and with carriages drawn by four or six horses, brilliantly draped with all the colors of the rainbow, and containing persons in rich and elegant costumes, attired so as to humorously satirize some weakness of the age, or comically to represent some well-known contemporary event.

Among these we remark examples of a more sober description, such as bands of knights in the correct costume of some bygone time, and figures which are special to the Cologne carnival, remaining always the same, and having a sort of historical importance. At the beginning of the slowly-forming procession is one of these specialities, who is the leader of the train. He is a little, unimportant figure in a red-and-white costume, bearing on his left arm a shield, and with

his right brandishing a wooden sword. It is the old, renowned fool Berndchen, a figure which has become historical from the oldest days of Cologne.

As soon as the cavalcade is set in motion, the fool Berndchen moves on, not gravely nor proudly, but with a gay motion and dancing step, keeping time with the measure of the drums and fifes which follow him, and with the music of another element which also appears at every carnival, namely, the various associations of boys and girls in old-fashioned burgher costumes. The girls wear large white caps and aprons, the boys broad three-cornered hats, knee-breeches and black stockings. They go in pairs, and imitate the step of the fool Berndchen, dancing to the tune of the old national march of Cologne.

It would not be uninteresting for us to follow this procession, or to watch it pass by from a window or the base of some street-cross, or even to follow the carnival train through the streets of Cologne, and join in the well-known cry, "Geck los, Geck elans!" We have, however, other duties, and are unfortunately not able to be present at the brilliant masked ball in the town-hall or in the Gürzenich.

We can only just look in and take a glance at the brilliant and richly-decorated hall with its huge proportions. On such an occasion as this it is capable of containing from five to six thousand persons. The gay carnival soon passes from before our eyes like a dream from which we awake, and we stand be-

fore the colossal building where the festivities are held, and learn that the Gürzenich, which is one of the finest and oldest of the non-ecclesiastical edifices of Cologne, was erected in the fifteenth century. It is surmounted by battlements, and furnished at six points with little watch-towers.

It takes its name from the Gürzenich family, who built it for the same purpose which it now serves, and festivities of all kinds have been held in the great hall, which occupies the whole of the upper story. The place is particularly lively during the presence of the German Emperor in the town. In the Heumarket, to the east of the Gürzenich, rises the monument of Frederick William III., erected in 1878 by the people of the Rhenish provinces. On a lofty pedestal stands the colossal equestrian statue of the King, surrounded by smaller statues of his statesmen and warriors.

Before going farther we must here mention the Town Hall, which is built in the handsomest style of the Renaissance, and is only a few paces from the Gürzenich. Passing between dark-looking, old-fashioned houses, we reach the quiet little open space in front of it, and nothing disturbs our meditations while—standing before the entrance with its beautiful porch—our fancy peoples the place with the forms of men clad in black cloth or velvet, with white neckcloths and gold chains of office, who pass in and out and guard the privileges of their town.

We are reminded of the quarrels which lasted for many years between the citizens of Cologne and the Archbishop and Electors, by the heroic figure of the Burgomaster Gryn on the porch of the Town Hall. The story relates that this upright man, who was hated by the priests, was invited by two of them to partake of their hospitality. These men kept a lion, and after the meal was over the burgomaster was taken to see the animal.

The hosts, with apparent politeness, requested him to go first, and then took the opportunity of pushing him into the den of the hungry beast, who immediately flew at the intruder. Gryn, however, instantly wrapping his cloak around his left hand, thrust it into the open mouth of the lion, whilst with his right he drew his sword and plunged it into the animal's heart. The citizens released their favorite and hung the two miscreants at the gate, which has ever since been called the Priest's Gate. This occurred in 1262.

We still see the combat with the lion represented in stone over the portico, through which we now enter the venerable building, and reach the great Hall of the League by a broad flight of steps. From this hall we have a good view of the low-lying part of Cologne, on the river-side, and also of the lively bustle of the Old Market, which forms a cheerful picture with its great piled-up stores of fruit and vegetables, the noise of the salesmen, and more es-

pecially that of the saleswomen, with their well-known volubility of tongue, in their dark cotton cloaks and white caps. From the market-place the tower of the Town Hall rises in lofty stateliness. On it is the gargoyle, which opens its mouth every time the clock strikes.

At the time of the disputes between the imperial city and its archbishops, the great room of the Town Hall must have been the scene of many negotiations with that violent archbishop, Conrad of Hockstad, who made the most arbitrary encroachments on the rights of the town. He struck coins, which he had no right to do; he levied an unlawful tax on the Rhine; and he had any citizen of Cologne who displeased him seized and imprisoned by his troopers.

He stirred up the common people against the patricians, and when he was driven out of the town he endeavored to destroy the ships lying in the river by means of Greek fire. In this way he roused a general disturbance, and according to records, chronicles, and songs, the homely citizens in these quarrels performed remarkable deeds of heroism.

The disputes at last ended by the two parties being reconciled, after three bishops had been slain by the men of Cologne. A compromise was effected, but such was the popular feeling that these violent and overbearing prelates, when they came to visit Cologne from Bonn, the seat of the archbishopric,

dared not remain a single night without the permission of the magistrates.

In 1333 Petrarch visited Cologne, and thus speaks of it: "How glorious is this city! What a wonder to find such a spot in a barbarous land! What dignity in the men! What grace and tenderness in the women!"

When we consider what Cologne had then become, we cannot wonder that its powerful merchant-lords were unwilling to submit to clerical insolence; for among these great merchants were men like Mathias Overstolz, who in virtue, power, courage and nobility of mind, may be compared with Lorenzo de Medici.

Cologne was then the centre of commerce between Greece and Hungary, East and South Germany, on the one side, and France, England, and Denmark on the other. The merchants of Cologne possessed an important warehouse in London, which they considered the germ of the League. The civic constitution and rights of Cologne served as a pattern for the legislation of many other towns, and its coinage, measures and weights were accepted everywhere.

Ships from Cologne sailed on every sea; and when we consider that even at that time the town had eighty thousand looms at work, we can have some idea of its importance. It was no doubt sufficiently powerful to induce a man like Archbishop Conrad to make every attempt to restrain its liberty.

But with all his violence, his name is handed down

to us in a worthy and beneficent way, for he was the founder of the Cathedral, which was begun in the year 1248. He only lived, however, to see the beginning of the magnificent edifice, for the choir was not consecrated until seventy-five years later.

The walls of the adjacent nave were built as high as the crown of the windows, which are filled with splendid painted glass; the south tower rose in its heavy masses, covered with exquisite architectural details, to the height of the choir, and showed above it the great crane as it stood for centuries, darkly overtopping the masses of houses. From a distance, and indeed also from close proximity, it presented the appearance of an imposing ruin.

The choir, it is true, was completely built, but it seemed to have but slight connection with the low nave, which in its incomplete state was barely protected from the weather. The huge half-built south tower had already begun to show signs of age, moss and weeds growing between its stones, and fine trees waving on its summit, while the north tower was little more than a bare heap of stone.

Under these circumstances it is little to be wondered at that this building, which in its details was a magnificent work, was used a *depôt* for forage in the French wars at the end of the last century. It was only when Prussia took possession of the Rhine lands that the work of restoration began.

At first it was intended simply to preserve what

was already standing, till, one fine autumn day in 1840, a huge flag bearing the word "Protectori" waved from the great crane, and Frederick William IV., under a tent garlanded with vines at the south porch of the nave, laid a foundation-stone with three blows of his hammer, and gave his word to do all in his power to help to complete the building.

The building was at that time superintended by Zwirner; it afterwards passed into the hands of Voigtl, the architect who completed it. The money expended on the Cathedral from 1842 to 1880 amounted to nine hundred thousand livres. The last stone was placed in position in August, 1880, and two months later the celebration of the completion of the Cathedral took place in the presence of Emperor William I. and nearly all the sovereign princes of Germany.

We can now enter by the principal door, and standing in the subdued light of the great area, may to-day, centuries later, sympathize with the artist who created it, and imagine the pictures which peopled his imagination, as we wander through this wonderful building. The beauty of the nave and choir, with their ascending arches, is of majestic simplicity, and is quite beyond the power of description.

The groups of slender pillars rise to an enormous height, like the trees of some primeval forest of palms, whose delicate fronds intertwining at the top form pointed arches, among the intricate lines of

which the eye loses itself. We know that the boundlessness of the universe cannot be sensibly represented within a finite space, but there is in the ever-ascending lines of these pillars and walls something which the imagination may easily extend into infinity.

Everything that surrounds us is harmonious in this splendid Cathedral. The delicate proportions of the vaulting above the mighty pillars; the rich glow of the painted windows, the effect of which is all the finer when we see them from the somewhat dark body of the church, especially when a stream of sunlight throws an exact representation of them on the gray stones at our feet. As we stand in these dim aisles and look up, the vaulting of the choir, scantily lighted by the narrow windows, looks gigantic. We wander on, filled with wonder and awe, stopping in front of the rich chapels which extend in rows before us. Here is the tomb of the sainted Engelbert, with its wonderful chased gold and silver work, and stretched before us are effigies in stone or bronze of Electors, bishops, and knights. We pause longest before the shrine behind the high altar containing the golden coffin in which rest the bones of the Three Holy Kings,—the view of which, however, is obstructed by an artistic iron railing which seemed to us, with its gold and sparkling gems, like a fairy vision from the “Thousand and One Nights.”

Nineteen hundred years ago the Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, led by a Star which guided



them in safety to the manger where lay the infant Christ. There they offered Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The names of these wise men were Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, and hundreds of years later their bones were given to Bishop Rein-ald, of Cologne, by the Emperor Frederick Barba-rossa, as holy relics. After many vicissitudes they finally found a resting-place in the Cathedral.

These Holy Kings were formerly better known in England than in Germany. Before the Reformation they were the subject of a favorite miracle-play called "The Three Kings of Coleyne."

In front of the Chapel of the Three Kings there is a plain stone, bearing no inscription; under it lies buried the heart of Marie de Médicis, of France, the widowed queen of Henry IV. She died at Cologne in 1642, in a house on the Sternengasse, forsaken, exiled, and poor; and at her request her heart was buried in front of the Chapel of the Wise Men of the East.

We are so deeply and peculiarly affected by these combined beauties, that we feel almost grateful when the deep tones of the organ peal through the lofty aisles. We are, as it were, awakened from a dream and restored to reality, which meets us in a somewhat prosaic fashion, as we approach the door, in the person of the so-called Swiss, a tall figure in a long red coat. He murmurs a few words, the meaning of which we only understand when, with a solemn ges-

ture, he taps with one hand a silver plate which he holds in the other. He is begging for a trifling contribution to the Cathedral building fund, which we gladly give.

If the reader is now willing, after this rapid and somewhat imperfect walk through Cologne, to take a little change, we invite him to accompany us to the Central Railway Station, which lies a few steps only from the Cathedral. We have not brought him to this place merely to see how well an enormous traffic can be carried on within a small space by means of admirable arrangements and strictly carried out orders, but to take him with us in the train which is just starting for the old imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

CHAPTER XVI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

DURING the short journey from Cologne we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the immense number of chimneys which we see, in whichever direction we turn our eyes; and we may learn from our travelling companion much that is well worth noting of the industrial life of the Rhineland.

What treasures the earth yields when properly sought, and how these treasures are here turned to account! Taking a circle from Eupen to Unna, with a diameter of about ten miles, the area is covered with coal-mines, iron and glass works, cotton, wool, and silk manufactories, and, in fact, its commercial industry makes it one of the richest districts of the earth.

We continue our way through the long Königsdorf tunnel, and pass busy Düren with its cloth, carpet, flax, paper and iron works, and then cross the river Roer by a beautiful bridge; here we have our attention called to a little village, the birthplace of the renowned imperial general John von Werth. The lowland of the Erft, with its lovely pastoral green, is followed by a landscape of a more severe character.

At Eschweiler and Stollberg are wooded hills be-

tween heaths and sand, which look almost mournful on account of the black coal-dust which forms the soil, and the innumerable lofty smoking chimneys of the glass and iron works. We feel it to be a pleasant change when we soon after plunge into the beautiful fertile valley, surrounded by lofty sloping hills, in which stands the old imperial city of Aix.

These hills are covered almost entirely with thick forest, while meadows and cornfields form an inner circle around the town, the limits of which we find to be still sharply defined by old walls, towers, and gates. Above the houses rise numerous pinnacles and domes ; amongst the latter that of the lofty Minster, the tomb of the Emperor whose relics we meet with everywhere, and also that of his paladins, around whom are woven the garlands of poetry and legend.

Here stands the old castle, the Frankenburg, surrounded by quiet, motionless water, which the Emperor held in thrall by a charm ; up yonder, in the depth of the forest, is the ivy-covered ruin of Emma-burg, about which clings the legend that Longfellow has told so charmingly.

Here lived Charlemagne, and with him lived his secretary, Eginhard, a youth who had been educated in the free schools of Aix, winning there the highest praise from his teachers.

“The Emperor, when he heard the good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,
Said to himself, ‘This stripling seems to be

Purposely sent into the world for me ;
He shall become my page, and shall be schooled
In all the arts whereby the world is ruled.'
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain
To honor in the court of Charlemagne."

About this time Emma, the Emperor's daughter, returned home from her convent, and the "gentle Eginhard" fell in love with her immediately.

"He saw her in the garden as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,
And said to him, 'O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the symbol of this rose ;'
And trembling he made answer : 'In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth !'"

Thus the summer passed and winter came. Every night Eginhard watched the light that burned high up in Emma's tower.

"At length one night, while musing by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane desire,—
For what will reckless love not do and dare?—
He crossed the court and climbed the winding stair
With some feigned message in the Emperor's name ;
But when he to the lady's presence came
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear : 'Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight.'

"And there they lingered till the crowing cock,
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near,
And then they parted ; but at parting, lo !

They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,
 And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
 Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
 'Alas !' he said, ' how hide the fatal line
 Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
 And none returning !' Ah, he little knew
 What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do !

"That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
 And troubles that attend on s'ate affairs,
 Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed
 Into the silent night, as one amazed
 To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,
 When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
 The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
 And the white roofs, and half the court below,
 And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower
 Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—
 A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
 Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,
 And then returned in haste, but still essayed
 To tread the footprints she herself had made ;
 And as she passed across the lighted space,
 The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face !

* * * * *

"Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
 And entered, and in presence of them all
 The Emperor said, ' My son, for thou to me
 Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,
 Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
 Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
 While I have been forgetful to requite
 Thy service and affection as was right.
 But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
 Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
 A gift so precious kings have striven in vain
 To win it from the hands of Charlemagne.'

“Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o’ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard’s and said, ‘My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won;
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow.’”

On our right, near the northern part of the town, two eminences rise close to the walls. They are Lousberg and the hill on which stands the pilgrim church of St. Saviour. On every side old watch-towers, abbeys, churches, chapels, villas, castles, and great factories look down into the valley. Towards the south-west the town is overshadowed by spurs of a great forest, which are connected by means of the Upper Venn with the Ardennes.

These woods are the scanty remains of that hunting-ground, the proximity of which probably induced the great Emperor to found a town here, in the wooded and hilly district near the warm springs of healing waters. The German name of the town (*Aachen*) may be traced from the old German word *Aha* (water), and this probably was itself derived from *aqua*.

The power of these warm springs was known, no doubt, to the Romans, who, however, have left no more traces of themselves in castles or other remains

than have the Merovingians. We know that the latter race existed here, for King Pepin celebrated the Christmas and Easter festivals in Aix in the year 765.

We learn from his private secretary and biographer, Eginhard, that Charlemagne built here a Cathedral of great beauty, and adorned it with gold and silver, with windows, screens, and doors of pure brass. Near it, and situated rather higher up, was the imperial palace, which was connected with the Cathedral by a corridor.

Here, we are told, the traditionary paladins sat at the Emperor's table, together with the wise Archbishop Turpin, the brave Roland, William of Orense, and many others, whose heroic deeds are known to us through the popular ballads. It was from this place that the great military expeditions set out which the mighty hero undertook against the Saracens in Spain, against the Saxons in the east, and against the Bavarians and Hungarians in the south.

It is true that nothing now remains of all the splendor of the old imperial capital—except, perhaps, the Grain Tower at the Town Hall, and of the Cathedral, the octagon which lies beneath the eight-cornered dome; of the great imperial bath, in which more than one hundred men could swim at one time, there are some traces. The discovery of stamps of the sixth legion (*Victrix*) puts the date back to between 70 and 120 A.D., when that legion was stationed on the Lower Rhine.

There is the Emperor's old ruined castle with the quiet lake, which it is said he held motionless with a spell; his image in brass and stone, and his relics which have been preserved in the sanctuary of the Cathedral. Among these are his arm, his skull set in gold and jewels, and his hunting-horn, a splendid piece of Oriental ivory work, and a cross found around his neck when he was disinterred, in which is a piece of the true Cross.

Whether we look up to the wooded heights where he hunted with his paladins, or down to the hot springs which still come from the earth steaming and beneficent as they did a thousand years ago, we see the old imperial city before us like an open book full of beautiful pictures.

After the death of the great Emperor, in 814, his body, clothed in imperial state, was lowered in an upright position into a vault, where it rested upon a marble seat for more than three hundred and fifty years. This tomb, with its association with the great ruler, caused the town to be chosen as the coronation place of the German Emperors. From Louis the Pious in 813 to Ferdinand I. in 1531, eighty-seven princes were crowned in the old Cathedral, and there received the imperial and royal sceptre.

It is well known that the grave of Charlemagne was opened, first in 1001 by Otto III., and afterwards, in 1165, by Frederick Barbarossa, who removed the remains of the Emperor because the anti-

pope Paschal had canonized him. In 1215 they were placed in a gold and silver reliquary by Frederick II. This casket, with the other relics, are shown to the public every seven years. It is not known at the present day where the grave stood, but the marble seat in the aisle of the octagon in the "Hochmünster," which was afterwards used at the coronation, is said to be that on which the body of Charlemagne rested.

Seventeen imperial assemblies and eleven provincial councils were held in Aix, and as the coronation town it long maintained its power and greatness. At one time it contained more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, but this number quickly decreased when the coronations were removed to Frankfort.

War also reduced the number, especially the religious disputes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the great conflagration in 1636, which destroyed four thousand houses, still further diminished the population. The French dominion was not beneficial, but when the town came into the hands of Prussia, and when its fine manufactures of cloth, needles and machinery developed, Aix and its neighbor Burtscheid, on account of their medicinal springs, became celebrated watering-places.

In all parts of the town a sudden desire for building developed itself, and a new district quickly arose with handsome houses, broad, pleasant streets, charming promenades and brilliant shops, which offer to

the stranger a more imposing appearance than the old Aix, which seventy-five years ago seemed to sit behind its high walls, deep ditches and echoing gates, brooding over its long-faded splendors.

Aix-la-Chapelle, like most other watering-places, had its gaming-tables, but they were abolished some years ago, without much influencing the number of visitors. The rooms where the ball rattled for *rouge et noir*, and where the gentlemen of the bank carried on their mysterious tricks of *trente et quarante*, are now made into restaurants, reading-rooms, ball-rooms and concert-rooms. The latter, especially, exercise a great attraction for the music-loving people of Aix.

A pretty, shady garden unites the old Kurhaus, built in 1782, with the new Kursaal, which is built in the Moorish style; and, very weary with our long walk, we are glad to rest here in the afternoon, with pleasant company, excellent coffee, and good music.

The power of music to call up before us scenes appropriate to the place in which we find ourselves is particularly great in spots that are full of historical interest. It is, therefore, not difficult in imagination to fill the old garden behind the ancient Kurhaus with such figures as have probably actually been in it.

Though we do not certainly know whether the ambassadors of Louis XIV., at the first Treaty of Aix, came here in their long perukes to sip their glass of warm water, we do know, from eye-wit-

nesses, that at the time of the Vienna Congress of 1818 the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, with Hardenberg, Metternich, Nesselrode, Wellington, and other distinguished personages, wandered about here and assembled at select banquets in the great ball-room.

Now we turn our steps to the Cathedral, and arrive at the square before the venerable church, with its majestic domes and towers. We walk around to the west door, and there see one of the wonders of the Cathedral. At the side of the door stands a she-wolf in bronze with a hole in her breast, and apparently howling piteously, while opposite stands her soul in the form of a huge pineapple.

While standing here we listen to the story of the wolf. As often happens in the course of erecting large buildings, money began to fail; and there came a time of such difficulty that, though the great bronze doors of the Cathedral—on which we gaze in wonder—were cast, yet on account of their weight they could not be hung for want of funds.

Under these unpleasant circumstances what could be more natural than to apply to the devil for help? The latter was ready to assist, but, as usual, he would not undertake to give any service for nothing, especially for such a purpose as the building of a church.

He therefore imposed the modest condition that the first soul who entered the completed Cathedral

should belong to him. As frequently happens also, however, the devil was very shabbily treated, for when the building was finished, instead of a human being, a poor she-wolf was sent into the Cathedral. The devil seized it, and in intense anger hurled it through the one wing of the great bronze door; whereupon, it is said, its soul took flight.

To-day the door is shut, so we walk around the church, and see with pleasure that in the extensive restoration of the building the disfiguring additions made in a period of formalism have all disappeared. The sheds and outhouses which were formerly so delightful to the juvenile population have also been removed. These once were allowed to stand between the pillars of the octagon, and exhibited for sale an interesting collection of toys, sweetmeats, wax tapers of all sizes, images, consecrated flowers, medals, crosses, and rosaries.

Quite a brisk trade was carried on here, especially at the time of the exhibition of the relics, which occurred every seven years. At those periods, not only the Cathedral square and the streets abutting on it were crowded, but every part of the town from which the balcony of the Cathedral tower was visible was thronged by a compact mass of thousands of devout human beings, who prostrated themselves with prayers and crossings when the relics were shown from above by the clergy in their splendid vestments.

These relics are preserved in Charlemagne's Chapel

in the Cathedral, and include a garment of the Holy Virgin, the swaddling clothes of Christ, and the blood-stained cloth in which the body of St. John the Baptist was wrapped, and the linen cloth with which the Saviour was girded on the cross.

We cannot now examine these relics, nor those other interesting objects from the time of the great Emperor which we have already mentioned as lying near his sacred person. We feel, however, constrained to look again at the interior of the imposing dome and the mighty pillars which support the upper rotunda, the so-called "Hochmünster." These pillars, which are of unequal length, were brought here from Italy, principally from Rome and Ravenna.

On the balustrade of the upper aisle stands the marble seat on which the body of Charlemagne rested for more than three hundred years, and which was afterwards used for the coronation ceremony. Charlemagne's body was found, not reclining in a coffin, but seated on this marble throne as one alive, holding the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown, the imperial mantle covered his shoulders, his sword Joyeuse was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always worn while alive, was still fastened to his girdle.

In front of this seat, hanging from the roof by a strong chain, is the well-known interesting Romanesque candelabrum presented by Frederick Barba-

rossa in 1168. Each of its branches represents the encircling walls of a town with its towers and gates. It is marvellously worked, and richly chased in embossed and graven copper.

This splendid chandelier, the form of which indicates the great founder and ruler of towns, is contemporary with the building of the octagon, and it was thought that the marble tablet that lies far below it on the ground, and bears the simple inscription 'Carolo Magno,' was of the same date, but it has since been found to be modern; the lofty domed chapel itself was supposed to be the grave and monument of Charlemagne.

It is only natural that the historical ground of Aix-la-Chapelle should have favored the development of legend and tradition. A large amount of popular legendary history has formed itself around the person of the great Emperor. The story of the smith of Aix is, perhaps, not quite so well known, though it has been poetically treated by O. F. Gruppe, and we will therefore briefly relate it.

Count William of Jülich, after having unsuccessfully attacked Aix, was, with his sons, endeavoring to escape from the town, to evade the pursuit of the citizens. Near Jacob's Gate they were observed by a smith, who was engaged with his men in fashioning spears and halberts for the defence of the city. Without a moment's hesitation the smith approached the disturber of the city's peace, slew him and his

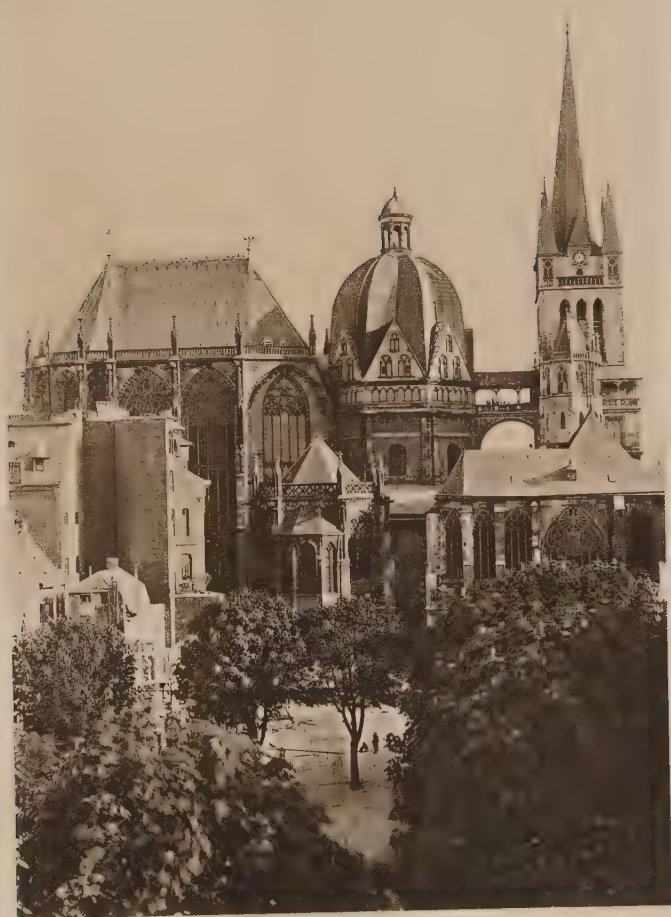
sons with his huge hammer, and then returned quietly to his work.

The streets of old Aix run in curves, almost forming circles, but they contain but few important buildings of former ages. Our attention is most attracted by the old Town Hall, where, in the banqueting-room, we admire the fine frescoes of the great master Alfred Rethel, born at Aix in 1815, and whose brilliant career was so pitilessly stopped by his premature death. A most interesting fresco is by Kehren, and represents the Emperor Otho III. opening the burial vault of Charlemagne.

Not far from the Cathedral stands the half-ruined Corn House, also called the Grass House. In very old times the imperial court of justice was held here, and here afterwards the counts-palatine publicly administered justice. Passing this, we turn towards the north end of the town, and approach the Pont Gate, which was erected in the fourteenth century. It is massively built in the mediæval style with fortified wall, pinnacles, and towers.

The ditches have been filled up and turned into pleasant walks, one of which we follow to the eastern part of the town, where we reach the station of the Aix and Maestricht Railway, casting on our way a glance at the fine building of the Rhenish-Westphalian Polytechnic School, built in 1870, and attended by two hundred and fifty students.

We can shorten our walk in a very pleasant man-



ner, for a train has just entered the station, which, cutting through the precincts of the town by a serpentine course, takes us to the station of the Rhenish railway between Aix and the pleasant, busy town of Burtscheid. The principal street of this place is very steep, so much so that when children we regarded with considerable incredulity the story of an officer who once drove a light vehicle down it.

Descending as we proceed, we reach the lower town with its excellent baths. The earth is so rich in springs here, that not only has each house one of its own, but the overflow forms a considerable stream running down the street, with constantly spouting hot water, which is particularly convenient for cooking eggs.

On the shady promenade there are some good hotels, and here in the summer a peculiar fête is held, the main feature of which is the shooting of birds with a mediæval cross-bow. To-day it looks peaceful and quiet, and the water simmers and seethes in the drinking-fountain as we pass by.

Ascending the wooded hill in front of us, we descend on the other side into a quiet valley, and before us lies the tract of country from Burtscheid to Frankenburg, the former hunting-castle of Charlemagne, which we see after a short walk, lying on an island in a quiet lake. One ivy-mantled tower still remains; the other buildings have been restored and made habitable.

It was here that the last scene of the beautiful story was played, which tells us how the great Emperor, after the death of his tenderly-loved wife Fastrada, would not part from her body, but sat near her couch and talked to her as if she were alive. This was the work of a charm, for whoever possessed the magic ring worn by Fastrada would hold the love of Charlemagne. Fastrada, knowing that she must die, and dreading to lose the love of the Emperor even after death, managed to hide the ring in her mouth.

At length, worn out by his grief and his vigil, Charlemagne slept, still reclining by the couch of his dear queen. Archbishop Turpin, coming in, found him sleeping, and knowing the secret of the ring, made haste to search for it. He at last found the ring, which Fastrada had hidden under her tongue, and took possession of it.

When the Emperor awoke he seemed suddenly to recover his consciousness; he turned from the body of his wife, and from that time followed the archbishop wherever he went with striking affection and love. The wise man perceiving this to be the case, and dreading lest the ring should at any time fall into dishonorable hands, threw it into the lake. On this the Emperor was irresistibly impelled to build a castle close to the water, and there he frequently used to sit at the window gazing into the lake, and thinking mournfully of his beloved wife.

We are able to take a hasty look at the little town

with its numerous tall chimneys, and the meadows lying all around between the great factories, where we see long lines of dark and colored cloths hung out to dry. We have the best view from the Benedictine abbey, an old stately building founded by the Emperor Henry II. about 1018, which overlooks Burtscheid with its high domes, and towers above the houses like an ensign on a hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

DÜSSELDORF.

HAVING returned to Maestricht we take the train, but only as far as the first station, where we alight in order that we may reach Düsseldorf by way of Gladbach. At this junction we meet again with the tall chimneys of the collieries, and pass through a district as black as that of Eschweiler. Then we branch off into the well-wooded, cheerful Wurmthal. At the Abbey of Klosterrath we see the boundary of the old Duchy of Limburg, and we pass through the fruitful, undulating fields of the rich Jülich land. We see Erkelenz and Rheydt, or rather catch a glimpse of them from the station.

We are now in the midst of that great manufacturing district which lies between Gladbach, Viersen, and Crefeld, and which supplies many countries with the products of its industry, in the form of cotton and silk fabrics, both plain and fancy; velvet ribbons of various kinds, and numerous other articles of fashion and luxury.

Of the towns named above, the most important as regards wealth and population is Crefeld, which is a pleasant, quiet place with one hundred and five thou-

sand inhabitants. The annual value of its manufactured goods, principally silks and velvets, is said to be about five millions sterling, and the quality and taste of them hardly inferior to the French fabrics. They have a large sale in England and America.

Crefeld is mentioned in a document of 1166, and obtained municipal privileges in 1373. In 1702 it came by inheritance to the crown of Prussia. The only historical memorials which it has to show are a modern column raised to the memory of Cornelius de Greiff, the great benefactor of Crefeld; one to the memory of C. Wilhelm, composer of the "Wacht am Rhein;" and a beautiful monument in the old churchyard, raised to the memory of the men who fell during the wars of 1813 and 1814.

After making this little digression we return to Gladbach, whence the railway carries us to Neuss, passing on the way through flat meadows and pastures, interspersed at rare intervals by solitary hills covered with trees, and sometimes crowned by a ruined castle. Neuss is the *Novesium* of the Romans, so often mentioned by them as a town of considerable importance, and is one of the oldest towns in Germany. Picturesque traces of the Roman period have been preserved at the Upper Gate in the ruins of the Drusus Tower.

This town was a place of great importance in the Middle Ages. In 1474 it was vainly besieged by Charles the Bold for forty-eight weeks, and in 1586

it was taken and treated with great severity by Alexander Farnese. It belonged early to the League of the Hanse Towns, and had a wide commercial and civil influence. Its outward appearance, even at the present time, exhibits something of its past greatness. Its towers and churches form a remarkable *silhouette*, which attracts our eyes as we gaze from the window of the railway carriage.

St. Quirinus, with its lofty tower, especially rears itself over the mass of houses; and near it is a beautiful church, which is built partly in the Romanesque and partly in the Gothic style, and forms a broad-naved basilica with a tower above the central square. Gladbach was formerly on the banks of the Rhine, but it is now over a mile away. Passing over the new railway bridge at Hamm we reach Düsseldorf.

The towns that stand on the Rhine generally present from the river a picturesque and characteristic appearance; but at Düsseldorf this is not the case. We see the buildings on the bank, the old creaking pontoon bridge, the narrow Rhine gate, and the high gray walls stretching along the quay below the houses to the former electoral palace, which itself looked like a ruin even before the great fire in 1872.

All these things lead us to expect an old town like Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, while in fact gay, pleasant Düsseldorf hides, as with a mask, its true appearance with this dilapidated unsightly river-front, behind which we hear it merrily laugh and talk, as soon

as we have passed through the narrow unpicturesque gate already referred to. We then traverse a gloomy street, and emerge all at once into the lively bustle of a market-place of the Lower Rhine.

How picturesque and full of life are all the accessories of the market—the saleswomen with their gay cotton dresses, white aprons and caps, and the men generally in blue smock-frocks! The low carts are specially peculiar: they are sometimes drawn by donkeys, but more frequently by dogs, which lie wearily on the pavement blinking their eyes, and often adding to the general hubbub by snarling and barking. The noise from those who sell and those who buy, mingled with the laughter, the jesting, and the quarrelling of hundreds of business men and women, becomes sometimes almost deafening.

The market-place is as interesting as we could possibly wish, and presents to us scraps from various epochs. Directly in front of us rises the equestrian statue of the Elector, John William.

At the time of the unveiling of this monument a great crowd assembled. Grupello, the artist, stood proudly beside the veiled statue, and at a signal from the prince dropped the veil. The Elector, delighted with Grupello's handiwork, shook hands with him before all the people.

The courtiers, jealous of this mark of the Elector's favor, sought something to find fault with; and as they could not criticize the figure that the prince had

pronounced perfect, they took their revenge by disparaging the steed. One found fault with its forelegs, one with its hoofs, one with its neck, until it would seem that there was nothing even moderately good about the poor beast.

Grupello heard their criticisms in silence, then begged that the Elector would allow him to erect a high scaffolding about the statue, and to be allowed forty-eight hours more work on it, safe from prying eyes.

The Elector granted his request, and for two days the artist could be heard hammering behind the screen. At the end of that time the scaffolding was taken down, and all gathered around to see the improvement that had been wrought during the forty-eight hours.

Every one pronounced the statue now perfect. Each courtier saw that the particular fault that he had pointed out had been corrected, and all were satisfied. Grupello listened to their praise, then raised his hand for silence, and cried : " Your Royal Highness, forelegs, hoofs and neck are unchanged ; for a statue of bronze once cast can never be altered in the smallest degree."

" Then why were you hammering so vigorously those two days ?" exclaimed the Elector.

" Oh," said Grupello, " I was merely demolishing the reputation of the critics, who were jealous of the praise your Royal Highness had bestowed on me so generously."

Looking to the left we see the noble Town Hall, built in 1567 in the style of the Renaissance, with two high gables and a projecting square tower. Next to it is the theatre, built in no style at all.

From here we turn our eyes to the gay shops, where goods of the latest fashion are exhibited. These not only occupy one side of the market-place, but also extend along the Bolkerstrasse, which opens into it. On this Bolkerstrasse Heinrich Heine, the poet, was born in 1799.

Near this is the Kurzenstrasse, in which a memorial tablet points out to us the house in which Peter Cornelius, the master of the later German school of painting, was born in 1783. At the end of the Königs-Allee stands his statue by Donndorf, erected in 1879.

When the Düsseldorf Academy, which had been founded by Charles Theodore, was re-organized, in 1822, Cornelius was appointed director; and it is to him, and his successor William Schadow, that Düsseldorf mainly owes its renown as the nursery of so many distinguished artists.

A short distance farther on we find ourselves in front of the Acâdemy of Arts, built in 1879, to replace the original building, which was burnt down some years ago, when, fortunately, the once-famed gallery of old masters, which still contains several rare treasures of art, was uninjured. The most valuable paintings in the academy are the "Assump-

tion," by Rubens, and "Madonnas," by Cima da Conegliano and Bellini.

We are now in the older quarter of Düsseldorf, which runs down to the bank of the Rhine. If we pass from here up one of the busy and populous streets, such as the Ritterstrasse, we shall reach pleasant park-like gardens, which surround the rarely-used harbor at the north end of the town. From the top of a belvedere we obtain a fine view of the new part of Düsseldorf, with its broad streets and avenues, its gardens and parks, its stately palatial buildings, surrounding the old gloomy Rhenish town as with a broad green garland.

The old town is one of the few of any importance at the present day on the Lower Rhine which have no past history. It was not till the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that it achieved the position of a town; but it became of greater importance when in the sixteenth century the Dukes of Berg, and later the Princes of the Palatinate, took up their residence here. From 1806 to 1813 Düsseldorf belonged to France, in 1815 it became Prussian. Napoleon made Joachim Murat Grand Duke of Berg in 1806.

The fact that the river here forms the Rhine harbor has assisted much to extend the business of Düsseldorf, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing industrial district of the Wupper, and indeed of the whole neighborhood of the Lippe and Ruhr, with Wesel, Ruhrort, and Duisburg.

It was only in recent times that Düsseldorf became a manufacturing and commercial town. The numerous railways which intersect each other here makes it a centre of traffic, which is advantageous also to the Rhine with its shipping. We need not remain long on the belvedere to see how often it becomes necessary to open one of the arches of the pontoon bridge, in order to give passage to steamboats and sailing ships, and especially the numerous tugs from the Ruhr.

But we will stroll back towards the town through the pretty, tasteful gardens, and then follow one of its principal arteries, the Alleenstrasse, as far as the Hofgarten, when we shall find ourselves in the park. Passing well-kept lawns, flower-beds, trees, and the rippling water of the Düssel, we follow a straight path planted with four rows of fine trees, in order to reach a picturesque garden.

This rests in poetic repose with its venerable giant trees, its well-shaded park, which is fortunately still entirely uninjured, and reminds us of that golden age of German literature and that time of social intercourse of congenial contemporaries, namely, the days which the great master Goethe spent here with Jacobi, the founder of these gardens.

At the beginning of the year 1850, before the new town had stretched out thus far, the Jacobi Garden at Pempelfort was almost as retired a spot as when Goethe, who was here in the year 1792, after the

French campaign, related that he had taken a drive with Jacobi from Pempelfort to Düsseldorf, which was not far distant.

Inexorable trade, however, has since cast her greedy eyes upon the place so splendidly situated for her objects. The ancient trees could be made useful, as well as the flowing waters of the clear Düssel which run beneath them. Upon the spot where in quiet solitude the memories of a great and beautiful period rustled among the branches of the trees and whispered for such as had the sense to hear them, out of the murmuring water of the river a factory with smoking chimneys has been allowed a footing, so that the green velvet of the moss and turf gives place to grimy coal-dust.

In this state of affairs a little band of public-spirited artists joined together, and after a long struggle with the government, they at length received permission to procure, by means of a picture lottery, funds to preserve the Jacobi Garden, which is now the finest gem of the Rhenish city of the Muses. We see with true astonishment the full extent of this undertaking when we visit the rooms of the Düsseldorf "Malkasten" Artists' Society.

It need hardly be said that the venerable trees were preserved with the greatest care; and if the too luxuriant underwood was correctly cut and thinned, it was only done to make the gently winding walks passable, and to give access to retired spots, often of

historical interest. All the work was superintended by the artists themselves; and so this charming whole became as we now see it—a judicious restoration of the old with pleasant and delightful additions.

Convenient seats are placed everywhere, a bowling-green has been laid down, swings have been erected, quiet resting-places abound with lovely statues which peep out from among green leaves, and look almost living in the moonlight. The prettily situated dwelling-house belonging to the time of Jacobi was also preserved—a fine building being added, and the former orangery turned into the pleasantest reception-room imaginable.

So, properly imbued with the bright sociable artist-spirit, we are most comfortably impressed by these rooms, surrounded with dark panelling, splendid gobelins, and antique candelabra. We soon learn that the capacious wings and glasses are not merely placed upon their stands by way of ornament; and if we have the good fortune to assist at one of the theatrical representations, or the tableaux, or the excellently arranged entertainments which are given here, we may promise ourselves an exceedingly pleasant evening.

The first of the great Malkasten festivals was celebrated on the 28th of July, 1858, on the occasion of the departure of C. F. Lessing for Carlsruhe; and if we are not mistaken in the date of this highly important historical event, it was then that the great

Rhine wine-bowl, from the legacy of the Jacobi family, was used for the first time. This beautiful drinking-vessel is said to contain eighty bottles of wine.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM DÜSSELDORF TO THE DUTCH FRONTIER.

AFTER such an entertainment it is somewhat difficult to tear ourselves away from pleasant Düsseldorf and to proceed down the Rhine, whose flat banks have less attraction for us than have the light hills to the east of the town. These rise out of the picturesque districts of the Wupper and Ruhr, and induce us to make a short excursion to Elberfeld and Barinen, two towns which extend in an unbroken line on the slope of the mountains along the river for a distance of several leagues.

Their rapid rise in wealth and importance, which dates from the latter half of the last century, is principally due to their great commercial industry. They now have two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and their manufactures of velvet, silk, yarn, ribbon, soap, and chemical products are of sufficient importance to place them in the front rank among the commercial towns of the Netherlands. Since the introduction of power-looms the value of the silk and cotton manufactories has risen to more than six million livres annually.

The little river Wupper, the mountain stream that

runs so blithely and rapidly along in the early part of its course, becomes here but a pitiable object, for, being forced to receive the blue, black, and red out-pourings of the dye-works, it constantly changes its color, like a chameleon, and glides along covered with vapor. Years ago it formed the boundary between the Franks and the Saxons; it now separates the Rhineland from Westphalia. A little farther on it falls into the Rhine at Rheindorf, not far from Benrath.

This Benrath is a remarkable little royal castle between Cologne and Düsseldorf, which we should have seen from Neuss, had we not made a detour around by Aix-la-Chapelle and Crefeld. It was erected by the Elector Palatine Charles Theodore, in 1760. We have, however, not lost much by avoiding this part of the Rhine, for the low banks present little that is noteworthy.

The same may be said of the neighborhood on both sides of the stream, with its scanty villages, isolated castles, such as Benrath, which we have just mentioned, and other country houses situated among trees. The district is so flat that even the long lines of poplars which border the high road form an agreeable change.

Such being the case on going down the river from Düsseldorf, we must endeavor to give some sort of charm to the notable neighborhood by recalling its historical associations. Old Kaiserswerth, with the

ruins of its royal stronghold, artistically illustrates for us that harsh period when, in the year 1062, young Henry IV. was carried away to Cologne by the Archbishop Hanno II., and the young prince, who was unwilling to leave his mother, made a futile attempt to escape by leaping into the Rhine.

Nothing is now left of the castle of Königsburg except the ruins of the outer wall, which are gracefully overgrown with foliage. As in many other of the Rhine towns, an island in the river here was the point where the earliest settlers established themselves. St. Suibert first preached the Gospel here in the year 710, and built a monastery, as the old name, *Insula Sancti Suiberti*, testifies. The bones of the saint are still shown, in a costly silver shrine in the old monastery-church, which was built in the twelfth century in the Romanesque style, and which towers above Kaiserswerth.

A short journey takes us to Uerdingen, a lively little town with a busy trade, and a few manufactories close to the river. The breadth of the stream here decreases in a striking manner to a thousand feet, and makes this a favorable point for crossing. This fact, and the position of the place on a bend of the stream, caused the Romans to pitch a camp here, the *Castra Hordeoni*; of which, however, there is no more trace than of the island on which it was built.

Not far from Uerdingen, between Rheinhausen and Hochfeld, our steamer slackens speed, and gives

us an opportunity of admiring the fine iron bridge which spans the river with four great arches, and carries the railway to the renowned iron-works of Essen, and to the places beyond.

We have before stated that with the exception of the Erft, all the important rivers flow into the Rhine on the right bank—as, for instance, the Sieg, near Bonn, the Wupper at Rheindorf, and lastly, the most important of these rivers, the Ruhr, the mouth of which we now soon reach, and with it one of the most interesting, picturesque and busy districts of the Lower Rhine. Its soil is rich, both in coal and ore; it has great historical associations, and it is connected with wealthy and important towns, among which Arnsberg, Altena, Iserlohn, and Hagen are situated along the river.

The river comes from the eastern edge of the Rhenish-Westphalian plateau, and runs through the hilly district of the Ruhr, surrounded on both sides, almost to its mouth, by mountains and hills, which near the Netherland plains form the last watch-tower of the German land. It shows us on its course the tall chimneys of forges and rolling-mills, watch-towers from the Roman days, castles and fortresses of the old races whose names have still a noble sound.

It causes us to make a digression into the sober Sauerland and on to the red earth at Dortmund, where we can seek for traces of the “holy Vehm.” It indeed offers us a constantly varied succession of

most interesting pictures, now pleasant, now stern, which unroll themselves before us as we proceed along the shore.

The mouth of this river lies before us on the right, among numerous dark, smoking chimneys, and at the mouth we see two towns, Ruhrort and Duisburg, which bear to each other, with regard to their past and present condition, the relation of the two sides of a pair of scales—the one ascending when the other is weighed down by increased importance and wealth.

Duisburg was a renowned spot at the beginning of the Middle Ages, and may possibly have been the place where stood Despargum or Duispargum, the favorite castle of the Frankish general Clodio, a predecessor of Chlodwig, and the place whence the first expedition against Gaul set out.

There was here at all events, during a long period, a residence of the Frankish princes, which was fortified by Charlemagne during his campaign against the Saxons, in order to command the Rhine. Here the German Emperors held many diets and councils, and granted the imperial city many privileges. All that time Duisburg was situated close to the bank of the river, and was on that account of considerable importance as a Rhine town: we are told by the chronicler that its ships covered the whole Rhine from Strasburg to Holland.

But at the same time that the sorrows and distractions of the Thirty Years' War came upon the place,

the Rhine began to alter its course, and withdrew half a league westward from the walls of the town. As the prosperity of Duisburg declined with this desertion, so did that of its neighbor Ruhrort increase ; and from an unimportant little town which was used simply as a harbor and boat station for the great merchants of Duisburg and Mülheim, it became, by slow degrees, one of the busiest commercial towns on the Rhine.

Immediately at the mouth of the Ruhr we see one of the best, safest, and largest harbors on the German part of the Lower Rhine. Here are docks, harbor-sheds, and canals, as well as building docks, and the shore being covered with vessels of all kinds, we have before us a perfect forest of masts.

In comparison to Ruhrort, Duisburg now appears quite unimportant ; but still it has achieved some renown even at the present day by its manufactures, iron-works, and dock-yards, the last of which are situated on the Rhine and Ruhr canal. The church of St. Saviour, which was restored in 1850, is one of the finest Gothic churches of the fifteenth century. We must visit its lofty vaulted interior for a few moments, in order to see the grave of the great geographer, Gerhard Mercator, who died in 1594. A fine monument has recently been erected to his memory in the Burg platz.

After a short journey we approach the fortress of Wesel, which stands on the right bank of the Rhine.



On the left side of the river is the celebrated *Castra Vetera*, the present Xantem, the headquarters of the Roman army, and the point whence they started on their expeditions against the Germanic races in the north-east. Drusus, Germanicus, Tiberius and Varus crossed the Rhine here, and then sailed up the Lippe, which flows into the Rhine at Wesel, as far as the Teutoburgerwald, among the narrow passes of the mountains, where Varus met with his sad end, in the battle with the Germans.

Learned men have not yet agreed as to the spot in the Teutoburgerwald where the battle took place; but we are nevertheless quite satisfied with the fine open position in which the gigantic German figure stands. It is the work of the sculptor Bandel, and towers above the summits of the trees, looking out over the country. He does not appear to be threatening his neighbors, he merely shows them a mighty sword, wielded by a powerful arm, which is always ready to strike down intruders.

The great bronze statue of the prince is especially appropriate in this spot, as a memorial of numerous battles, massacres, and devastations; for no other river in the whole of Germany has seen so many or such various bands of warriors on its banks. At the present time the mouth of the Lippe has ceased, we hope for ever, to re-echo the din of war. Flatboats glide down the river, and along its banks the railway-engine rushes.

From the deck of our steamer, which lies beside the pier, we see yonder the Brüdericher Island, with the walls of Fort Blucher ; and above us, on the right bank, the walls of the strong fortress. A sentinel, on duty on the edge of the bastion, is looking down upon his comrades, who are busily engaged in hanging fluttering garments on a line to dry ; and the whole forms a suggestive picture of military life in time of peace.

This reminds us of an occasion when, many years ago, we took part in the military games which were held on the Spellner Heath, about a league from Wesel, where the united batteries of the Seventh Artillery Brigade assembled annually for practice. We passed out, on the occasion we refer to, through the Berlin gate, in the gray light of the early morning, and we can remember with what interest we examined the monument of the eleven Prussian officers who were shot here by the French in 1809. The monument stands beyond the glacis of the fortifications on the exercise ground, and is surrounded by trees.

The town of Wesel also was very interesting, and made a pleasant impression on us, with its pretty streets bordered with trees, and its gabled houses in the later Gothic style with their bright Netherlandish window-sashes. We remember also the lively, and in many respects, foreign effect of the market, on which the ancient Church of St. Willibrod looks down. This church is a fine Gothic edifice of the twelfth

century. For many years it was hardly more than a ruin, but it is now being restored.

The most curious object within its walls is a tablet setting forth the fact that here Peregrine Bertie, son of Willoughby d'Eresby and Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, was born in 1555. The Duchess of Suffolk and her husband, who was her inferior in rank, were Protestant exiles, who had fled from the persecutions of Queen Mary, and were allowed by the magistrates of Wesel to take up their abode in St. Willibrod's, which was then unoccupied.

Wesel is an ancient town, having been a fortified post of the Romans. In 1220, after having been long a free city, it fell into the hands of the Counts of Cleves. Later it suffered in the wars of the Low Countries; and in 1805 it was captured by Napoleon. In 1814 it was ceded to Prussia by the Treaty of Paris.

Below Wesel the Rhine takes a bend to the west, and here Xantem stands straight before us, and we notice the light chain of hills which runs down to the bank of the river. On these hills, now called Fürstenberg, stood the renowned camp of the Fourth and Thirtieth Roman legions, and the prætorium of Quintilius Varus. *Castra Vetera*, as it was then called, was founded by Augustus after the defeat of Lollius, about 18 B.C.

The simple lines of the landscape, however, form for us the background of a period, later, it is true,

yet more legendary, and also more full of poetry than that which saw the warlike life of that victorious host. We refer to that period of which we catch the echo in the sounds of the Song of the Niebelungen, when Siegfried the dragon-slayer was born; when he went forth to become the hero of the rose-garden of Worms, the husband of Chriemhilda, and finally to be slain by the fierce Hagen, and carried lifeless over the Rhine at Worms.

Here, on the boundary of the Netherlands, we once more enter a district rich in legend and romance. At Cleves the Rhine country again rises into noble hills, which surround the town and are covered with parks, gardens, and villas, forming beautiful walks, and extending to the splendid Reichswald, whose stately trees of gigantic oak and beech not only afford a pleasant shade to the pedestrian, but also preserve the memory of the romantic story of Otto, the marksman.

Otto was the youngest son of the noble house of Hesse; he had been destined from his birth to enter a monastery,—a career from which he shrank in disgust. He was full of life, and could think of no greater misfortune than to be confined in a monastery. So, one dark night, he made his escape from his brother's castle, and, after wandering for several days in the forest, he reached the town of Cleves. Here his distinguished appearance and skill with the bow brought him the favorable notice of the Duke;

but in answer to all questions as to his name and station, he said that he wished to be known only as Otto, the marksman.

Crowds gathered to watch the display of his skill with the cross-bow—for his aim was unerring; but of all the applause he received, none pleased him like that of the Duke's only daughter. For hours at a time Otto practised beneath her window—feeling himself rewarded by a smile and a glance from her bright eyes.

One morning when Otto was shooting as usual beneath his lady's casement, there arose a stir and bustle in the courtyard, caused by the arrival of a knight with his train. The Duke went forward to meet the stranger, and was about to take him by the hand in greeting, when the newly-arrived knight uttered a glad cry, and running across to Otto, threw himself on his knees before him, crying: "My lord and master, at last I have found you!" A moment only he knelt, but when he looked up Otto had disappeared. With a gesture of farewell to the maiden at the window, he had sped out of the gateway, like one of the arrows from his bow, and disappeared into the forest.

The Duke of Cleves, turning to the stranger, asked an explanation of this strange scene, which the knight willingly gave him. In a few words the Count of Homburg told how Otto had fled from home rather than enter a monastery, and how they had been able to gain no tidings of him since that night;

how, both his brothers having died without issue, Otto was now the head of the noble house of Hesse ; and how important it was that he should return home.

"But why did he flee from you?" asked the Duke.

"Doubtless because he thought me an emissary from his brothers, sent to bring him home," replied the Count.

"The lad is a good marksman, but methinks I can force him to acknowledge that I am a better," quoth the Duke, smilingly. Then, calling his household, he bade every one go out into the forest to search for Otto. "Only remember, not one hair of his head is to be injured!" said the Duke, signing to them to begin their quest. The archers rushed out to surround the forest, and thus catch the young man in a trap.

"And now," said the Duke, "I will go and bait the trap," and he went straightway to his daughter's apartment. Later he came out rubbing his hands. "It is all ready," said he ; "the altar is dressed, the priests are ready, and—but hark ! They are bringing in the victim."

The archers appeared, dragging with them Otto, who held back and struggled at every step ; one could see from the disarrangement of his garments how he had resisted capture.

"Take him to the church," commanded the Duke. "I will not countenance disobedience—drag him to the altar, where he will have to take his vows!"

"Never!" cried Otto. "You may drag me to the altar, but no word shall pass my lips—I had rather *die* than take the vow!"

The Duke, paying no attention to his words, led the way to the church, the archers following with their prisoner. But when they entered the sacred edifice, and Otto beheld a figure in white that he knew well kneeling before the altar, he ceased to struggle.

Like one in a dream he walked up the aisle and knelt beside the vision; then, instead of the dreaded consecration service, he heard the priests begin the marriage ceremony, and with a firm, eager voice he took the vows which were to bind him forever—not to the Church, but to his dear bride.

At the conclusion of the service the Duke and the Count came forward and explained to Otto the change in his fortunes. "And now, Landgrave of Hesse, my dear son-in-law, unless you repent the vow you have just taken, and which you swore you would die rather than take, you must acknowledge that I am a better archer than you, for *I* have hit the mark," cried the Duke merrily.

"You may be the better marksman," cried Otto, "but you cannot deny that *I* have secured the prize!"

But our eyes are involuntarily attracted to the Swan Tower, that great building which overlooks the town. And here, on the boundary of Germany, we listen to the whispering of the breeze and the creak-

ing of the swan which serves as a vane upon the tower.

We seem, indeed, almost to hear, in imagination, the most beautiful of all the legends which are interwoven, like a garland, along the course of the Rhine—namely, the legend of Lohengrin, which has been so simply and so beautifully told by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter. Close to the church is a modern monument to the Swan Knight.

Cleves is a pretty, pleasant town, running high up above the railway station, which, on account of its quietness and cheapness, is much frequented by such visitors as have led a weary and laborious life. The strangers who visit Cleves are principally Dutch people, who find in the lovely hills, with their shady woods and sweet valleys, natural beauties such as the uniformity of their own flat country cannot offer them. Here, in the castle, was born the Princess Anne of Cleves, fourth wife of Henry VIII.

The Delta of the Rhine now extends immeasurably before our eyes as we sail past Emmerich, that pleasant Rhine town where the introduction of the Dutch element becomes plainly perceptible. The ferry, formed of boats chained together, glides leisurely from one shore to the other; we see numerous vessels carrying the Dutch flag, and we hear the cheery peal of the bells in the old gray tower of the Cathedral ringing us a welcome to the Netherlands.

Here, on the farthest limit of the German land,

where only a boggy remnant of the Rhine—the half-dried Oude Rhyn or Old Rhine—gives us a foretaste of the river's ultimate fate, we will cast one look behind us to the point where the town of the Knight of the Swan is fast vanishing from our sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOLLAND.

THE Rhine, up to this point, has from its source flowed constantly with graceful windings towards the north. It now takes a sudden turn to the west, and seems to our imagination as though, finding the parting from its native land too hard, it would make a last effort to return to it; but, on seeing that a complete turn is impossible, it breaks up hopelessly into threads of rivers, and so forms a delta in which the real Rhine comes to an end, whilst its smiling heirs—the Waal, the Yssel, and the Leck—dance freshly and merrily to the sea.

This sudden turn to the west occurs also in the Maas and the Scheldt, the rivers which run parallel to the Rhine through this lowland district. It has been, therefore, probably produced by some peculiar formation or inclination of the earth in its primitive condition, perhaps by sand-hills, or the new direction may have been given to the stream by a high deposit of diluvium.

It may be that the tedious work in the old days of damming and diking the river, and preserving its rich mud within stakes and reservoirs, may have

conducted to make its course uncertain and variable, so that, being much hindered and contracted, it not only threw out little arms here and there, but sought an entirely new course for the mass of its waters, leaving the former one exhausted and dried up, as we now see it in the Oude Rhyn. Kohl, in his excellent book of travels, tells us how the so-called Old Rhine was reduced to its present condition.

Below Emmerich, where the first division of the Rhine into two arms, the Waal and the Rhine, occurred and had continued for centuries, the two arms were connected by the Pannerden Canal, which, drawing off the great mass of the waters, soon became the principal arm, and left the Rhine proper half dried up, and thus was the prime cause of the river here losing its beautiful name.

But though it becomes, in this way, no longer the Rhine itself, it is still the waters of the German river which make the principal source of the wealth of the Netherlands. A thick network of marshes and streams surrounds and intersects endless green flats covered with luxuriantly cultivated meadows; rivers and canals intersect the country in all directions, the latter often being so dammed up that the boats and barges which sail along them, or are towed by horses, look as though they were gliding over the meadows or sands.

The great arms of the river flow past wealthy commercial towns, bearing to them life and business, and

forming for us delightful pictures of canal and harbor life. The lively markets on the paved quays, too, are very picturesque with their varied mixture of costumes, amongst which those of the sailors stand out prominently, their red jackets and gay caps showing to great advantage between the dark-green trees and the gray old-fashioned houses.

Sailing and rowing boats connect the ships which lie out in the stream with the shore, and above all rise slender church towers and massive buildings bearing the arms of the Rhine. All these things we have seen elsewhere, but here in the Netherlands they appear to us to have a peculiarity of form, figure, and movement, and to be entirely different in color and combination.

We remember principally the canal streets, which are so new us, especially those of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. There is in the whole of Holland something that may be called undecided, the limits of the chief natural features being in no case sharply defined; everything, as it were, flowing together and merging one into another.

An old writer has said that all the elements here are only sketched in; the water is sketchy, losing itself among sand and moorland, like a ravelled-out fabric, neither running in rapid streams nor collected in calm lakes; the land is sketchy, scarcely rising above the level of the water—indeed, lying lower than the surface of the sea, ingeniously won, boldly

defended, and anxiously watched; and finally, the air even is sketchy, being nearly always veiled in mist and fog.

If the foundation of the land is difficult to understand, and if geography consequently finds it hard to explain how it is kept together, so is it little easier for history to accurately apprehend and represent the spirit and fate of this remarkable people. Without firm cohesion, like the land and water, the people also were divided for centuries into the most varied interests, and their state and civic forms were held together only by numerous internal and external relations.

There is to us something remarkably vague in the history of the Batavi, so wily, and at times so deceitful in their dealings with the Romans, with whom they were alternately allies and enemies.

Holland first makes a mark on the page of history with Charles V., and the people of the Netherlands made a glorious first appearance upon the world's stage with the war in defence of their liberty and religion. This era fills a whole epoch with its glitter, and the little band of brave sons of the sea soon placed itself at the head of all the great undertakings of Europe.

This is Holland which we actually entered at Emmerich, and through which we will hastily pass, as far as is possible in the brief space still left us, in order that we may trace our river actually to the sea.

Following the Waal, as the principal arm, we come at Nymwegen once more to the most northerly spur of the West Rhenish range of hills.

It is a gentle eminence on which the town stands, surrounding an angle of the river which is very safe for shipping. In the Carolingian epoch it was frequently the residence of the Emperors. The town has old towers, but the fortifications encircling it were converted into a broad promenade in 1884. Nymwegen forms, as it were, a pillar of the gate through which the Rhine flows to its fertile delta land; while we may describe Arnhem, which is not far distant on the Leck, as the other pillar. It was at this last-mentioned place that Drusus made his famous canal to connect the Yssel with the Flevo, and here, in 1586, Sir Philip Sydney, the English knight, poet, and scholar, died, from wounds received in the battle of Zutphen.

The canal carried off the great mass of the Rhine water, and, in the course of time, with the lower part of the Yssel, formed that great arm which became a highway for traffic with the North, and so made Arnhem the chief town of the country. Arnhem was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Guelders, and is still the capital of a province of that name, whose inhabitants are described as :

“Great in courage,
Poor in goods,
Sword in hand,
Such is the motto of Guelderland.”

Passing through the fresh landscapes of the Netherlands, by villages and quaint old towns, we at length see Rotterdam rising before us, with its mass of houses surrounded by green gardens, and straight avenues intersected by canals and water-streets, the great wealthy commercial town presenting the lifelike picture of a true Netherlander.

We gaze with astonishment on the grand buildings of the Admiralty on the bank of the Maas, on the numerous ships which the Rhine, the Moselle, the Main and the Neckar have sent here, to take in and carry home the produce of distant climes, brought here by the great dark two and three-masted East Indiamen lying yonder.

Among these the busy steamers are in constant motion, keeping up communication between the harbors and bays of this forest of masts, forwarding goods to the warehouses, tugging boats and great ships in and out, ringing bells, sounding whistles, sending forth their clouds of steam and cries of warning to the smaller craft. The river, which is tidal for a considerable distance above Rotterdam, admits the largest sea-going ships to the quay of the town. All these, and a hundred other things which we cannot enumerate, have such a noisy and deafening effect that we are glad when we have reached the quay to escape from this confusion of sights and sounds.

Having entered Rotterdam, we seek one of those

streets through which the canal runs, and which impress us with the characteristics of this great nation. Red brick houses, with lofty picturesque gables, rise high into the air, sometimes half-hidden among elms and maples, whose branches spread over the dark water, along which flat heavy barges laden with goods for the warehouses glide one after another so closely that it is hardly possible for a lighter boat, and especially a sailing ship, to thread its way among them. Here is the Church of St. Lawrence, completed in 1472; and near it stands the house in which Erasmus was born. And farther off stands the great bronze statue of Erasmus, who died at Basle in 1536.

If time permits, we can mount the huge tower of the "Groote Kerk," the Cathedral, from which we obtain an interesting and extensive view. The first object which attracts our eyes is the sea shining in the distance, with its white dunes or sand hills. At our feet lies the town, surrounded on three sides by wide pastures, intersected by canals; a little farther off we distinguish numerous villages, enclosed by a garland of sheltering trees, high roads, avenues, apparently endless railways with rushing engines, numerous lakes of all sizes, which shine like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight; and here, on the south side of the town, the broad river, with its hundreds of ships of all dimensions and belonging to all nations.

If the short space which we can spare for the Netherlands will permit us to look still longer, we

can see from this point towns, small and great, of much historical and commercial importance. To the north yonder is wealthy Amsterdam, the Venice of Holland and the tomb of the famous Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, and the village of Saardam, where the hut is still shown in which Peter the Great dwelt while learning the art of ship-building.

Not far from this last is Brök, which has become proverbial for its cleanliness; and then comes the pleasant town of Haarlem, in the environs of which a large number of wealthy Dutchmen have built their country-houses, and at the sound of whose names we involuntarily see before us gay-colored, well-kept garden-beds.

Haarlem is famous for its horticulture, and supplies bulbs to all the countries of Europe. In the seventeenth century there was such a mania for these bulbs that a single specimen of a rare variety often brought thousands of florins. In the Museum of Haarlem are many pictures by Franz Hals.

Nearer still is old Utrecht, where the villas of many noble Dutch families may be seen, and where King Louis dwelt for a time. As the little river which we stand by here preserves, in its title of Oude Rhyn, the name, though only the name, of the German river, we will follow its banks as far as Leyden.

Near this town, at Katwyk, the river glides into the sea, or rather is allowed to do so when the sluices are open. It now appears as an ordinary Dutch canal,

the water of which is for the most part motionless. Before this canal was made, it actually lost itself in the sand and bog.

It is a pity that we have not space to describe the town of Leyden, or to relate the admirable heroism with which its citizens fought against the Spaniards and conquered them.

Leyden was besieged from October 31, 1573, to March 24, 1574; then William of Orange, coming to the rescue of the city, caused the dykes to be pierced, and the country being thus inundated, he relieved the citizens by means of ships.

Leyden was the birthplace of Rembrandt, but, unfortunately, it possesses very few specimens of his work.

The Stadhuis is an example of the Dutch architecture of the sixteenth century. Over the north portal there is a chronogram in memory of the siege of 1574. Literally translated it means, "When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish."

It is said that after the siege William of Orange offered the citizens of Leyden their choice—either they should be exempt from taxation for a number of years, or they should have a University. They chose the University, which still has a high reputation as a seat of learning.

We are unwilling to pass by Delft, where William

of Orange was murdered in 1584, without entering the church and gazing on the tomb of the silent Prince. His marble effigy lies on a black marble sarcophagus, beneath a canopy supported by four columns. At the head stands another statue of the Prince, in bronze, in full regimentals. At the foot stands Fame, poised with outstretched wings, ready for flight. At the corners are figures of Liberty, Justice, Prudence, and Religion.

The dog on which, in mediæval fashion, rest the feet of the Prince, is placed there in memory of his pet dog who saved his life in 1572, when he was attacked by Spanish assassins.

In this tomb rests also the body of his wife and that of his son, Prince Maurice, who died in 1625.

This Delft is at the same time the St. Denis and the Pantheon of the Netherlands. Here lie buried the great celebrities of the United Provinces, Orange, Grotius, Tromp, Peter Hein, Leeuwenhoeck, and others.

But already the fresh sea-breezes play about our faces, and in a short time the railway bears us to s'Gravenhage, familiarly called the Hague, the royal capital; the great village, as it was long called, until Louis Bonaparte, when King of Holland, conferred upon it the privileges of a town, the Versailles of Holland, as it was, and to a certain extent still is.

S'Gravenhage was truly, indeed, formerly only a large village, and it has to thank the house of Orange

for having become, in the course of time, what it now is—namely, a wealthy and beautiful town; though, in comparison with some other places near, it has but little important trade and business. It is now the residence of the Queen of Holland, also the seat of government.

In its streets we hear, not the traffic of the world, but the progress of the Court; and this makes it a particularly pleasant residence for strangers from the neighboring town of Scheveningen. From this place every kind of conveyance is to be met with, so that it is easy for the people, after their sojourn at this bracing, sea-bathing place, to reach and to enjoy the comforts of the wealthy and beautiful capital.

In the Mauritshuis is the world-famous picture gallery, which contains many paintings by Teniers and Jan Steen; Paul Potter's famous "Bull;" Rembrandt's celebrated "Lesson on Anatomy," his "Presentation in the Temple," and his "Susanna."

But we must go onward to the bright dunes on the margin of the everlasting sea, and we take the road through a charming forest tract between the Hague and Scheveningen. This is called The Bosch; and it reminds us, with its great primeval trees, its boundless roads and winding paths, of the German woods we have left behind us.

What a contrast when, on leaving the subdued light and the silence of the forest, the bright dunes lie before us! We stand still, as if in expectation,



and from the distance we hear the roar and thunder of the sea. All the details of this neighborhood—such as the soft sand, with its wooden bridges, its overturned boats and fishing-nets hung out to dry—prepare us for scenes of coast life which we come to farther on.

In the fishing village of Scheveningen we are struck by the characteristic appearance of the pretty little houses, which are generally only one story high, and contain from three to five windows in their breadth. We remark here the number of bakers' shops, quite disproportionate to the few taverns and plain lodging-houses around about.

Here and there we see behind the small panes of a modest window a few mussels, seaweed worked in various ways, or wooden models of boats and wind-mills, exhibited for sale. Tea- and coffee-shops also abound, as we learn from the frequent inscription: "Hier zeet man coffig en Thee." The sale of dried fish is banished to the back streets of the town.

If we enter one of the private dwellings mentioned above, we are astonished to find how much the furniture of the rooms, and all the household arrangements, remind us of the sea. The beds are hidden by screens or curtains, the number of chairs and tables is limited to what is strictly necessary; a most primitive ladder leads from the ground-floor up into the garret; great beams cross the ceiling in every direction; the doors are low and narrow, and the

windows heavy and deep-set, to preserve them from storm and rain.

Only in the best room is there any attempt at comfort; and the principal feature in it is the chimney-corner and hearthstone. The back of the chimney is covered with white porcelain tiles. The kettle hangs before it on an iron hook, and perhaps there may be a couple of comfortable chairs for the two old people of the house. The husband may be the proprietor of a sailing-boat, or the pilot of a larger vessel.

We would willingly tarry here for a while, and let the old man spin a yarn about his various adventures; but we are drawn onward to the dunes, which are washed by the salt waves of the sea. At this moment we have neither inclination nor time for the magnificent new Kurhaus, nor for the German Protestant church, with its two towers, rising so near at hand, nor for the fine bathing establishment which stands higher up, with its beautiful terraces and colonnades, for before us the mighty ocean rages and tosses.

Another step and we stand beside the sea, and look out fascinated by its restless movement. We have turned our backs upon the town, and the Scheveningen of the present exists no more for us; we remember only that it was off this coast that Admiral de Ruyter defeated the united fleets of France and England in 1673.

The uniform gray-green of the dunes stretches

to right and left of us, the sandy undulations looking like petrified waves. To the north we see faintly the towers of Katwyk, which is the only break in the frame of this huge picture. The waves slowly form in the distance, roll nearer and nearer, and finally cast themselves on to the sand at our feet, each one coming closer to us, as though striving in sport to outdo the one before.

At some distance out a sharply defined strip of greenish yellow shows the boundary where the dangerous sand-banks cease and the deep water begins. The smoke of a passing steamer or the white sail of a ship is here rarely seen, and then only when, in the winter, the English steamer cannot get up as far as Rotterdam, or a Scotch herring-boat gets astray. It is only the small fishing-boats that are safe on this dangerous coast.

Sometimes, indeed, after a wild night of storm, or during a long-continued prevalence of sharp, irresistible north-west wind, a sail comes in sight, approaching the sand-bank with fatal haste, being carried out of its course by the storm, and driven nearer and nearer to the coast. It is attentively watched by the coast-guard, who does not yet quite know whether the brig, which is running along under one half-reefed storm sail, has been fortunate enough to escape the far-stretching sand-banks of the coast. The next quarter of an hour must decide.

Then, perhaps, a faint cry is heard by the man

watching, who makes a hasty movement, and the picture of the coast-guard station is instantly changed ; an old man throws his coil of rope over his shoulder, a smoker seizes a grappling iron, a young man springs from a bench, seizes the horn which is hanging above him, and whilst he lustily blows it outside the door, the dog, driven sideways by the power of the storm, rushes frantically down to the shore.

That shore in the space of a few minutes presents an active, comforting picture of self-sacrificing human love. Busy hands bring out the lifeboat, and its brave crew, after a hasty parting from wife and child, trust themselves to the raging sea, in order, at the risk of their own lives, to take help and safety to those outside.

But to-day we need fear no such anxious moments, for a clear, cloudless sky looks down on the broad sea ; the water is smooth and peaceful, and glitters out yonder with a dazzling metallic lustre. Up to the very shore at our feet it exhibits a gradation of tints infinitely harmonious, and yet superlatively rich ; yonder it is a deep blue, gradually becoming of a bluish yellow, then light green merging into yellow, till right on the beach it attains that iridescence which is indescribable, and which ends in a delicate line of foam, creeping up with a gentle ripple to our feet. And how beautiful, how marvellously beautiful, is the play of the light ! We may gaze for hours, ever discovering new and wonderful combinations.

Whenever we have stood upon the margin of the sea and gazed into the expanse of its ever-moving waters, an intense and even a melancholy feeling of solitude has fallen upon us; and to-day this feeling comes with double intensity, for here must we part from our courteous reader who has followed us thus far.

THE END.

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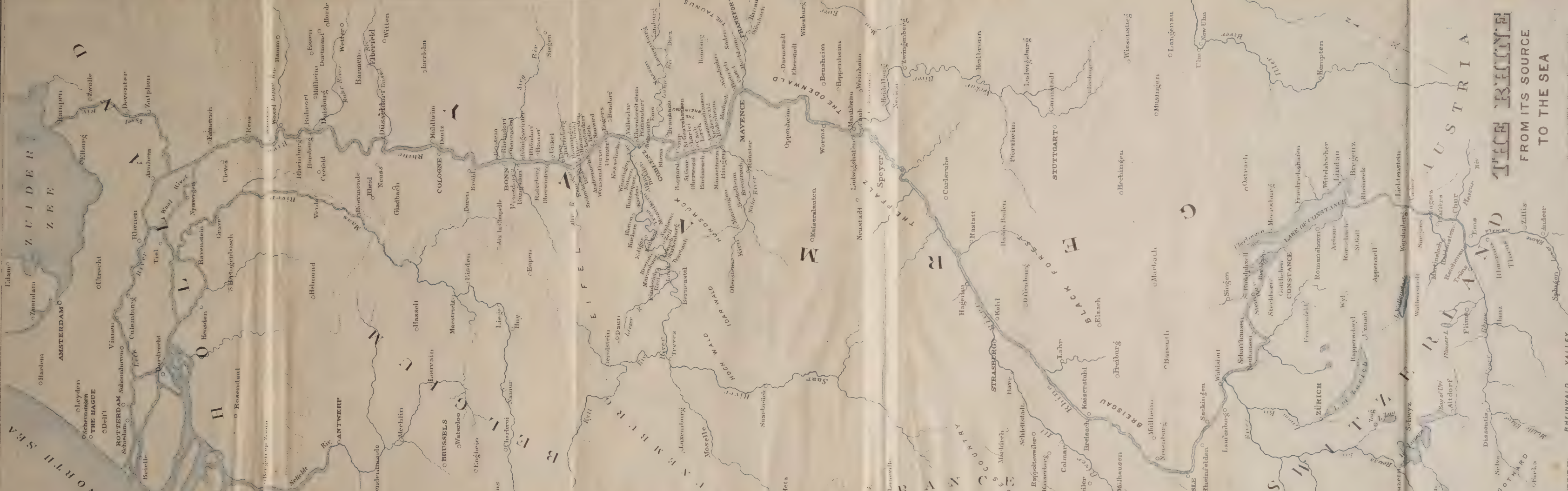
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